

# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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No. 3.

## KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES.



So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,—

That story of Kearny who knew not to yield!

'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and Birney,  
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.

Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,

Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine;  
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest,—

No charge like Phil Kearny's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,  
 Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground,  
 He rode down the length of the withering column,  
 And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a bound;  
 He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder,—  
 His sword waved us on, and we answered the sign:  
 Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder,  
 "There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten  
 In the one hand still left—and the reins in his teeth!  
 He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,  
 But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.  
 Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,  
 Asking where to go in—through the clearing or pine?  
 "Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel:  
 You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

Oh, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,  
 That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!  
 Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,  
 The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!  
 Yet we dream that he still,—in that shadowy region,  
 Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign,—  
 Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,  
 And the word still is Forward! along the whole line.

### THE CITY OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

MARVELOUS has been the growth of San Francisco. Its story reads like a chapter from the "Arabian Nights." Yesterday a dreary waste of sand—to-day a city of a quarter of a million souls, with an aggregate wealth of five hundred millions. The men who laid its foundations—who were present at its birth and christening—are hardly past the prime of life.

Never was there a more unsightly spot for a city. A long ragged peninsula, mottled with mammoth sand dunes, over which swept the sharp winds and chilling fogs of summer, and the pitiless storms of winter; isolated from the main land, barren, verdureless, horrid to the eye, with the broad Pacific dashing its waves against it on one side, and a stormy inland sea beating upon it on the other—no wonder the heart of the pioneer sunk within him as he gazed upon the inhospitable wilds for the first time. It was no less uninviting in its social aspect. An old church, and a cluster of adobe huts at the Mission; a lot of wretched rookeries at

the Presidio; a few hide and tallow warehouses on the beach—that was all. The population was made up of Greasers, Digger Indians, a few white traders, deserters from whale ships, and adventurers of no nationality in particular, the whole numbering a few hundred souls. Its very name—"Yerba Buena"—was strange to American ears.

Yet it was manifest to the sharp observer that nature had intended the place for a great city. Nearly twenty years before the first Argonaut had planted his foot upon its site, Captain Bonneville, the famous explorer, predicted that here would rise one of the great marts of commerce and naval stations of the world. The bay of San Francisco is a vast inland sea. It has an extreme length of over seventy miles, a mean width of ten miles, and a circumference—if we include San Pablo and Suisun bays, which are properly its arms—of two hundred and fifty-six miles. Within the circle of its deep water all the navies of the world could safely



SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849.

ride at anchor, for the mighty portals of the Golden Gate protect it against the surf of the Pacific. It is as picturesque as it is grand. A noble amphitheater of hills, Grecian in form and contour, exquisitely varied in play of light and shadow, encircles it. It is dotted with islands and margined with sunny slopes; two vast rivers—the Sacramento and the San Joaquin—bring their tribute of water to it, and innumerable minor streams—children of the valley and the mountain—discharge their crystal treasures into its bosom. It is the home of the sea-gull and the pelican, of the porpoise and the sturgeon. Even the shark, the sea-lion and the devil-fish not infrequently visit its deeper recesses.

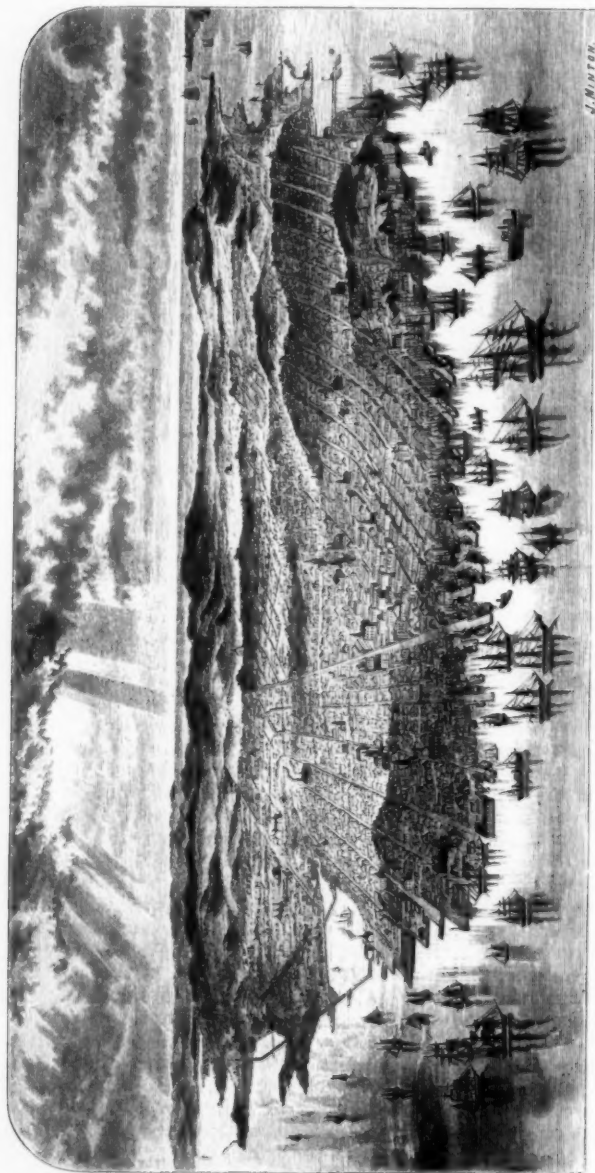
The stranger who landed in San Francisco in 1849 beheld a unique spectacle. He found men living, for the most part, in tents and shanties. There were few adventurers of the baser sort, and they were speedily exterminated or expelled. The refining influence of woman was almost entirely wanting, yet nowhere was true woman held in profounder respect. Life and property were far more secure than in older communities. Locks and bars were unknown. Men trusted their all to those who were strangers but a few hours before. There were virtually no written laws, but a "higher law" of honor and probity controlled the actions of the people. There was not a school; not a

Protestant church; but men who left Christian homes brought their Bibles with them, and the sweet influences of virtuous home example protected them from vicious courses. Never, perhaps, in a community made up of such heterogeneous elements, attracted by love of adventure and the thirst for gold, were there so few bad men.

But this condition of things did not last long. The fame of the gold discovery attracted a horde of adventurers from all parts of the world. Ruffians and cut-throats, thieves and gamblers, from every land poured in, a foul and fetid stream, tainting the air and polluting the soil. Convicts from Australia; the scum of European cities; "bruisers" from New York and "plug uglies" from Philadelphia; desperadoes from Central and South America; pariahs from India and outcasts from the South Sea Islands, swooped down, a hideous brood, upon the infant city. The effect was soon visible. Crime of almost every conceivable grade ran riot. Gambling dens monopolized the heart of the town. Murderers walked about the streets unchallenged in midday. Leading citizens were murdered in cold blood in their places of business, or on their way home at night. No man's life, no man's property, was safe. Then followed the uprising of the people—the punishment of the principal offenders, sharp, quick, terrible—without the formula of legal proceedings—and the dispersion

and flight of more notorious ruffians. A short reign of peace and order—then a repetition in a new and perhaps more danger-

of municipal corruption. The thieves and cut-throats, intrenching themselves within the precincts of the City Hall, made war



BIRD-EYE VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO—1875.

upon the life of the community. Again the people rose in righteous anger, and applied the heroic treatment to local abuses. Instead of suspending the Tweeds and Connollys of 1856 from office, they suspended them from second story windows. The remedy was harsh, but it was effective; it was extrajudicial, but it brought order out of anarchy. The Vigilance Committee, having fulfilled its mission, dissolved never to re-appear. The power it had so terribly yet discreetly wielded, passed peacefully into the People's Party, to be exercised through constitutional channels, to be used for the popular good. Henceforward San Francisco became one of the most quiet, law-abiding, well-governed cities in the world. Various efforts to establish corrupt rings have since been made, but, thanks to a vigilant Press and a public opinion with which it is still dangerous to trifle, they have failed. Its rulers have been, with few exceptions, able and upright, identified with its best interests, careful of its good name and proud of the distinction of having proved true to their trusts. The machinery of our local government is simple. The power rests almost absolutely in a single body—the Board of Supervisors. The only direct check upon its actions is the

ous form, of the disorders of 1850 and '51. The era of vulgar ruffianism followed that

veto of the Mayor. A corrupt Board could inflict incalculable injury upon the city; yet,

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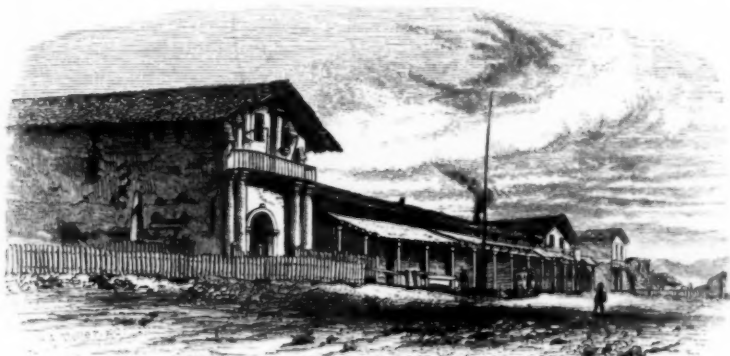
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so potent is the corrective force of public opinion, so jealous are these people of their rights, so quick to punish unfaithful public servants, that few iniquitous jobs have ever been consummated.

The old landmarks—pride of the pioneer—have nearly all disappeared. The wooden shanty, the dingy adobe hut, the crazy rookery on piles, have given place to palatial structures; and San Francisco is rapidly



THE OLD MISSION CHURCH ("MISSION DOLORES"), SAN FRANCISCO.

The pioneer loves to dwell on the changes that have taken place in the physical aspect of the city. He will tell you that the greater part of the business portion of the town has been reclaimed from the sea; that where mighty warehouses now stand ships rode at anchor; that where the Babel of commerce roars loudest, the peaceful crab had his home and the festive dolphin disported; that the tide swashed against the sandy shore on the present line of Montgomery street; that where now stands the Cosmopolitan Hotel,

taking rank architecturally with the great cities of the world. Front and Battery and Sanson are already fine business streets; Kearny, Montgomery, California, and the lower part of Market suggest a town a hundred years old. Some of the public and private buildings are among the most elegant and costly in the country.

The new City Hall, on the site of the ancient burial-ground, will, when completed, cost at least five millions of dollars. The new Mint, on the corner of Fifth and Mission, with its splendid front of Corinthian columns, is one of the finest buildings in America, and has cost the Government about two millions of dollars.

The Palace Hotel, to be opened in September, will be the largest establishment of the kind in the world; it will accommodate twelve hundred guests, and cost between three and four million dollars. All its furniture will be not only of California manufacture, but of California material. It will have three immense inner courts, roofed with glass, a marble-tiled promenade, and a tropical garden with exotic plants; it will have a music pavilion and a band in constant attendance. To run this mammoth caravansary will require over three hundred and fifty people.

Among other noticeable buildings are the new Custom-House, the Nevada Block, the Safe and Deposit Block, the Occidental, Lick and Grand Hotels, and the Railroad Block, corner of Fourth and Townsend.



THE OLD MISSION CHURCH (RESTORED).

towered a sand-hill seventy feet high; that the southern limit of the city was Bush street; that all beyond from the junction of Montgomery and Market to the ocean was a howling wilderness.

Many of the private residences are very large, rich and elaborate. The stranger, riding along Bush, Pine, Sutter, Post streets,

ings—the splendors of the East and West combined. An invited guest, he will find a royal hospitality dispensed, and sit down to dinners that would tempt an anchorite to forget his vows of abstinence; for these people are generous livers.

A few facts will show the vigor with which this young metropolis has been pushing its way to the front rank of American cities.



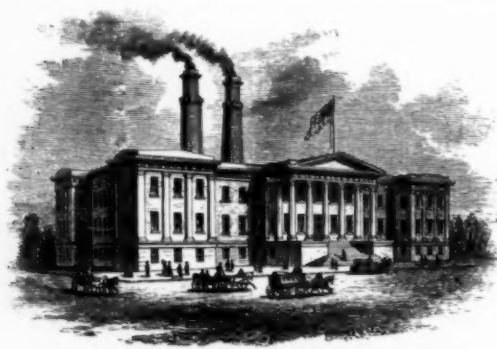
NEW CITY HALL, SAN FRANCISCO.

and Van Ness Avenue, will find it difficult to realize that he is in a city only a quarter of a century old. But he will also be struck with the absence of architectural unity.

In 1849 its population was 2,000; in 1850 it was 20,000; in 1860 it was 56,000; in 1870 it was 149,000; in 1874 it was 200,000. Now, it is about 230,000, and, at the present ratio of growth, in 1880 it will be 369,000. Never has the growth been as rapid as now. Over two thousand buildings have been erected within the past twelve months, while Oakland, Alameda, San Rafael, and other suburbs, have been advancing with unexampled rapidity.

The growth of commerce has nearly kept pace with the growth of population. San Francisco is to-day the third city in the Union, measured by the aggregate of its importations and exportations. The early records of the Custom-House were destroyed by fire, and we have no data prior to 1854,

when the appraised value of imports was only \$5,000,000; in 1864 it was nearly \$11,000,-



THE NEW UNITED STATES BRANCH MINT, SAN FRANCISCO.

Hardly any two mansions are exactly alike. The "orders" are fearfully and wonderfully mixed. He will find Corinthian, Gothic, Doric, Bysantine huddled together in a chaotic jumble of wood and stone, and brick and iron; yet there is a sort of family likeness running through all—an architectural kinship that is essentially Californian. There is the ubiquitous bay window (the San Franciscan has learned that sunlight makes the doctor's visits rare), and the ambitious Mansard roof, and the elaborate cornices—terror of timid pedestrians in earthquake times—and the somewhat "loud" front entrance. Entering a rich man's house, he will find luxury carried to the utmost limit of the possible; princely halls, and dazzling drawing-rooms; the floors covered with richest carpets; the walls adorned with costly paint-



PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

000; in 1869 it was \$16,000,000; in 1874 it was nearly \$29,000,000. A comparison

of tonnage will perhaps give a better idea of the growth of the business of the port. In 1854 it was only 194,000; in 1874 it was 662,000. A notable feature of the commercial development of the city is the Oriental trade. Until 1869 it was comparatively of little importance—the aggregate tonnage from China and Japan for that year



ST. KING'S CHURCH, GEARY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

being 65,752; but with the inauguration of steamship service it received a sudden impetus, swelling up in 1874 to 124,000 tons. And this trade is only in its infancy. The establishment of steam communication with the Australian provinces promises great results. In fact as "all roads lead to Rome," so all the streams of commerce from the vast countries on the western and eastern shores of the Pacific—from the groups of islands lying between here and Australasia—flow by an inevitable law of gravitation to this Western emporium to fertilize and aggrandize it. It could not escape its magnificent destiny if it would. It has greatness literally thrust upon it. How far the men now on the stage will be able to utilize their opportunities is a problem not yet quite solved.

The accumulation of wealth has been very rapid. The aggregate personal and real estate of the city may be safely estimated at \$500,000,000. The banking capital amounts to \$84,000,000; there are more than sixty millionaires. The United States Branch Mint coined during 1874 over \$27,000,000. The total coinage from 1854 to the close of 1874 was about \$377,329,000, while the aggregate gold product of California, from 1848 to the present time, was about \$990,000,000. This vast volume of the precious

metals has not passed into the general current of the world's circulating medium without leaving its influence on the Golden State. San Francisco is largely—more largely than many of our people are willing to confess—the child of the mines. They gave it its first start; they have generously, though not exclusively, nourished it ever since. They have called into existence a large manufacturing interest, giving employment to tens of thousands of men. They have stimulated every branch of trade and internal commerce, quickened every pulse of industrial life. Nearly all our finest buildings have been erected out of the profits of mining enterprises. Every pound of ore that is taken out of the earth, from Alaska to Arizona, pays tribute here. A man may make his fortune in the desert of Nevada or Idaho, but he is pretty sure to spend it in San Francisco.

California street is the speculator's paradise, or perdition. Here the bulls bellow, and the bears growl their loudest. Here the crowd of stock-jobbers congregate, and the operators put up their "little games." Fortunes are made or lost in a day. A happy turn in stocks makes a millionaire of the man who yesterday could not get trusted for a pair of boots. Nowhere is the temptation to gamble so strong, or the chances of gain or loss so great, as in mines. Nature



BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

herself turns gamester and shuffles the cards to suit herself. A single blow of the pick may reveal millions, where before was seen nothing but barren earth; a "horse," a streak of porphyry, a fire, a flood, a cave, may make the richest mine on the Comstock un-



MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, SAN FRANCISCO.

productive for months. Four years ago the Crown Point and Belcher mines were regarded as worthless. The stock of the former went begging in the market at three dollars a share; the stock of the latter was without buyers at any price. But a great "bonanza" stretching across both mines was discovered, and in a few months Belcher and Crown Point rushed up to \$1,800 a share. Since then these mines have produced nearly \$45,000,000 of bullion and two United States Senators. Two years ago the Consolidated Virginia mine was denounced on the street as a "wild cat;" now its value is modestly estimated at \$150,000,000; and the California Mine, which a few months ago was hardly known, is likely to have even a greater future. With such marvelous revelations of the hidden riches of the earth, it is not surprising that these mercurial people occasionally lose their heads, abandon temporarily the more conservative channels of business, and seek their fortune on the street. The sales of the Stock Board for 1873 aggregated over \$146,000,000, and for 1874, over \$260,000,000; in addition to this, there were sales to the amount of several millions in the "Little Board" and on the street of which no record is kept. A seat in the Board cannot be bought to-day for less than \$25,000. But a bonanza with "millions in it" is not struck every week. Stocks may "boom" to-day, but droop to-morrow, and with the crash come remorse and repentance, heartache, and disgust. Then California street curses its fate, puts on sackcloth and ashes, and resolves to sin no more. The good resolution lasts till the next stock-rise, when the old appetite returns, and

the speculative debauch is renewed. To all this there is one compensating good: without the speculations of the street and the grinding assessments of the managers, the vast explorations in the mysterious caverns of the earth, resulting in the discovery of great ore bodies in mines, abandoned by less energetic or less wealthy prospectors, would not be prosecuted to the extent they have been.

Wealth is being turned to worthier channels—dedicated to nobler uses. The example of James Lick who, in spite of the revocation of the original Trust, emphasizes his intention to give a fortune of several millions to public objects, will not be barren of results. Already there are rumors in the air of embryo bequests to Education, Art, Science; colossal schemes of beneficence are slowly but surely maturing.

San Francisco is probably the most cosmopolitan city of its size in the world. Nowhere else are witnessed the fusing of so many races, the juxtaposition of so many nationalities, the Babel of so many tongues. Every country on the globe, every state and principality, almost every island of the sea, finds here its representative. Your next



"EMPEROR NORTON."

door neighbor may be a native of Central Asia; your vis-à-vis at the restaurant table may have been reared in New Zealand; the man who does your washing may have been

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born under the shadow of the great wall of China; the man who waits on you at table may be a lascar from the East Indies. If you go to the theater, you may find sitting next you a lady from the Sandwich Islands; if you go to the Opera, you may hear, in the pauses of the music, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Swedish, Modern Greek,

San Francisco is a generous patron of education. Its public school buildings compare favorably with those of Eastern cities; its teachers are generally able and efficient, and better paid than in any other place in the world. The average yearly salary is \$1,033, while in Boston it is \$940, and in Chicago and St. Louis, less than \$800. Since the



THE GOLDEN GATE.

spoken by people dressed in the most scrupulous evening costume. If you take a ride in the horse-cars, you may find yourself wedged in between a parson from Massachusetts and a parsee from Hindostan; if you go to the bank, you may be jostled by a gentleman from Damascus, or a prince of the Society Islands. In three minutes' walk from your place of business, you enter an Oriental city—are surrounded by the symbols of a civilization older than that of the Pharaohs. If you are tired of French or American cookery, you may feast on the royal delicacies of bird's-nest soup, shark's fin, and fricasseed puppies. If you are fond of the drama, you may vary your amusements by witnessing a play spoken in the language of Confucius, performed with all the appointments of the barbaric stage. You will find thousands listening on Sabbath to the Christian Gospel, and thousands listening to the dogmas of Buddha, and kneeling at the shrine of Joss.

organization of our city government, we have spent over \$6,000,000 for school purposes, and between \$200,000 and \$300,000 will be put into new school buildings during the current year. About 21 per cent. of the municipal revenue is devoted to educational purposes; in Chicago only 16 per cent. goes to the schools, and in Boston only 18 per cent. The average attendance at public schools is over 57 per cent. of all the children between six and seventeen, and in Chicago, only 33 per cent.

The condition of the working classes is exceptionally prosperous. Labor is more remunerative here than in any other city of the Union. Strikes are rare. There are over fifty millions of dollars deposited in our Savings Banks—more than twice as much as in Chicago or St. Louis, which have nearly double the population. There were on the 30th of June, 1874, fifty-six thousand depositors in these institutions, over one-fourth the entire population: a larger per-



centage than in any city on the globe. From these vast accumulations of the people's savings over two millions of dollars were paid out in dividends last year. A very large proportion of our mechanics own



THE BUMMER.

their homesteads. The curse of tenement-houses is unknown. The cost of fuel is nominal, for fires, even in the coldest days, are rather a luxury than a necessity. The habits of our people are extravagant, and it costs perhaps quite as much to live here as in most Eastern cities; but the mere necessities of life—bread, fruit, vegetables, are very cheap. Our markets supply almost every conceivable want of hungry humanity. The products of every clime are laid in profusion at our doors. There is not a day in the year when one may not enjoy the luxuries of green peas, fresh tomatoes, celery, and cauliflower. Even strawberries may be a perennial delight.

San Francisco is famed for its restaurants. In no city in America are these establishments so numerous in proportion to the population. They number between two and three hundred, and it is safe to say that at least thirty thousand people take their meals at them. They are of all grades and prices—from the "Poodle Dog," Martin's, and the Maison Dorée, where a meal costs from \$1.50 to \$20—down to the Miners'

Restaurant, where it costs only forty cents. Between these extremes are a large number of French, German, and Italian restaurants, where one may get a royal breakfast for half a dollar, a lunch for twenty-five cents, and a dinner, including claret, for seventy-five cents, *à la carte*. A tenderloin steak (and there is no better beef in the world than here), potatoes, bread and butter, and a cup of coffee will cost fifty cents; a lamb chop, potatoes, bread and butter, and coffee twenty-five cents; salmon, bread and butter, and coffee twenty-five cents; an omelet or eggs boiled, fried or scrambled, with coffee, and bread and butter, thirty-five cents. A grade lower down, but in places cleanly and entirely respectable, one gets three dishes for twenty-five cents, and may find quite a decent meal for twenty to thirty cents.

San Francisco is the elysium of "bummers." Nowhere else can a worthless fellow, too lazy to work, too cowardly to steal, get on so well. The climate befriends him, for he can sleep out of doors four-fifths of the year, and the free lunch opens to him boundless vistas of carnal delights. He can gorge himself daily for a nominal sum; get a dinner that a king might envy for fifty cents. There are two classes of saloons where these midday repasts are furnished—"two bit" places and "one bit" places. In the first he gets a drink and a meal; in the second a drink and a meal of inferior quality. He pays for the drink (twenty-five or fifteen cents, according to the grade of the place), and gets his meal for nothing. This consists, in the better class of establishments, of soup, boiled salmon, roast beef of the best quality, bread and butter, potatoes, tomatoes, crackers and cheese. Many of these places are fitted up in a style of almost Oriental grandeur. A stranger, entering one of them casually, might labor under the delusion that he had found his way, by mistake, to the *salon* of a San Francisco millionaire. He would find immense mirrors reaching from floor to ceiling; carpets of the finest texture and the most exquisite patterns; luxurious lounges, sofas, and arm-chairs; massive tables covered with papers and periodicals; the walls embellished with expensive paintings. A large picture which had adorned a famous drinking and free-lunch house was sold the other day for \$12,500. Some of the keepers are men of education and culture. One is an art critic of high local repute, who has written a book, and a very readable one, of San Francisco reminiscences.

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San Francisco has rather more than her share of eccentric characters. Foremost among these is the "Emperor Norton," a harmless creature, who firmly believes that he is the legitimate sovereign of the United States and Mexico; issues frequent pronouncements; exacts tribute from such citizens as humor his delusion; spends his days walking about the streets, his evenings at the theater, and his nights at a cheap lodging-house. He has the run of the hotel reading-rooms, appears on public occasions in tattered regalia, visits the different churches to see that heresies dangerous to the peace of the Empire are not promulgated, calls at the newspaper offices to warn the conductor against the consequences of treasonable utterances—in short, is up early and late regulating the affairs of the world in general, and the city and State in particular.

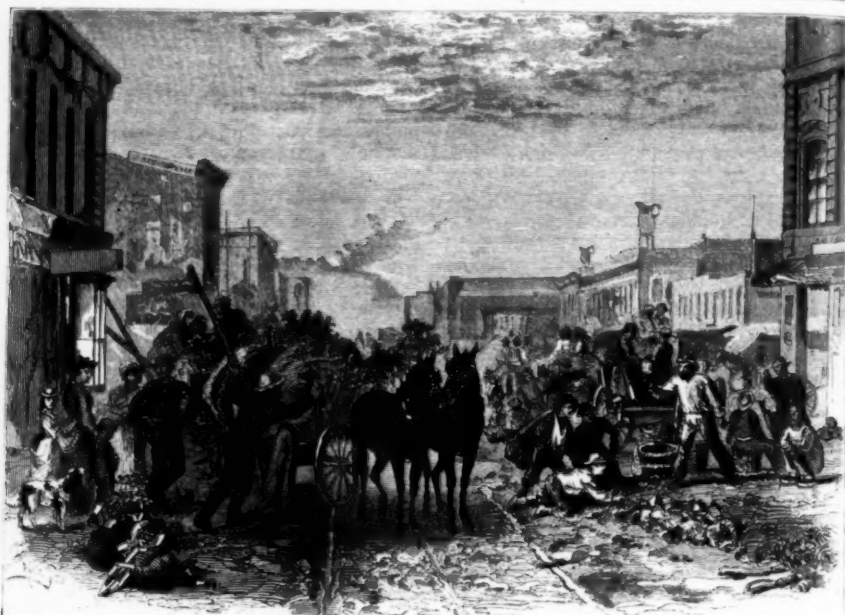
A familiar figure for many years was the "Gutter Snipe." His shoulders were covered all seasons with an old white oil-cloth cape. He went about the streets head down, rummaging among the gutters, picking up bits of vegetables and fruit, wiping the dirt off with his sleeve, and eating them. He never spoke to any one, never looked at any one, would accept no food or money. He slept in a hole in the sand-hills. He was not a sightly object to look at, and one day a fastidious policeman "took him in charge"; a commission of lunacy sat upon him, and he was seen no more. Disappointment in love was his complaint.

Li Po Tai, the Herculean Chinese doctor, deserves a place among our local eccentrics. He is the prince of quacks and high priest of charlatans, who has amassed a large fortune by playing upon the credulity of the public, and has set up a Joss house (heathen temple). His rooms are thronged with visitors of all conditions and nationalities, who come to consult him touching their various ailments. His diagnosis is direct and simple. The seat of all disorder is the liver, and it is to the correction of that rebellious organ that all his energies are directed. His medicines are something dreadful to think of; all the vile drugs of the celestial and Christian pharmacopœia concentrated in potions (measured by the pint) so nauseating, so abhorrent to taste and smell, as to make one pause to consider which of the two evils is the greater, death or Dr. Li Po Tai.

All San Franciscans know "Crisis." He is a sort of American howling dervish with a religious twist in his brain, who holds forth on street corners, warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and predicting the speedy collapse of this wicked world of ours. He also peddles tracts written in atrocious English, and filled with most dismal prophecies. He wears a hat that looks as if it might have fallen overboard from the Ark and been drifting about ever since, and his general appearance is that of incorrigible seediness. There are many other odd characters which I have not time to



"HAVE YOUR RAZORS GRIND!"



STREET MARKET SCENE IN SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM A PAINTING BY WM. HAHN.

sketch, among them Krause, the Poet Laureate of the Pave, who, like Homer, wanders about hawking hexameters, and the old fellow whose "Have your razors ground!" is familiar to the ears of all San Franciscans.

The Hoodlum is a distinctive San Francisco product. Certainly no treatise on the resources of California would be complete that did not include him. He may be somewhat vaguely defined as a ruffian in embryo. Young in years, he is venerable in sin. He knows all the vices by heart. He drinks, gambles, steals, runs after lewd women, sets buildings on fire, rifles the pockets of inebriated citizens going home in the small hours, parades the streets at night singing obscene songs, uttering horrid oaths, and striking terror to the heart of the timid generally. Occasionally he varies the programme of his evil doings by perpetrating a highway robbery, blowing open a safe, or braining an incautious critic of his conduct. One of his chief diversions, when he is in a more pleasant mood and at peace with the world at large, is stoning Chinamen. This he has reduced to a science. He has acquired a dexterity in the use of missiles, a delicacy and firmness of handling, an accuracy of aim and precision of movement, that seldom fail to bring the hated heathen down. Ac-

cording to the Hoodlum ethical code, to stone Chinamen is no sin. It is better than pastime—it is a work of righteousness.

The Hoodlum is of no particular nationality. He must simply be young and depraved. He must have broken most of the commandments before he has got far into his teens. He may be the son of a beggar, he may be the son of a millionaire. There is no aristocracy in this republic of crime. The great mass of recruits are, of course, gathered from the lower classes, but "our best society" has bequeathed to the order some of its most brilliant representatives.

This sudden efflorescence of a sharply defined criminal class among boys—for the Hoodlum first appeared only three or four years ago—is somewhat alarming. It shows that there is a screw loose somewhere in our social mechanism. The selfish "Trades Unions," which virtually exclude apprentices from the mechanical pursuits, have been, I think, the principal cause of Hoodlumism. But there are other causes. Nowhere else are the restraints of parental authority so lax as here. A large portion of the people have no homes. They live, or rather they exist, in hotels, in boarding-houses, in lodging-houses, eat at restaurants, spend their days at their places of business, and their evenings

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at resorts of amusement. Their children are allowed to run wild, learn slang at their mother's breast, swear in pinafores, and prattle in the jargon of the street. The distracted parents, failing to govern them, give up the fight, allow them to go out nights and have their own way in everything. From this point the road to ruin is so short and direct that it needs no guide-board to point the way. Hoodlumism is a disease so virulent, so rapid in its spread, that moral physicians are at their wit's end how to treat it. All sorts of remedies are proposed, but the most practical was that adopted by Mr. Ralston, the great banker, who, confronted by a combination of workmen who put up a "corner" on lathing for the Palace Hotel, cut the controversy short by setting several hundred boys to work to learn the business. This is the key to the whole case. Give the boys work, and Hoodlumism will disappear like a hateful excrescence.

The popular speech of San Francisco is strongly flavored with localisms. You hear on every side the jargon of the mining camp, the *patois* of the frontier. If a man fails in business he is "gone up a flume;" if he makes a lucky speculation he "has struck it rich;" if he dies he has "passed in his checks." Of a man of sound sense it is said "his head is level;" a good business is said to "pan out well." The genuine Californian never says he has made a fortunate investment, but he has "struck a lead;" never says he has got rich, but he has "made his pile." A good dinner he calls a "square meal;" a cheat is always a "bilk;" getting at the real character of a man is "coming down to the bed rock." "Clean out," "freeze out," are synonyms for rascally operations in business. When stocks are active they are said to be "booming;" a panic in the market is expressed by the term "more mud;" a man who is hurt in a mining transaction is "cinched;" a weak man is said to have "no sand in him;" a lying excuse is denounced as "too thin." In the slang vernacular, an eating-place is a "hash-house," a "pretty waiter girl" is a "beer-slinger," and a newspaper reporter an "ink-slinger."

For a young city, San Francisco is very much wedded to petty traditions. It clings to the "bit" with a death-like tenacity; clings to it against all reason and against its own interests. The bit is a mythical quantity. It is neither twelve and a-half cents, nor half of twenty-five; it is neither fifteen cents nor ten cents. If you buy a "bit's"

worth and throw down twenty-five cents, you get ten cents back; if you offer the same ten cents in lieu of a "bit," you are looked upon as a mild sort of a swindler. And yet the "bit" is the standard of mini-



THE DEAD BEAT.

mum monetary value. Of no fixed value itself, it is the measure of the value of a large share of what the people buy and sell. Until within the past few years five-cent pieces were nearly unknown, and are even yet looked upon with disdain by the more conservative residents. Some time ago the leading Bank tried the dangerous experiment of introducing pennies, and imported several hundred dollars' worth. They were scornfully rejected as unworthy the notice of broad-brained Californians, and speedily disappeared.

San Franciscans are remorseless critics. They pride themselves on their ability to form independent judgments, and their contempt for the opinions of the rest of mankind. This is shown in their treatment of distinguished dramatic and musical artists. They condemned Edwin Forrest after a single hearing, gave Madame Celeste the cold shoulder, and declined to go into raptures over Edwin Booth. But they gave Charles Kean a glorious welcome, took Boucicault to their bosoms, and went wild over "Dundreary." They opened their

purses and their hearts to Parepa-Rosa, gave an ovation to Ole Bull, but permitted Wieniawski to discourage his divine harmonies to empty benches. Gough drew, but Josh Billings cracked his awful jokes on unsympathetic ears. Rev. Dr. Lord's historical lectures were crowded, but Charles Kingsley was generally voted a bore. They flocked to hear Hepworth Dixon the first night, declared that he would not do, and left him so severely alone, that he declined to make his appearance after the second attempt, and left in disgust.

The pioneers must not go unnoticed. Death has been cruelly busy among them of late, but they still constitute a large and perhaps dominant element of our population. Taken as a whole, the world has seldom known such brave and hardy spirits. They were the picked men of the age—the flower of the adventurous chivalry of the time. They found the country a wilderness, and made it blossom like the rose. They founded a great city, and added a rich, powerful, and vigorous member to the commonwealth of States.

There is another, and, fortunately, smaller class of pioneer of whom little that is good can be spoken. So far as his influence is felt at all, it is obstructive. He is the Bourbon of California. Intellectually, he has no recognized status; morally, you must date him somewhere down in the Silurian age. He has no visible means of support. He is above the vulgar plane of labor. He lives wholly in the past. He dates the Creation of the world from the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mills, the Deluge from the great flood at Sacramento. He went to sleep immediately after the collapse of the Vigilance Committee, and has been asleep ever since. The world has moved on; the city has increased in population sixfold; a new race of men has come upon the stage, but he knows it not. He sighs for the halcyon days when a man could get a dollar an hour for work; when the dulcet voice of the deringer was heard in the land at all hours; when one could settle his little disputes with his neighbor in Judge Lynch's Court of Last Resort. I asked a friend the other day where one of these incorrigibles could be found, as I wished to deliver a message to him.

"You will find him in the — Saloon, in the midst of a lot of bummers, drinking out of the same old bottle that he drank from eighteen years ago."

"But how does he live?"

"Sponges on his friends and 'strikes' newcomers."

An amusing illustration of the conservatism of these case-hardened Argonauts occurred the other day. The recently elected officers of the Pioneer Society—men of progressive ideas, who have fully kept abreast of the times—ventured on a dangerous innovation. They removed the bar. This was an outrage on "vested rights" not to be endured. The bibulous fossils rose in their wrath, held an indignation meeting, and threatened to depose the offending officials.

"But," said the acting President, "the Pioneer Hall ought to be something more than a whisky shop. The Society ought to do something for the future."

"You don't understand the thing at all," replied the thirsty veteran; "the Society was organized over a bar, and a bar it must and shall have."

San Franciscans make a hobby of their climate. They roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongue. It is their *pièce de résistance* in the catalogue of blessings. "The derved place seems shaky on her pins," said a citizen just after the great earthquake of 1868; "but there's one consolation, anyhow, we've got the best climate in the world." It is a climate of strong contrasts. It is eccentric; it is tantalizing; it is seductive. We are piqued at its capriciousness, yet it unfits us for living anywhere else. Summer hardens into winter; winter is glorified into summer. Roses and sunny skies in January; verdureless waste, cold winds, and chilling fogs in July.

"Did you ever see such a summer as this?" said one Irishman to another.

"No, be jabers, not since the middle of last winter."

We cry for thick blankets while you are sweltering in the dog-day heats; we throw open our doors and windows while you are cowering beneath the sharp stings of winter. Not that all days in summer are cold, and all days in winter warm; but the general rule is, that June, July, and August are detestable, and the rest of the year unequalled for loveliness of weather. There are not only days, but weeks, when the skies are indescribably glorious. The Nile Valley is not so sweetly balmy, Southern Italy not so rich in mellow splendor. The golden sunshine permeates every pore, quickens every pulse of life. The air has an indefinable softness and sweetness—a tonic quality that braces the nerves to a joyous tension, making the

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very sense of existence a delight. The contrast of temperature between summer and winter is less apparent than real. The remarkable equability of the climate will appear from the following: In June, 1874, the highest thermometer was 67°, the lowest, 58°; in January of the same year, the highest was 59°, the lowest, 54°. In December, the range was between 60° and 52°; in August it was between 68° and 60°.

cottages, and picnic grounds. The city has been fortunate in its Park Commissioners and Engineer. They are intelligent, unselfish, and public-spirited—the former serving without pay. No taint of jobbery, no suspicion of political management attaches to their administration.

Society has greatly changed for the better within the past few years, but is still somewhat "mixed." The lines of class and caste



HOODLUMS AT THE STREET CORNER, SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco begins to talk of its Park. It is a crude affair as yet, but promises great things. It comprises about 1,100 acres, and extends from the western limit of the city to the sea. It commands a series of magnificent views, taking in a vast panorama of ocean, bay, mountain and plain. Like everything in this country, it is a thing of rapid growth. Three years ago it was a howling waste of sand; to-day it has several miles of drives, lovely plateaus covered with grass, flowers, and young trees; sheltered nooks, where the weary citizen may enjoy balmy air, and delicious sunshine; labyrinths of meandering roads and by-paths, rustic

are often vague and shadowy. Your coachman of yesterday may be your landlord to-day. The man who supplied you with vegetables a few years ago may now rank with you socially. The woman who did your washing in the early days may look down with pitying eyes upon you to-morrow. Bridget, who was your maid-of-all-work when you first came to the country, lives in a grand house, rejoices in a coachman in livery, and goes to all the great parties. Don't feel hurt if she cuts you, for she is "in society," and cannot afford to be too promiscuous in her acquaintances. It is natural that in a community so largely made up of



fortune-hunters wealth should be a controlling social power; but it would be unjust to say that wealth is the sole standard of social position. Occupation, how one lives, and



JAMES LICK.

where one lives have something to do with it. There is a story of a rich man—I will not vouch for its truth—who some years ago gave a famous party. He had a large circle of acquaintances, but he could not invite everybody. "We must draw the line somewhere, you know," he said, and he drew it bravely between wholesale and retail. The man who sold soap and candles by the box was decreed to be within the "sacred pale" of society's most elect. The man who sold soap and candles by the pound was voted a social Philistine. A rich lady was about to give a large party, and called in a friend to talk over the question of invitations. After reading the list the latter said:

"But I don't see the Bierstadts! Surely you will invite the Bierstadts?"

"Bierstadt! who's Bierstadt?"

"Why, the great painter!"

"Is he one of them ar' California painters? because, if he is, I won't have him."

Living at a first-class hotel is a strong presumption of social availability, but living in a boarding-house, excepting two or three which society has indorsed as fashionable, is to incur grave suspicions that you are a mere nobody. But even in a boarding-house the lines may be drawn between those who have a single room and those who have a suite. Said a lady to a little woman recently arrived:

"I see, my dear, you have but one room. This will not do; you will never get into society until you have a suite."

"But, my husband can't afford it."

"He must afford it."

But all rich people are not shoddies, and all poor people are not socially outcast. There are many—and the number is rapidly multiplying—whom wealth has not spoiled—has not made proud and insolent; to whose houses good men and women with clean antecedents, and small bank accounts, are welcome and honored guests; to whose homes successful rascals and purse-proud boobies are never admitted; who make riches ministers of beneficence, and in conferring pleasures upon their less prosperous fellows, confer happiness upon themselves. I see many signs of healthful social growth.

Our rich men are beginning to learn that there are nobler investments than stocks and bonds; that life has something grander and sweeter than the pursuit of sordid gain; that he who would leave an honored name behind him must do something for the future as well as for the past, for the public as well as for self.

What manner of person the "Coming Man" of San Francisco is to be is not so clear; but some things may be pretty safely predicted of him.

He will be a fine man physically, clear-brained, if not broad-brained; bold, speculative, dashing—a man of great projects, if not great fulfillments. He will be iconoclastic, unconventional, a hater of shams.

He will have little reverence for the past, little respect, for traditions little pa-



CHINESE THIEF.

tience with precedents, little regard for the opinions of his elder brothers. He will strike out into new paths of progress, dash

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forward with striding step, rudely jostle more slow-going travelers, as if he were monarch of the road, and born for conquest. He will have boundless faith in himself, will be fertile in resources, quick to see his advantage, prompt to act, possibly careless in the use of means by which to attain ends. In a word, he will typify in his character the dry, clear, intensely electric air of this land of the Setting Sun.

A sketch of San Francisco would be very incomplete that omitted the Chinaman. He

is ubiquitous and all-pervading. For good or for evil, he is firmly rooted to our soil. You can no more expel him than you can the rats. He came here early and evidently means to stay late. He does not mind persecution; I am not sure that it does not agree with him. His skull is reasonably thick, and can stand a vast amount of stoning. It does not seem to make him feel very bad to be called hard names. Even taxing does not vitally hurt him, or he would have been driven off long ago. He is patient, docile, slow to anger, seldom strikes back, and is never vindictive. He is free from most of the grosser Christian vices. He does not drink; he does not blaspheme; he does not engage in broils; he does not go howling about the streets at night, insulting peaceable citizens, garroting unwary pedestrians or pistoling policemen. He is the most industrious creature in the world. You find him at work when you get up in the morning, and when you retire at night. And this tireless industry, this 'apparent love of work for work's sake, this irrepressible desire to be doing something and earning something, is what fills the souls of his enemies with despair. If he would only be shiftless and lazy—squander his substance in riotous living—he might be endured. But

this heathenish thrift of his is something inexpressibly hard to bear. It cannot be fought against; it cannot be put down by bludgeons, legislative statutes, or resolutions of Labor Leagues.

But John has his little vices too. He will gamble; he will drug himself with opium; he will lie to get himself out of a scrape; he will steal on the sly. His morals are of the negative order, and his religion anything but Christ-like. His conscience—I sometimes doubt if he have one—is elastic,



ALLEY IN CHINESE QUARTER, SAN FRANCISCO.

and permits him to do pretty much as he pleases. He will unblushingly tamper with the virtue of a guileless revenue inspector or license collector. He will even bribe his god Joss, in order to obtain celestial favors. John is not a humorist, but is occasionally given to sharp sayings and biting repartees. One day he was twitted about his heathen

practices and proclivities by a Jew. John retorted: "You worse than Chinaman, you kill Melican man's Joss."

As a domestic servant, John is occasionally trying to the housewife. He is capri-

of the streets—dirty rivulets flowing into the great stream of life. Often they have no exit—terminating in a foul court, a dead wall, a gambling or opium den. They literally swarm with life; for this human hive



CHINESE OPIUM DEN, SAN FRANCISCO.

cious, sometimes moody, and if things go wrong, will indulge in a mild sort of impudence that is very exasperating. He takes curious freaks; will stop in the midst of his work, pack up his duds, demand his pay and walk off. If you ask for an explanation, he will tersely reply: "Me no likee; too muchee work." Persuasion, appeals to his moral sense, even an offer of better pay, have no effect. Then he may take a sudden notion that he wants to go back to China. You say to him: "John, I am very sorry you are going; who can we get to take your place?" He replies: "My cousin (he always has a cousin—indefinite relays of cousins for all emergencies), him belly good Chinaman, all same as me." The "cousin," three times out of four, proves a snare and a delusion—not infrequently a blockhead or a thief.

The Chinese quarter is a system of alleys and passages, labyrinthian in their sinuosities, into which the sunlight never enters; where it is dark and dismal, even at noon-day. A stranger attempting to explore them, would be speedily and hopelessly lost. Many of them seem mere slits in the flanks

is never at rest. Every dent and angle—every nook and cranny in the wall—every foot of surface on the ground is animate. The ultimate problem of Mongolian existence seems to be, how to get the greatest number of human beings into the least possible space. They herd together like cattle in their workshops, eating-houses, and places of social resort. A lodging-house represents an almost solid mass of human anatomy. The authorities, some time since, found it necessary, for sanitary reasons, to pass an ordinance, prescribing five hundred cubic feet of air (equal to a space eight feet square) to each person in Chinese tenements; but such contempt have these creatures for oxygen, that they constantly evade or ignore it. You might suppose these slums would be breeding-places of pestilence, but such does not seem to be the fact. No epidemic has violently raged in the Chinese quarter. When, some years ago, the small-pox was carrying off the Caucasian at the rate of nearly one hundred a week, the Mongolian passed unharmed. This remarkable exemption is due partly to the fact that all Chinamen are inoculated in childhood, and that

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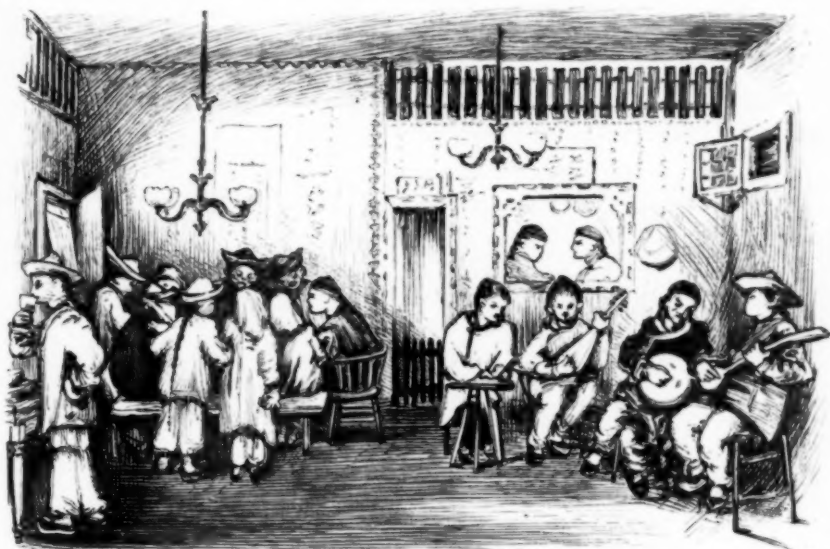
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they pay more strict regard to certain essential sanitary laws. The bath is a part of their religion; so is the tooth-brush, both of which are daily used under all circumstances.

Not altogether uninteresting is an opium den. Under the escort of a police officer, we grope our way through a dismal court, pass throngs of Chinese of both sexes—the men mostly gamblers, the women all prostitutes; stumble over heaps of rubbish, cooking utensils, etc.; squeeze through a narrow entry, open a door, and are in the den. The reek of the place is horrible. The air is thick with the fumes of the deadly drug. At first, all is nebulous and indistinct,

and offers us his pipe with, "You smokee? Him belly fine." We decline and pass on. Another stares at us with glazed eyes, looking the picture of hopeless imbecility. Our guide says, "John, you smokee too much opium; by'm bye you go to Mission" (you die). "Me no care," responded the wretch; "me likee he," pointing to his little opium box, "me smokee all same." Many of these creatures live in these dens. They have their bunks, for which they pay so much rent, and in which they keep their worldly possessions. They do their cooking in a little court outside, pass the few waking hours of their existence in listless misery, seldom go out on the street, and long for



CHINESE GAMBLING DEN, SAN FRANCISCO.

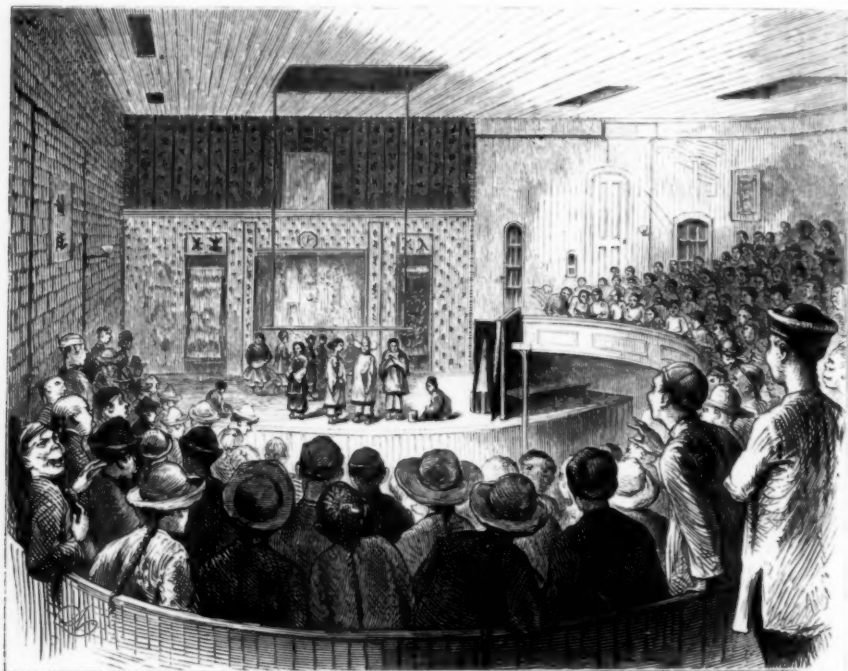
but in a few moments the eye takes in the outlines of the room. It is filled with men, all lying down on mats, on benches, on the floor; some on their sides; some on their backs. They are in every stage of narcotism from the dreamy languor induced by the first few whiffs of the opium pipe to soggy insensibility. Some are hilarious; some are sullen and scowl viciously at us; some are given to the most seductive reveries; some are murmuring incoherent words in their dreams; one or two are sleeping the heavy death-like sleep of souls utterly subjugated by the insidious poison. One old fellow raises himself up on his haunches, extends a withered hand in token of friendly greeting,

the night, when they may repeat the Lethean debauch. Others work a part of the day and repair to the opium den at night, where they spend all their earnings. The amount consumed varies from a few grains to an ounce a night. The opium is not furnished by the keeper, but is brought in by the consumer.

The opium pipe consists of a straight, or slightly curved, stem, about eighteen inches long, with a bowl three inches round, in the center of which is a small circular hole. This leads to a smaller reservoir in the center of the bowl, and a channel runs from this to the end of the pipe, which the smoker places in his mouth. He takes a bit of wire and

dips the end into prepared opium, which is about the consistency of mucilage. The drop of the drug that adheres to the wire is held in the flame of a lamp, and, under the influence of the heat, it bubbles and changes

blers will stand a siege, and the only way to capture them is to batter down the door with sledge hammers, or cut a passage through the roof. The principal game of chance is very simple, and is called "Tan."



CHINESE THEATER, SAN FRANCISCO.

color like boiling molasses. It is now smoking hot, and upon being placed in the hole of the bowl, will yield the smoker several whiffs. He easily draws the smoke from the stem, sends it into his lungs, and finally discharges it through his nostrils.

The gambling dens are a characteristic feature of the Chinese quarter. There are, or were until recently—for the police have been remorselessly swooping down upon them—no less than three hundred of these establishments. Many of them are petty fortresses, approached by a series of narrow passages, with doors of thick Oregon pine, securely barred and bolted. Sentinels are on the look-out, who, on the approach of danger, give warning; the lights are instantly extinguished; the door shut, and the inmates scamper off like rats through secret rear exits, or over the roofs of the adjoining houses. The retreat being cut off, the gam-

A square, or oblong table, covered with matting, stands in the middle of the room. The dealer takes a handful of beans, or small coin, and throws them on the board. He then divides the pile into four parts with a hooked stick. The gamblers stake their wagers on what the remainder will be after the pile has been divided by four, whether one, two, three, or nought. Those who have money on the lucky chance receive double the amount of their wager, and the remainder of the coin goes to the bank. The game is very exciting, the players frequently staking their all on a single venture. There are various other games with dice and dominoes, and cards, while the lottery is a favorite form of gambling.

The theater is one of the show places of Chinatown. It will seat nearly a thousand people, and has a pit, gallery, and boxes. The men sit on one side of the house, the

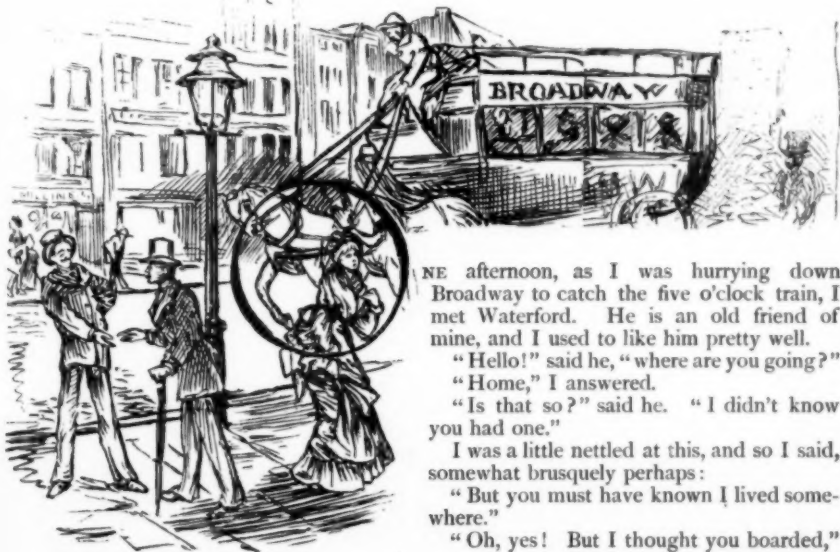
women on the other—the former with their hats on. All are smoking; the men, cigars and pipes; the women, cigarettes. The performance usually begins at seven in the evening, and closes at two in the morning; but on festive occasions it begins at two in the afternoon, and closes at four in the morning. An historical play is usually about six months long, being continued from night to night until the end. If one dies before it is finished, I suppose his heirs get the benefit of what is left. The stage is a cold and barren affair, with no scenery or appointments to speak of. There is no curtain even. When the hero dramatically dies, and the heroine faints, after lying still a reasonable time they get up and walk off. The orchestra sit in the back part of the stage with their hats on, puffing away at villainous cigars. There are no female performers, feminine parts being assumed by men or lads. The text of the piece is spoken in a drawling, sing-song tone; the gestures apparently absurd and meaningless. The music is inexpressibly ear-splitting and nerve-

shattering—all the discords blended into one.

There are eight heathen temples, or Joss houses, in San Francisco. Some of them are fitted up with considerable splendor. The divine Joss sits on a throne, with an assisting deity on each side. He is a hideous-looking fellow, fierce and brutal of countenance, dressed in showy costume, and decked with a profusion of ornaments. In one corner is a sort of furnace in which is burnt every morning the effigies of those who slew the god. The women have a special female Joss in a separate apartment, whom they worship, and to whom they present offerings. A visit to one of these temples does not give us an exalted idea of Mongolian devotion.

There is apparently very little sentiment of reverence. To all appearances, John is sadly wanting in respect for his divinity. He walks into the Joss house in a shambling, indifferent sort of way, makes his offering, and walks out. He has even been seen to laugh and crack jokes in the sacred presence.

## THE GIRL AT RUDDER GRANGE.



ONE afternoon, as I was hurrying down Broadway to catch the five o'clock train, I met Waterford. He is an old friend of mine, and I used to like him pretty well.

"Hello!" said he, "where are you going?"

"Home," I answered.

"Is that so?" said he. "I didn't know you had one."

I was a little nettled at this, and so I said, somewhat brusquely perhaps:

"But you must have known I lived somewhere."

"Oh, yes! But I thought you boarded,"



said he. "I had no idea that you had a home."

"But I have one, and a very pleasant home, too. You must excuse me for not stopping longer, as I must catch my train."

"Oh! I'll walk along with you," said Waterford, and so we went down the street together.

"Where is your little house?" he asked.

Why in the world he thought it was a little house I could not at the time imagine, unless he supposed that two people would not require a large one. But I know, now, that he lived in a very little house himself.

But it was of no use getting angry with Waterford, especially as I saw he intended walking all the way down to the ferry with me, so I told him I didn't live in any house at all.

"Why, where *do* you live?" he exclaimed, stopping short.

"I live in a boat," said I.

"A boat! A sort of 'Rob Roy' arrangement, I suppose. Well, I would not have thought that of you. And your wife, I suppose, has gone home to her people?"

"She has done nothing of the kind," I answered. "She lives with me, and she likes it very much. We are extremely comfortable, and our boat is not a canoe, or any such nonsensical affair. It is a large, commodious canal-boat."

Waterford turned around and looked at me.

"Are you a deck-hand?" he asked.

"Deck-grandmother!" I exclaimed.

"Well, you needn't get mad about it," he said. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings; but I couldn't see what else you could be on a canal-boat. I don't suppose, for instance, that you're captain."

"But I am," said I.

"Look here!" said Waterford; "this is coming it rather strong, isn't it?"

As I saw he was getting angry, I told him all about it,—told him how we had hired a stranded canal-boat and had fitted it up as a house, and how we lived so cosily in it, and had called it "Rudder Grange," and how we had taken a boarder.

"Well!" said he, "this is certainly surprising. I'm coming out to see you some day. It will be better than going to Barnum's."

I told him—it is the way of society—that we would be glad to see him, and we parted. Waterford never did come to see us, and I merely mention this incident to show how

our friends talked about Rudder Grange, when they first heard that we lived there.

After dinner that evening, when I went up on deck with Euphemia to have my smoke, we saw the boarder sitting on the bulwarks near the garden, with his legs dangling down outside.

"Look here!" said he.

I looked, but there was nothing unusual to see.

"What is it?" I asked.

He turned around and seeing Euphemia, said:

"Nothing."

It would be a very stupid person who could not take such a hint as that, and so, after a walk around the garden, Euphemia took occasion to go below to look at the kitchen fire.

As soon as she had gone, the boarder turned to me and said:

"I'll tell what it is. She's working herself sick."

"Sick?" said I. "Nonsense!"

"No nonsense about it," he replied.

The truth was, that the boarder was right and I was wrong. We had spent several months at Rudder Grange, and during this time Euphemia had been working very hard, and she really did begin to look pale and thin. Indeed, it would be very wearying for any woman of culture and refinement, unused to house-work, to cook and care for two men, and to do all the work of a canal-boat besides.

But I saw Euphemia so constantly, and thought so much of her, and had her image so continually in my heart, that I did not notice this until our boarder now called my attention to it. I was sorry that he had to do it.

"If I were in your place," said he, "I would get her a servant."

"If you were in my place," I replied, somewhat cuttingly, "you would probably suggest a lot of little things which would make everything very easy for her."

"I'd try to," he answered, without getting in the least angry.

Although I felt annoyed that he had suggested it, still I made up my mind that Euphemia must have a servant.

She agreed quite readily when I proposed the plan, and she urged me to go and see the carpenter that very day, and get him to come and partition off a little room for the girl.

It was some time, of course, before the room was made (for who ever heard of a



carpenter coming at the very time he was wanted?) and, when it was finished, Euphemia occupied all her spare moments in getting it in nice order for the servant when she should come. I thought she was taking too much trouble, but she had her own ideas about such things.

"If a girl is lodged like a pig, you must expect her to behave like a pig, and I don't want that kind."

So she put up pretty curtains at the girl's window, and, with a box that she stood on end, and some old muslin and a lot of tacks, she made a toilet-table so neat and convenient, that I thought she ought to take it into our room, and give the servant our wash-stand.

But all this time we had no girl, and as I had made up my mind about the matter, I naturally grew impatient, and at last I determined to go and get a girl myself.

So, one day at lunch-time, I went to an intelligence office in the city. There I found a large room on the second floor, and some ladies, and one or two men, sitting about, and a small room, back of it, crowded with girls from eighteen to sixty-eight years old. There were also girls upon the stairs, and girls in the hall below, besides some girls standing on the sidewalk before the door.

When I made known my business and had paid my fee, one of the several proprietors who were wandering about the front room went into the back apartment and soon returned with a tall Irishwoman with a bony weather-beaten face and a large weather-beaten shawl. This woman was told to take a chair by my side. Down sat the huge creature and stared at me. I did not feel very easy under her scrutinizing gaze, but I bore it as best I could, and immediately began to ask her all the appropriate questions that I could think of. Some she answered satisfactorily, and some she didn't answer at all; but as soon as I made a pause, she began to put questions herself.

"How many servants do you kape?" she asked.

I answered that we intended to get along with one, and if she understood her business, I thought she would find her work very easy, and the place a good one.

She then turned sharp upon me and said; "Have ye stationary wash-tubs?"

I hesitated. I knew our wash-tubs were not stationary, for I had helped to carry them about. But they might be screwed fast and made stationary if that was an important object. But, before making this answer,

I thought of the great conveniences for washing presented by our residence, surrounded as it was, at high tide, by water.

"Why, we live in a stationary wash-tub," I said, smiling.



"MRS. BLAINE!"

The woman looked at me steadfastly for a minute, and then she rose to her feet. Then she called out, as if she were crying fish or strawberries:

"Mrs. Blaine!"

The female keeper of the intelligence office, and the male keeper, and a thin clerk, and all the women in the back-room, and all the patrons in the front-room, jumped up and gathered around us.

Astonished, and somewhat disconcerted, I rose to my feet and confronted the tall Irishwoman, and stood smiling in an uncertain sort of a way, as if it were all very funny; but I couldn't see the point. I think I must have impressed the people with the idea that I wished I hadn't come.

"He says," exclaimed the woman, as if some other huckster were crying fish on the other side of the street—"he says he lives in a wash-toob."

"He's crazy!" ejaculated Mrs. Blaine, with an air that indicated "policeman" as plainly as if she had put her thought into words.

A low murmur ran through the crowd of women, while the thin clerk edged toward the door.

I saw there was no time to lose. I stepped

back a little from the tall savage, who was breathing like a hot-air engine in front of me, and made my explanations to the company. I told the tale of "Rudder-Grange," and showed them how it was like to a stationary wash-tub—at certain stages of the tide.

I was listened to with great attention. When I had finished, the tall woman turned around and faced the assemblage.

"An' he wants a cook to make soup! In a canal-boat!" said she, and off she marched into the back-room, followed closely by all the other women.

"I don't think we have any one here who would suit you," said Mrs. Blaine.

I didn't think so either. What on earth would Euphemia have done with that volcanic Irishwoman in her little kitchen! I took up my hat and bade Mrs. Blaine good morning.

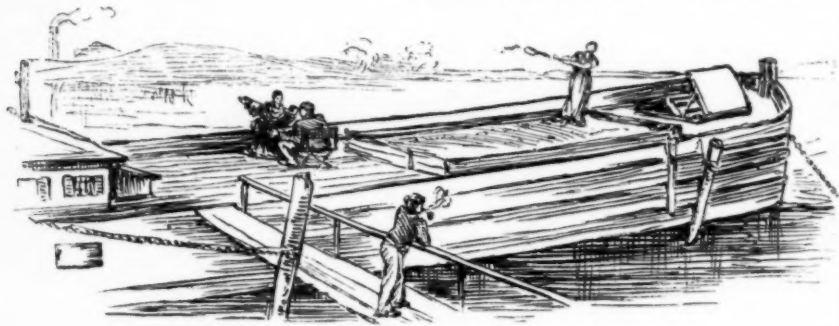
who was always correct, called her Pomona. I did the same whenever I could think not to say Bologna—which seemed to come very pat for some reason or other.

As for the boarder, he always called her Altoona, connecting her in some way with the process of stopping for refreshments, in which she was an adept.

She was an earnest, hearty girl. She was always in a good humor, and when I asked her to do anything, she assented in a bright, cheerful way, and in a loud tone full of good-fellowship, as though she would say:

"Certainly, my high old cock! To be sure I will. Don't worry about it—give your mind no more uneasiness on *that* subject. I'll bring the hot water."

She did not know very much, but she was delighted to learn, and she was very strong. Whatever Euphemia told her to do, she did instantly, with a bang. What pleased her



THE PALMY DAYS OF RUDDER GRANGE.

"Good morning," said she, with a distressing smile.

She had one of those mouths that look exactly like a gash in the face.

I went home without a girl. In a day or two Euphemia came to town and got one. Apparently she got her without any trouble, but I am not sure.

She went to a "Home"—Saint Somebody's Home—a place where they keep orphans to let, so to speak. Here Euphemia selected a light-haired, medium-sized orphan, and brought her home.

The girl's name was Pomona. Whether or not her parents gave her this name is doubtful. At any rate, she did not seem quite decided in her mind about it herself, for she had not been with us more than two weeks before she expressed a desire to be called Clare. This longing of her heart, however, was denied her. So Euphemia,

better than anything else was to run up and down the gang-plank, carrying buckets of water to water the garden. She delighted in out-door work, and sometimes dug so vigorously in our garden that she brought up pieces of the deck-planking with every shovelful.

Our boarder took the greatest interest in her, and sometimes watched her movements so intently, that he let his pipe go out.

"What a whacking girl that would be to tread out grapes in the vineyards of Italy! She'd make wine cheap," he once remarked.

"Then I'm glad she isn't there," said Euphemia, "for wine oughtn't to be cheap."

Euphemia was a thorough little temperance woman.

The one thing about Pomona that troubled me more than anything else was her taste for literature. It was not literature to which I objected, but her very peculiar taste. She

would read in the kitchen every night after she had washed the dishes, but if she had not read aloud, it would not have made so much difference to me. But I am naturally very sensitive to external impressions, and I do not like the company of people who, like our girl, cannot read without pronouncing in a measured and distinct voice every word of what they are reading. And when the matter thus read appeals to one's every sentiment of aversion, and there is no way of escaping it, the case is hard indeed.

From the first, I felt inclined to order Pomona, if she could not attain the power of silent perusal, to cease from reading altogether; but Euphemia would not hear to this.

"Poor thing!" said she; "it would be cruel to take from her her only recreation. And she says she can't read any other way. You needn't listen if you don't want to."

That was all very well in an abstract point of view; but the fact was, that in practice, the more I didn't want to listen, the more I heard.

As the evenings were often cool, we sat in our dining-room, and the partition between this room and the kitchen seemed to have no influence whatever in arresting sound. So that when I was trying to read or to reflect, it was by no means exhilarating to my mind to hear from the next room that:

"The la dy ce sel i a now si zed the weep on and all though the boor ly vil ly an re tain ed his vy gor ous hold she drew the blade through his fin gers and hoorl ed it far be hind her dryp ping with jore."

This sort of thing, kept up for an hour or so at a time, used to drive me nearly wild. But Euphemia didn't mind it. I believe that she had so delicate a sense of what was proper, that she did not hear Pomona's private readings.

On one occasion, even Euphemia's influence could scarcely restrain me from violent interference.

It was our boarder's night out (when he was detained in town by his business), and Pomona was sitting up to let him in. This was necessary, for our front-door (or main-hatchway) had no night-latch, but was fastened by means of a bolt. Euphemia and I used to sit up for him, but that was earlier in the season, when it was pleasant to be out on deck until quite a late hour. But Pomona never objected to sitting (or getting) up late, and so we allowed this weekly duty to devolve on her.

On this particular night I was very tired

and sleepy, and soon after I got into bed I dropped into a delightful slumber. But it was not long before I was awakened by the fact that:

"Sa rah did not fl inch but gras ped the heat ed i ron in her un in jur ed hand and



"HA, HA! LORD MAR MONT THUN DER ED!"

when the ra bid an i mal a proach ed she thr ust the lur id po ker in his —"

"My conscience!" said I to Euphemia, "can't that girl be stopped?"

"You wouldn't have her sit there and do nothing, would you?" said she.

"No; but she needn't read out that way."

"She can't read any other way," said Euphemia, drowsily.

"Yell af ter yell res oun ded as he wil dly spr rang —"

"I can't stand that, and I won't," said I. "Why don't she go into the kitchen?—the dining-room's no place for her."

"She can't sit there," said Euphemia. "There's a window-pane out. Can't you cover up your head?"

"I can't breathe if I do; but I suppose that's no matter," I replied.

The reading continued.

"Ha, ha! Lord Mar mont thun der ed thou too shalt suf fer all that this poor—" I sprang out of bed.

Euphemia thought I was going for my pistol, and she gave one bound and stuck her head out of the door.

"Pomona, fly!" she cried.

"Yes, sma'am," said Pomona; and she got up and flew—not very fast, I imagine. Where she flew to I don't know, but she took the lamp with her, and I could hear distant syllables of agony and blood, until the boarder came home and Pomona went to bed.

I think that this made an impression upon

Euphemia, for, although she did not speak to me upon the subject (or any other) that night, the next time I heard Pomona reading, the words ran somewhat thus:

"The as ton ish ing che ap ness of land is ac count ed for by the want of home mar kets, of good ro ads and che ap me ans of trans por ta ti on in ma ny sec ti ons of the State."

I have spoken of my pistol. During the early part of our residence at Rudder Grange I never thought of such a thing as owning a pistol.

But it was different now. I kept a Colt's revolver loaded in the bureau drawer in our bedroom.

The cause of this change was burglars. Not that any of these unpleasant persons had visited us, but we much feared they would. Several houses in the vicinity had been entered during the past month, and we could never tell when our turn would come.

To be sure, our boarder suggested that if we were to anchor out a little further at night, no burglar would risk catching his death of cold by swimming out to us; but Euphemia having replied that it would be rather difficult to move a canal-boat every night without paddle-wheels, or sails, or mules, especially if it were aground, this plan was considered to be effectually disposed of.

So we made up our minds that we must fasten up everything very securely, and I bought a pistol and two burglar-alarms. One of these I affixed to the most exposed window, and the other to the door which opened on the deck. These alarms were very simple affairs, but they were good enough. When they were properly attached to a window or door, and it was opened, a little gong sounded like a violently deranged clock, striking all the minutes of the day at once.

The window did not trouble us much, but it was rather irksome to have to make the attachment to the door every night and to take it off every morning. However, as Euphemia said, it was better to take a little trouble than to have the house full of burglars, which was true enough.

We made all the necessary arrangements in case burglars should make an inroad upon us. At the first sound of the alarm, Euphemia and the girl were to lie flat on the floor or get under their beds. Then the boarder and I were to stand up, back to back, each with pistol in hand, and fire

away, revolving on a common center the while. In this way, by aiming horizontally at about four feet from the floor, we could rake the premises, and run no risk of shooting each other or the women of the family.

To be sure, there were some slight objections to this plan. The boarder's room was at some distance from ours, and he would probably not hear the alarm, and the burglars might not be willing to wait while I



"THE BOARDER AND I WERE TO STAND UP, BACK TO BACK, EACH WITH PISTOL IN HAND!"

went forward and roused him up, and brought him to our part of the house. But this was a minor difficulty. I had no doubt but that, if it should be necessary, I could manage to get our boarder into position in plenty of time.

It was not very long before there was an opportunity of testing the plan.

About twelve o'clock one night one of the alarms (that on the kitchen window) went off with a whirl and a wild succession of clangs. For a moment I thought the morning train had arrived, and then I woke up. Euphemia was already under the bed.

I hurried on a few clothes, and then I tried to find the bureau in the dark. This was not easy, as I lost my bearings entirely. But I found it at last, got the top drawer open and took out my pistol. Then I slipped out of the room, hurried up the stairs, opened the door (setting off the alarm there,

by the way), and ran along the deck (there was a cold night wind), and hastily descended the steep steps that led into the boarder's room. The door that was at the bottom of the steps was not fastened, and, as I opened it, a little stray moonlight illumined the room. I hastily stepped to the bed and shook the boarder by the shoulder. He kept *his* pistol under his pillow.

In an instant he was on his feet, his hand grasped my throat, and the cold muzzle of his Derringer pistol was at my forehead. It was an awfully big muzzle, like the mouth of a bottle.

I don't know when I lived so long as during the first minute that he held me thus.

"Rascal!" he said. "Do as much as breathe, and I'll pull the trigger."

I didn't breathe.

I had an accident insurance on my life. Would it hold good in a case like this? Or would Euphemia have to go back to her father?

He pushed me back into the little patch of moonlight.

"Oh! is it you?" he said, relaxing his grasp. "What do you want? A mustard plaster?"

He had a package of patent plasters in his room. You took one and dipped it in hot water, and it was all ready.

"No," said I, gasping a little. "Burglars."

"Oh!" he said, and he put down his pistol and put on his clothes.

"Come along," he said, and away we went over the deck.

When we reached the stairs all was dark and quiet below.

It was a matter of hesitancy as to going down.

I started to go down first, but the boarder held me back.

"Let me go down," he said.

"No," said I, "my wife is there."

"That's the very reason you should not go," he said. "She is safe enough yet, and they would fire only at a man. It would be a bad job for her if you were killed. I'll go down."

So he went down, slowly and cautiously, his pistol in one hand, and his life in the other, as it were.

When he reached the bottom of the steps I changed my mind. I could not remain above while the burglar and Euphemia were below, so I followed.

The boarder was standing in the middle of the dining-room, into which the stairs

led. I could not see him, but I put my hand against him as I was feeling my way across the floor.

I whispered to him:

"Shall we put our backs together and revolve and fire?"

"No," he whispered back, "not now; he may be on a shelf by this time, or under a table. Let's look him up."

I confess that I was not very anxious to look him up, but I followed the boarder, as he slowly made his way toward the kitchen door. As we opened the door we instinctively stopped.

The window was open, and by the light of the moon that shone in, we saw the rascal standing on a chair, leaning out of the window, evidently just ready to escape. Fortunately, we were unheard.

"Let's pull him in," whispered the boarder.

"No," I whispered in reply. "We don't want him in. Let's hoist him out."

"All right," returned the boarder.

We laid our pistols on the floor, and softly approached the window. Being barefooted, our steps were noiseless.

"Hoist when I count three," breathed the boarder into my ear.

We reached the chair. Each of us took hold of two of its legs.

"One—two—three!" said the boarder, and together we gave a tremendous lift and shot the wretch out of the window.

The tide was high, and there was a good deal of water around the boat. We heard a rousing splash outside.

Now there was no need of silence.

"Shall we run on deck and shoot him as he swims?" I cried.

"No," said the boarder, "we'll get the boat-hook, and jab him if he tries to climb up."

We rushed on deck. I seized the boat-hook and looked over the side. But I saw no one.

"He's gone to the bottom!" I exclaimed.

"He didn't go very far then," said the boarder, "for it's not more than two feet deep there."

Just then our attention was attracted by a voice from the shore.

"Will you please let down the gang-plank?"

We looked ashore and there stood Pomona, dripping from every pore.

We spoke no words, but lowered the gang-plank.

She came aboard.



"Good night!" said the boarder, and he went to bed.

"Pomona!" said I, "what have you been doing?"



"ONE—TWO—THREE!" SAID THE BOARDER.

"I was a lookin' at the moon, sir, when pop! the chair bounced, and out I went."

"You shouldn't do that," I said, sternly. "Some day you'll be drowned. Take off your wet things and go to bed."

"Yes, sma'am—sir, I mean," said she, and she went down-stairs.

When I reached my room I lighted the lamp, and found Euphemia still under the bed.

"Is it all right?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "There was no burglar. Pomona fell out of the window."

"Did you get her a plaster?" asked Euphemia, drowsily.

"No, she did not need one. She's all right now. Were you worried about me, dear?"

"No, I trusted in you entirely, and I think I dozed a little under the bed."

In one minute she was asleep.

The boarder and I did not make this matter a subject of conversation afterward, but Euphemia gave the girl a lecture on her careless ways, and made her take several Dover's powders the next day.

An important fact in domestic economy was discovered about this time by Euphemia and myself. Perhaps we were not the first to discover it, but we certainly did find it out,—and this fact was, that housekeeping

cost money. At the end of every week we counted up our expenditures—it was no trouble at all to count up our receipts—and every week the result was more unsatisfactory.

"If we could only get rid of the disagreeable balance that has to be taken along all the time, and which gets bigger and bigger like a snow-ball, I think we would find the accounts more satisfactory," said Euphemia.

This was on a Saturday night. We always got out our pencils and paper and money at the end of the week.

"Yes," said I, with an attempt to appear facetious and unconcerned, "but it would all be well enough if we could take that snow-ball to the fire and melt it down."

"But there never is any fire where there are snow-balls," said Euphemia.

"No," said I, "and that's just the trouble."

It was on the following Thursday, when I came home in the evening, that Euphemia met me with a glowing face. It rather surprised me to see her look so happy, for she had been very quiet and preoccupied for the first part of the week. So much so, indeed, that I had thought of ordering smaller roasts for a week or two, and taking her to a Thomas Concert with the money saved. But this evening she looked as if she did not need Thomas's orchestra.

"What makes you so bright, my dear?" said I, when I had greeted her. "Has anything jolly happened?"

"No," said she; "nothing yet, but I am going to make a fire to melt snow-balls."

Of course I was very anxious to know how she was going to do it, but she would not tell me. It was a plan that she intended to keep to herself until she saw how it worked. I did not press her, because she had so few secrets, and I did not hear anything about this plan until it had been carried out.

Her scheme was as follows: After thinking over our financial condition and puzzling her brain to find out some way of bettering it, she had come to the conclusion that she would make some money by her own exertions, to help defray our household expenses. She never had made any money, but that was no reason why she should not begin. It was too bad that I should have to toil and toil and not make nearly enough money after all. So she would go to work and earn money with her own hands.

She had heard of an establishment in the city, where ladies of limited means, or transiently impecunious, could, in a very quiet and private way, get sewing to do. They

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could thus provide for their needs without any one but the officers of the institution knowing anything about it.

So Euphemia went to this place, and she got some work. It was not a very large bundle, but it was larger than she had been accustomed to carry, and, what was perfectly dreadful, it was wrapped up in a newspaper! When Euphemia told me the story, she said that this was too much for her courage. She could not go on the cars, and perhaps meet people belonging to our church, with a newspaper bundle under her arm.

But her genius for expedients saved her from this humiliation. She had to purchase some sewing-cotton, and some other little things, and when she had bought them, she handed her bundle to the woman behind the counter, and asked her if she would not be so good as to have that wrapped up with the other things. It was a good deal to ask, she knew, and the woman smiled, for the articles she had bought would not make a package as large as her hand. However, her request was complied with, and she took away a very decent package, with the card of the store stamped on the outside. I suppose that there are not more than half a dozen people in this country who would refuse Euphemia anything that she would be willing to ask for.

So she took the work home, and she labored faithfully at it for about a week. She did not suppose it would take her so long; but she was not used to such very plain sewing, and was very much afraid that she would not do it neatly enough. Besides this, she could only work on it in the daytime—when I was away—and was, of course, interrupted a great deal by her ordinary household duties, and the necessity of a careful oversight of Pomona's somewhat erratic methods of doing her work.

But at last she finished the job and took it into the city. She did not want to spend any more money on the trip than was absolutely necessary, and so was very glad to find that she had a remnant of pocket-money sufficient to pay her fare both ways.

When she reached the city, she walked up to the place where her work was to be delivered, and found it much farther when she went on foot than it had seemed to her riding in the street cars. She handed over her bundle to the proper person, and, as it was soon examined and approved, she received her pay therefor.

It amounted to sixty cents. She had made no bargain, but she was a little aston-

ished. However, she said nothing, but left the place without asking for any more work. In fact she forgot all about it. She had an idea that everything was all wrong, and that idea engrossed her mind entirely. There was no mistake about the sum paid, for the lady clerk had referred to the printed table of prices when she calculated the amount due. But something was wrong, and, at the moment, Euphemia could not tell what it was. She left the place, and started to walk back to the ferry. But she was so tired and weak, and hungry—it was now an hour or two past her regular lunch time—that she thought she should faint if she did not go somewhere and get some refreshments.

So, like a sensible little woman as she was, she went into a restaurant. She sat down at a table, and a waiter came to her to see what she would have. She was not accustomed to eating-houses, and perhaps this was the first time that she had ever visited one alone. What she wanted was something simple—just a lunch. So she ordered a cup of tea and some rolls, and a piece of chicken. The lunch was a very good one, and Euphemia enjoyed it. When she had finished, she went up to the counter to settle. Her bill was just sixty cents. She paid the money that she had just received, and walked down to the ferry—all in a daze, she said. When she got home she thought it over, and then she cried.

After a while she dried her eyes, and when I came home she told me all about it.

"I give it up," she said. "I don't believe I can help you any."

Poor little thing! I took her in my arms and comforted her, and before bed-time I had convinced her that she was fully able to help me better than any one else on earth, and that without puzzling her brains about business, or wearing herself out by sewing for pay.

So we went on in our old way, and by keeping our attention on our weekly balance, we prevented it from growing very rapidly.

We fell back on our philosophy (it was all the capital we had), and became as calm and contented as circumstances allowed.

Euphemia began to take a great deal of comfort in her girl. Every evening she had some new instance to relate of Pomona's inventive abilities and aptness in adapting herself to the peculiarities of our method of housekeeping.

"Only to think!" said she, one afternoon, "Pomona has just done another very smart

thing. You know what a trouble it has always been for us to carry all our waste water upstairs, and throw it over the bulwarks. Well, that girl has remedied all that. She has cut a nice little low window in the side of the kitchen, and has made a shutter of the piece she cut out, with leather hinges to it, and now she can just open this window, throw the water out, shut it again, and there it is! I tell you she's smart."

"Yes; there is no doubt of that," I said; "but I think that there is danger of her taking more interest in such extraordinary and novel duties than in the regular work of the house."

"Now, don't discourage the girl, my dear," she said, "for she is of the greatest use to me, and I don't want you to be throwing cold water about like some people."

"Not even if I throw it out of Pomona's little door, I suppose."

"No. Don't throw it at all. Encourage people. What would the world be if everybody chilled our aspirations and extraordinary efforts? Like Fulton's steamboat."

"All right," I said; "I'll not discourage her."

It was now getting late in the season. It was quite too cool to sit out on deck in the evening, and our garden began to look desolate.

Our boarder had wheeled up a lot of fresh earth, and had prepared a large bed, in which he had planted turnips. They were an excellent fall crop, he assured us.

From being simply cool it began to be rainy, and the weather grew decidedly unpleasant. But our boarder bade us take courage. This was probably the "equinoctial," and when it was over there would be a delightful Indian summer, and the turnips would grow nicely.

This sounded very well, but the wind blew up very cold at night, and there was a great deal of unpleasant rain.

One night it blew what Pomona called a "whirlcane," and we went to bed very early to keep warm. We heard our boarder on deck in the garden after we were in bed, and Euphemia said she could not imagine what he was about, unless he was anchoring his turnips to keep them from blowing away.

During the night I had a dream. I thought I was a boy again, and was trying to stand upon my head, a feat for which I had been famous. But instead of throwing myself forward on my hands, and then raising my heels backward over my head, in the

orthodox manner, I was on my back, and trying to get on my head from that position. I awoke suddenly, and found that the foot-board of the bedstead was much higher than our heads. We were lying on a very much inclined plane, with our heads downward. I roused Euphemia, and we both got out of bed, when, at almost the same moment, we slipped down the floor into ever so much water.

Euphemia was scarcely awake, and she fell down gurgling. It was dark, but I heard her fall, and I jumped over the bedstead to her assistance. I had scarcely raised her up, when I heard a pounding at the front-door or main-hatchway, and our boarder shouted:

"Get up! Come out of that! Open the door! The old boat's turning over!"

My heart fell within me, but I clutched Euphemia. I said no word, and she simply screamed. I dragged her over the floor, sometimes in the water and sometimes out of it. I got the dining-room door open and set her on the stairs. They were in a topsy-turvy condition, but they were dry. I found a lantern which hung on a nail, with a match-box under it, and I struck a light. Then I scrambled back and brought her some clothes.

All this time the boarder was yelling and pounding at the door. When Euphemia was ready I opened the door and took her out.

"You go dress yourself," said the boarder. "I'll hold her here until you come back."

I left her and found my clothes (which, chair and all, had tumbled against the foot of the bed and so had not gone into the water), and soon re-appeared on deck. The wind was blowing strongly, but it did not now seem to be very cold. The deck reminded me of the gang-plank of a Harlem steamboat at low tide. It was inclined at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, I am sure. There was light enough for us to see about us, but the scene and all the dreadful circumstances made me feel the most intense desire to wake up and find it all a dream. There was no doubt, however, about the boarder being wide awake.

"Now then," said he, "take hold of her on that side and we'll help her over here. You scramble down on that side; it's all dry just there. The boat's turned over toward the water, and I'll lower her down to you. I've let a rope over the sides. You can hold on to that as you go down."

I got over the bulwarks and let myself

down to the ground. Then the boarder got Euphemia up and slipped her over the side, holding to her hands, and letting her gently down until I could reach her. She said never a word, but screamed at times. I carried her a little way up the shore and set her down. I wanted to take her up to a house near by, where we bought our milk, but she declined to go until we had saved Pomona.

So I went back to the boat, having carefully wrapped up Euphemia, to endeavor to save the girl. I found that the boarder had so arranged the gang-plank that it was possible, without a very great exercise of agility, to pass from the shore to the boat. When I first saw him, on reaching the shelving deck, he was staggering up the stairs with a dining-room chair and a large framed engraving of Raphael's Dante—an ugly picture, but full of true feeling; at least so Euphemia always declared, though I am not quite sure that I know what she meant.

"Where is Pomona?" I said, endeavoring to stand on the hill-side of the deck.

"I don't know," said he, "but we must get the things out. The tide's rising and the wind's getting up. The boat will go over before we know it."

"But we must find the girl," I said. "She can't be left to drown."

"I don't think it would matter much," said he, getting over the side of the boat with his awkward load. "She would be of about as much use drowned as any other way. If it hadn't been for that hole she cut in the side of the boat, this would never have happened."

"You don't think it was that!" I said, holding the picture and the chair while he let himself down to the gang-plank.

"Yes, it was," he replied. "The tide's very high, and the water got over that hole and rushed in. The water and the wind will finish this old craft before very long."

And then he took his load from me and dashed down the gang-plank. I went below to look for Pomona. The lantern still hung on the nail, and I took it down and went into the kitchen. There was Pomona, dressed, and with her hat on, quietly packing some things in a basket.

"Come, hurry out of this," I cried. "Don't you know that this house—this boat, I mean, is a wreck?"

"Yes, sma'am—sir, I mean—I know it, and I suppose we shall soon be at the mercy of the waves."

"Well, then, go as quickly as you can. What are you putting in that basket?"

"Food," she said. "We may need it."

I took her by the shoulder and hurried her on deck, over the bulwark, down the gang-plank, and so on to the place where I had left Euphemia.

I found the dear girl there, quiet and collected, all up in a little bunch, to shield herself from the wind. I wasted no time, but hurried the two women over to the house of our milk-merchant. There, with some difficulty, I roused the good woman, and after seeing Euphemia and Pomona safely in the house, I left them to tell the tale, and hurried back to the boat.

The boarder was working like a Trojan. He had already a pile of our furniture on the beach.

I set about helping him, and for an hour we labored at this hasty and toilsome moving. It was indeed a toilsome business. The floors were shelving, the stairs leaned over sideways, ever so far, and the gang-plank was desperately short and steep.

Still, we saved quite a number of household articles. Some things we broke and some we forgot, and some things were too big to move in this way; but we did very well, considering the circumstances.

The wind roared, the tide rose, and the boat groaned and creaked. We were in the kitchen, trying to take the stove apart (the boarder was sure we could carry it up, if we could get the pipe out and the legs and doors off), when we heard a crash. We rushed on deck and found that the garden had fallen in! Making our way as well as we could toward the gaping rent in the deck, we saw that the turnip-bed had gone down bodily into the boarder's room. He did not hesitate, but scrambled down his narrow stairs. I followed him. He struck a match that he had in his pocket, and lighted a little lantern that hung under the stairs. His room was a perfect rubbish heap. The floor, bed, chairs, pitcher, basin—everything was covered or filled with garden mold and turnips. Never did I behold such a scene. He stood in the midst of it, holding his lantern high above his head. At length he spoke.

"If we had time," he said, "we might come down here and pick out a lot of turnips."

"But, how about your furniture?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, that's ruined!" he replied.

So we did not attempt to save any of it, but we got hold of his trunk and carried that on shore.

When we returned, we found that the

water was pouring through his partition, making the room a lake of mud. And, as the water was rising rapidly below, and the boat was keeling over more and more, we thought it was time to leave, and we left.

It would not do to go far away from our possessions, which were piled up in a sad-looking heap on the shore; and so, after I had gone over to the milk-woman's to assure Euphemia of our safety, the boarder and I passed the rest of the night—there was not much of it left—in walking up and down the beach smoking some cigars which he fortunately had in his pocket.

In the morning I took Euphemia to the hotel, about a mile away—and arranged for the storage of our furniture there, until we could find another habitation. This habitation, we determined, was to be in a substantial house, or part of a house, which should not be affected by the tides.

During the morning the removal of our effects was successfully accomplished, and our boarder went to town to look for a furnished room. He had nothing but his trunk to take to it.

In the afternoon I left Euphemia at the hotel, where she was taking a nap (she certainly needed it, for she had spent the night in a wooden rocking-chair at the milk-woman's), and I strolled down to the river to take a last look at the remains of old Rudder Grange.

I felt sadly enough as I walked along the well-worn path to the canal-boat, and thought how it had been worn by my feet more than any other's, and how gladly I

had walked that way, so often during that delightful summer. I forgot all that had been disagreeable, and thought only of the happy times we had had.

It was a beautiful autumn afternoon, and the wind had entirely died away. When I came within sight of our old home, it presented a doleful appearance. The bow had drifted out into the river, and was almost entirely under water. The stern stuck up in a mournful and ridiculous manner, with its keel, instead of its broadside, presented to the view of persons on the shore. As I neared the boat I heard a voice. I stopped and listened. There was no one in sight. Could the sounds come from the boat? I concluded that it must be so, and I walked up closer. Then I heard distinctly the words:

"He grasp ed her by the thro at and yell ed, swear to me thou nev er wilt re ve al my se cret, or thy hot heart's blood shall stain this mar bel flo or; she gave one gry vy ous gasp and ——"

It was Pomona!

Doubtless she had climbed up the stern of the boat and had descended into the depths of the wreck to rescue her beloved book, the reading of which had so long been interrupted by my harsh decrees. Could I break in on this one hour of rapture? I had not the heart to do it, and as I slowly moved away, there came to me the last words that I ever heard from Rudder Grange:

"And with one wild shry ik to heav en her heart's blo od spat ter ed that prynce ly home of woe ——"



RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES SUMNER.

FOURTH PAPER.

SUMNER NOT A POLITICIAN.

MR. SUMNER was a statesman rather than a politician. He was always ready, when able, to work for the success of party when party and principle coincided, except when party work would bring to him personal preferment. In such cases he would do nothing, and less than nothing. When the long struggle was in progress, which finally ended in making him Senator, he was besought to utter some statement as to his future course, which was in harmony with his past course, and would hamper him little if any. He refused emphatically, and when rather indignantly asked if he would do nothing to advance his own election, he replied: "If by turning my hand over I could make myself Senator to-morrow, I would not turn it over—I would not even put it out." After that he was let alone,—but he was elected.

Something of the feeling with which he went about his new duties, may be gathered from his letter to his sister, now his only remaining near relative, written while on his way to take his seat in the Senate:

NEW YORK, November 26th, 1851. }  
Delmonico's, Thanksgiving Day. }

MY VERY DEAR JULIA: Your parting benediction and God-speed, mingling with mother's, made my heart overflow. I thank you both. They will cheer, comfort, and strengthen me in duties where there are many difficulties and great responsibilities.

For myself I do not desire public life; I have neither taste nor ambition for it; but Providence has marked out my career, and I follow. Many will criticise and malign, but I shall persevere. \* \*

Good-bye. With constant love to mother and yourself,  
CHARLES.

When, in the winter of 1856-57, the time for electing Senator again came round in Massachusetts, there was much difference of opinion as to the proper course under the circumstances. It was rumored that Mr. Sumner was permanently disabled. By some it was said that he had no desire to be returned to the Senate. The time had come when a decision as to who should be Senator must be reached, and Mr. Sumner made no sign. A gentleman who did not agree with the Senator in politics, but who had become quite intimate with him through

their mutual love for literature—Dr. James C. Welling, LL. D., then one of the editors of the "National Intelligencer," now President of the Columbian University in Washington—had visited Boston, and came away with a feeling that he might lose his friend's presence in Washington unless he would put himself in such a position that others could work for him, even if he would not work for himself. So Dr. Welling wrote Mr. Sumner, in as delicate a manner as possible, pointing out the dilemma in which those were placed who had his interests at heart, and besought him not to allow his sensitiveness to prevent him from doing that which was usual and proper under the circumstances. This would have been a bold step in one of his political friends, but it was done so felicitously by Dr. Welling, that it brought back from the Senator this reply, which came from his heart:

BOSTON, 22d December, 1856.

—just seven months since my disability.

MY DEAR WELLING: When chosen to my present place, I had never held office of any kind. I was brought forward against my often-declared wishes, and, during the long contest that ensued, constantly refused to furnish any pledge or explanation, or to do anything, even to the extent of walking across my room; determined that the office should absolutely and in every respect seek me, and that I would in no respect seek the office. This was six years ago. I see no occasion—nor if there were occasion, should I be willing—now to depart from the rule of independence which I then prescribed to myself. I make no inquiries with regard to the course of the Legislature, as, of course, I make no suggestion; nor shall I do anything, directly or indirectly, to affect its action. If I am chosen again, it will be as I was before, without any act, or word, or hint from me. This is a long preamble, but it seemed necessary to explain my indifference to the suggestion which you so kindly make. On the present occasion, in my movements I shall be governed by considerations of health, and forced, also, by the still pending suspense with regard to the fate of three members of my family, which must, however, soon settle into the assurance of calamity or of safety—long before, according to my physicians, I can hope to be well; but I trust, before long, to have the pleasure of seeing you. Meanwhile, with many thanks for your kind interest in my affairs,

Ever sincerely yours,  
CHARLES SUMNER.

He was chosen again, and without any act or word, or hint from him; and, as has been said by another, "when the vote



was counted, January 9th, 1857, he had received three hundred and thirty-three out of three hundred and forty-five votes in the House, and the entire vote in the Senate"; although six years before he had been elected by a bare majority of two votes.

#### EUROPEAN RECOLLECTIONS.

The re-elected Senator, still enfeeble by his injuries, had come to Washington near the close of the session in February, 1857, but the condition of his health was such that he sat but one day in the Senate. He was sworn in, and attended upon the inauguration of President Buchanan. I went with him to the Capitol, and supported him on my arm to the door. There I was turned back, notwithstanding his statement that he needed my aid; and he, indignant at the insult, as he then felt it to be, refused all other assistance, and hobbled into the chamber with the help of his cane. The effort was too much for him; it showed him that his physicians were right, and that he must seek rest where he would be undisturbed by the excitements of the day; so on the 7th of March, 1857, he sailed for Europe, where he remained until December, when he returned, and resumed his seat in the Senate. He came home too soon. He was really unable to resume his duties. Much of his time had to be passed in his room, and, as he was not strong enough for his usual occupations, it was passed in converse with his most intimate friends. Naturally the talk turned upon what had engaged him while abroad. To me it was full of interest, and a small part of it I preserved in letters to my wife. Dr. Welling's presence was always welcome. Their diverse views on the questions of the day made political discussion impossible, so conversation generally turned on what interested them equally abroad. A portion of what was then said is here presented.

One day the Senator spoke of France, his visit there, and the men he met. Anecdote after anecdote of the most noted followed. M. Circourt, who has been styled the Macaulay of France, from his varied knowledge and brilliant style, in speaking of our Minister at the Court of St. Cloud, Hon. John Y. Mason, styled him "un brave homme," with a shrug of his shoulder, when asked what he thought of him; and then, being encouraged to go on, said in English (and, by the way, Circourt was almost the only Frenchman of note who then spoke English): "Last week I heard

the American Minister speak of slavery in a very cruel manner, in a very *vulgar* manner; I hope never so to hear him again."

Mr. Welling asked why Mason could be so much of a favorite with the Emperor—if it was from his good card-playing.

Mr. Sumner: No, it is from a certain bonhomie, together with his stupidity. The Emperor is a tyrant; he holds his scepter by a crime; the Liberals, the educated men of France, are against him; and he is well pleased with an American Minister who is incapacitated, by his ignorance of the French language, from seeking intercourse with the Liberals, and by his intolerant opinions on slavery from being sought by them; and yet who, from his brusqueness of manner, is pleasant to the Emperor. How different we must appear now, with such men abroad to represent us, from what we did thirty or fifty years ago! Just think of such a man as Augustus Cæsar Dodge, of Wisconsin, who is now Minister to Spain; a man who can speak no language but English, and who speaks that incorrectly!

Mr. Welling: Yes, true; but Dodge, like Mason, is blest with an incapacity for mischief. He is a very different man from Sculé.

Mr. Sumner: Old Marcy used to say, speaking of this batch of Ministers, that, for all practical purposes, one-half of them were deaf, and the rest were dumb. But, much as our Ministers have lost in character, our country has lost more. Why, when I was in London last July, Lord Aberdeen told me an anecdote of Napoleon when he was First Consul. The occurrence took place at a dinner party, and, by the way, the old Earl is about the only man living who can remember a dinner with the First Consul. He said: "Napoleon sat at the head of the table, Talleyrand, his Premier, at the foot; Mr. Livingston, the American Minister, sat at Talleyrand's right hand, and I, as British Minister, on his left. Mr. Livingston, you remember, was very deaf. Napoleon suddenly rose in his place, and, leaning over the table, called out to Talleyrand: 'Tell the American Minister that he comes from the most virtuous Government to the most corrupt!' thus giving Talleyrand a punch and Livingston a compliment. Now," said the old Earl, "the question comes up, not only whether the present Emperor could disregard etiquette so far, but whether he could utter the same *bon mot*!"

This reminds me of a conversation with old Lord Brougham. You know he has been a

fast friend of mine since my boyish visit to England. The first time I met him last July was at his house in town. He received me in the library, and, after forcing me down in his arm-chair, with both his hands on my shoulders, fell to talking, and soon after came upon politics. "Now," said Brougham, "my young friend, you know that for more than half a century I have been a fast friend to your country, and that I have done all I could for her."

*Mr. Welling:* Yes; I remember what he did for us when the Orders in Council were under consideration in 1813.

*Mr. Sumner:* He has always been on our side. But to go on, the old lord said: "I have done all I could for her, and so I shall take the liberty to say, as a friend to her, that though I have, and shall admire many things about her, there are two things which I must say I abhor and detest." Well, of course I asked him to name them. "They are," said he, with strong emphasis, "Slavery and Fillibusterism." "Now," said I, "I am glad you have brought in your indictment and your two counts, but I move to strike out the second count, and show for cause that the second is but the outgrowth of the first; that to remove the first would also be to remove the second," and the old gentleman allowed my point to be carried. That shows the depth of that feeling among our best friends. What, then, must it be among our enemies? I tell you you have no idea of the light in which we are regarded as a nation on this account. I never felt it so deeply myself as when I had the broad ocean between us, and I could view it in that perspective, and I have come home the more incensed against it, and the more determined, for the sake of our whole country, to do all in my power to help, by all honest means, to remove the stain from our fair fame.

The conversation turned upon France and Lamartine, and the Senator said: "I saw considerable of him while in Paris, but the more I saw of him, the more evident his egotism became." He spoke of Lamartine, however, in high terms, and seemed to have found his company exceedingly pleasant.

"One day Guizot, Thiers, Circourt, Montalembert, and several more of us, were dining together, when the conversation turned upon eloquence. Finally I asked them concerning their habit of preparing their speeches. Thiers said: 'If I did not beforehand weigh well, and commit to paper every word which I uttered from the tribune,

I should despise myself.' The rest concurred in his opinion. Then I asked about Lamartine. They assured me that no man was more particular in preparing to speak, and no man could be more particular in preparing his speeches for the press after they were delivered. The printers of the 'Moniteur' have more trouble with his speeches than with any other orator's. Thiers said, with a sly smile, that Lamartine not only struck out and interlined the reporter's notes, but had been known to write in whole paragraphs. Then I asked, seeing a smile run round the table, if they regarded this as wrong. Guizot replied that he did not think it wrong to write in paragraphs, but he did think it was wrong to put '*great applause*' in brackets at the end of them. When I said: 'Of course, that is reported of Lamartine by his enemies; can it be so?' Thiers, who is always regarded as friendly to Lamartine, replied that he did not see it done, but that he believed the report. So you see how his own personal friends regard Lamartine in this light. But poor — is detected in a worse predicament. When, on one occasion, he had gained the floor for the next day, he sent a copy of the speech he intended to make on the following morning to the 'Indépendance Belge,' which is, you know, in his interests. That was all right; but through the vicissitudes of public business he was prevented from speaking, when lo! next day in came the 'Belge,' containing a full report of the speech which he had not made, and that speech was stuck full of '*applause*' and '*great sensation*,' and '*laughter*,' and '*terrible indignation*,'" etc.

*Mr. Welling:* Did you see De Tocqueville?

*Mr. Sumner:* Yes, indeed! During my month of illness, when for a time I thought I should slump through, but of which I would not write to my friends, De Tocqueville came and sat in my rooms day after day. On my return from London I visited him in his chateau in Normandy. It is a very old building; parts of it were built five centuries ago. It is about three-quarters of a mile from a pretty village which takes its name from the chateau. The chateau has no luxury of parks or gardens. He has a rental of about \$8,000 a year, which you know for a man of his style is very small. I found him in the library, and spent the three days of my visit mostly there. The library is a very long room, containing about six thousand volumes and many old pictures. Within that large room was a small cabinet,

or study, in which he generally sat. What particularly struck me on entering this room was four portraits on the four walls, one of which was of Washington, and another of Hamilton. Of course I could not help exclaiming. When De Tocqueville found that I had recognized them, he seemed much pleased. I, of course, expressed my great pleasure at so high a compliment to our country. We soon were engaged in discussing the character of General Hamilton. De Tocqueville compared him to William Pitt, and I must confess that there is a great similarity between their cases.

*Mr. Welling:* I have thought of that myself, and what first suggested the parallel was the similarity in the contour of their features.

*Mr. Sumner:* I have noticed that myself. I once mistook a bust of Pitt for Hamilton's. There is a resemblance of one to the other, but it is only a general resemblance. By the way, Lord Brougham showed me, while I was at Brougham Castle, a very great curiosity. It was one of the two masks of plaster which were taken from the face of William Pitt after his death. There I had a good view of his thin nostrils, his deep-set eye, his protruding nose, and the lines of his mouth, and of the way his head was set upon his neck, or rather upon his shoulders. It brought me nearer to Pitt than anything else ever did.

*Mr. Welling:* Did you see much of Macaulay?

*Mr. Sumner:* Yes. I saw Macaulay very often. I met him in society frequently, and then I spent a week with him at the country-seat of Lord Stanhope.

*Mr. Welling:* How does he appear? Is he bookish?

*Mr. Sumner:* Oh, very well, very well, indeed. You know he is a man of the world. He can adapt himself to all societies, but when his society is literary he talks a great deal. He is not a pedant, but still he talks too well—at least, it would be too well for any one but him. His memory, you know, is monstrous, and he quotes continually, but always appositely and well. I have frequently, in common conversation, heard him quote a whole strophe from a Greek tragedy. It is said that, were Milton lost, it could be wholly restored from his memory alone! and, truly, I think it to be the case.

*Mr. Welling:* How could he acquire so much?

*Mr. Sumner:* Well, you see, he has con-

stant good health, and is blest with a most indefatigable industry, which, together with his prodigious memory and his singular faculty of getting at the gist of the matter in a glance, has enabled him to surpass almost everybody.

*Mr. Welling:* Was it true that Macaulay wrote that article on Lord Bacon on his way home from India?

*Mr. Sumner:* I asked him about that, and he told me that the article was written at Bombay and printed there, and was sent in the sheets to Edinburgh. During the three years he spent in India in the public service, he told me that he read all the Greek prose and poetic classics! Just think of that in connection with the public duties he had to perform and with his writing of that time! While we were together at Lord Stanhope's I saw a great deal of Macaulay. We spent one forenoon in the library together browsing among the books, pulling them down and talking them over. That library, by the way, contains over fifteen thousand volumes! In speaking of literature I used the word "cento," giving it the Italian pronunciation *chento*. Macaulay did not take immediate notice of it, but after a little he said: "chento, chento, can that be chento?" "Yes," said I, "certainly," but then immediately remarked that I had never verified it as such. "Well," said Macaulay, "you may be right, but let us be sure;" and with that he pulled down a big Latin lexicon and soon pointed out the word to me as good Latin. Of course I gave in. While at home last month one evening I met Prescott, Bancroft, Felton, Longfellow, Emerson, Childs, and Whipple at dinner and spoke of this, and they all said that, without looking, they should have agreed with me in supposing the word to have been Italian. So you see how tenacious Macaulay's memory is, even of the most trivial things.

#### ABOUT CORPORATIONS.

General Caleb Cushing called one day in 1857. In the course of conversation upon the pecuniary embarrassment of the day, and, especially, upon the troubles in Massachusetts, he said that the public was now convinced of two things: first, to avoid the error, so lately fatal, of allowing one man to be agent for several factories, so that, in the fall of one, all were involved, though they had no common interest; and, second, of allowing no connection between the buying

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agent and the treasurer, and the selling agent. He also thought it would do much toward doing away with corporation treachery.

Mr. Sumner said that he had long thought corporations worse than useless in many cases. When he was in Lancastershire, stopping at the house of a large manufacturer, a man of great intelligence, he had asked his entertainer to give him, in a few words, the difference between the English and American mode of conducting factories. The difference, he was told, was, that in America large corporations did their work by a throng of high-salaried officers and commissioners, who had no interest in the works beyond the earning of their salaries; while in England, as a general thing, the factories were owned by one, two or three men, together with their families. The gentleman speaking, who employed eight hundred hands, was his own treasurer, buying agent and selling agent, and, consequently, saved the heavy salaries which in America are paid to these officers. His sons carried on the work.

General Cushing thought that the Legislature ought to refuse to incorporate much oftener than they do. "Why," he asked, "should not one of Lawrence's East India ships be incorporated, which often are worth a million of dollars, as well as a mill with a stock of but one hundred thousand dollars?"

#### MISS THACKERAY.

I had returned one night from the theater where Agnes Robertson had taken the part of Smike, and speaking of the play to the Senator, I asked if it were true that Thackeray had placed so high a value on Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby" as was reported. Mr. Sumner replied that he did not know as to Thackeray himself, but that one of his daughters, after having read that book through once, on finishing the last page, turned back to the first page and read it through again, and said to him: "Pa, why don't you write such books as this?" and that Thackeray was himself responsible for the story. Then he went on to say: "That reminds me that, when last in London, I attended a party given by Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall), and, as I was coming out of the crowded rooms in the second story, I met on the broad stairs a couple cozily ensconced in the niche on the first landing of the staircase. The gentleman was Sir Edward Macpherson, late Governor of Cey-

lon, and, in shaking hands with him, I caught sight of the face of his companion, and the face of the girl was so fresh and fair, and such a sweet, sunny, laughing expression beamed over it, that I couldn't help addressing her without a word of presentation, and of conversing in a gossiping way for full five minutes. Then I continued on my way, sorry that I could not stay longer. On reaching the door I met Thackeray, with whom I gossiped a moment; and, on his informing me that his daughters were present, I immediately proposed making their acquaintance. Some one standing near said, 'Why, you have been talking with one of them for the last five minutes.' Of course I was charmed to learn that this sunny creature was my friend's daughter. Then I said: 'I must now be regularly presented to her, and you, Thackeray, must introduce me.' So we went upstairs again, and Thackeray presented me in this way: laying his hand on his breast and bowing, he said: 'Anne—my friend—know each other,' and then passed on without mentioning my name. We had a charming little chat."

#### ANECDOTES.

Mr. Sumner had large acquaintance with trees and plants—larger perhaps than with flowers. He could recognize most trees by their shape as well as by their leaves. He could readily distinguish the different kinds of woods by their grain. His knowledge of trees was not confined to those of his own country. He once had a dispute with an Englishman as to whose country produced the most and the best trees; and he was not only victorious, but he was magnanimous, for he helped his antagonist out in his list of the English trees, before overwhelming him with an enumeration of those of America.

Mr. Sumner took a leading part in the debate which resulted in ordering that the grounds on the east front of the Capitol be lowered. It was alleged that if the measure passed, it would sacrifice many trees. To this he replied that most of the trees referred to were of a soft fiber, and would soon die of themselves, but there was one tree there, a broad, spreading, and symmetrical beech, which should be preserved in any event. Such was his affection for the tree, he could not support the measure, unless he were assured the beech would remain unhurt. He never, he said, went down the east front of the Capitol without looking at it, and he

was among the foremost to say, "Woodman, spare *that* tree." What he said on that occasion attracted attention, and many visitors now inquire for "Mr. Sumner's tree." It is protected by an inclosing fence, and considerable expense is being incurred in lowering it to the position for which it is ultimately destined.

Returning from his drives north of the city, the Senator had to pass Columbian University buildings, among which was the residence of President Welling. Here he would often stop and chat with his old friend, his charming daughter, and such of the faculty as happened to be on the broad piazza which overlooked the city. Here conversation always ran on travel, art, or literature, rather than on politics.

One evening the talk turned on the Man in the Iron Mask, and the Senator recounted a chat on the subject had with Chevalier Bunsen during a visit made to him immediately after his (the Senator's) return from the Isle Ste. Marguerite, when he had made a careful inspection of the room in which the illustrious prisoner had been confined. When he had described to the Chevalier the peculiar cornices and the double-grated windows, Bunsen exclaimed. "Mr. Sumner, what you tell me about the room confirms me in the belief that the Man in the Iron Mask was a man of important position, possibly royal." Continuing the subject, Mr. Sumner said that when he spoke of Bunsen's remark to General Cass, the General related the following:

When he was Minister to France, he became somewhat intimate with the then King of the French, Louis Philippe. One evening when they were alone, the General requested permission to ask a question.

"Ask what you please," the King replied.

"Then," queried the Minister, "can your Majesty tell me anything of the Man in the Iron Mask?"

"Ah," replied Louis, somewhat amazed, "yes, and I will tell you all I know about it. When I returned from America, immediately upon seeing my cousin, Count d'Artois, I, evincing this same curiosity, asked him whether he could tell me anything about the mystery. 'Only this,' replied the Count: 'Once, in rambling through the Tuileries, I found myself in the apartments of the Queen, Marie Antoinette. Parting the curtains which concealed me from her eyes, I saw her on her knees before the King. "In mercy's name," she said, "Sire, tell me! who *was* the Man in

the Iron Mask?" "I cannot tell you," answered Louis XVI., sternly. "I learned it from my predecessor, and can tell it only to my successor. But this I will tell you: if you knew who he was, you would be greatly disappointed at the curiosity which he has excited."'"

Mr. Sumner ended by saying that there was no doubt in his own mind that the prisoner was a natural son of Anne of Austria.

The Senator was faithful to his exact recollection of a conversation, and in recounting it usually detailed it in dialogue form, and often vividly and with spirit. Once at his own dinner-table, when entertaining some young Englishmen, among them a son of John Bright, the talk turned on parliamentary eloquence. The Senator spoke of several whom he had heard in the House of Commons during his first visit to Europe, comparing their style and manner with that of those he had heard when last abroad; and as he warmed with the subject he recited passages from well-known speeches, rising from the table, and speaking from behind his chair, imitating voice, gesture, and manner, especially the curious hesitation and drawl which marks and mars the eloquence of so many Englishmen. He did not descend to mimicry, nor yet to burlesque. It was a reproduction of what was in his recollection, and presented so faithfully, that the picture was recognized as true to nature. We sat long at table, and when the company separated, they thanked him for one of the pleasantest evenings they had spent; and one gentleman said he should carry away with him an idea of the orators of his own country, such as he had never gained elsewhere.

But to return to the piazza conversations. Conversation had turned on the progress of the age. Mr. Sumner said: "We live in a transition period. The time will come when science, religion, and art will have made such progress, that this time of ours will be classed with the dark ages."

Speaking of the achievements of the other sex, and the appreciation they had met, Mr. Sumner said he greatly admired the writings of Sainte-Beuve, and that he was the only Frenchman who had ever done woman justice. Sainte-Beuve's review of the writings of Madame Roland, Mr. Sumner thought peculiarly appreciative and beautiful.

Mr. Sumner commented with some severity on the lax sentiment of the day relative



to gift-taking by office-holders from office-seekers, and remarked that he had never received a present of any kind from any one for whom he had obtained or asked a position—but once. We asked about the exception, when he said that Mr. Gustavus V. Fox, for whom he, among others, had asked the position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, which place Mr. Fox had filled with great acceptability, had, on his return from Russia, sent him several pounds of Mandarin tea. This tea, by the way, played a conspicuous part at Mr. Sumner's somewhat celebrated dinner to the High Joint Commissioners.

The table was spread with the rarest dishes that Wormley, of Washington, and Smith, of Boston, could provide; and as the work with them was a labor of love, the markets of the country from Maine to Florida had been called into requisition. Their professional pride was fully satisfied by the comments of the guests. But when this Mandarin tea was served to them in Sèvres china, after dinner in the Library, it produced more sensation than did any dish, however rare, at table. The Countess de Grey was the first to recognize it, though she had met it before only at Buckingham Palace, and then only when the Queen entertained other royal personages. Mandarin tea, like Tokay wine, was so rare that it was a fit present between princes. How the Senator came by it, was a question in which the other guests joined the Countess, and its history was one of the pleasant points in the conversation of the evening.

One evening, when the poetry of Vittoria Colonna came under discussion, Mr. Sumner said her sonnets were the most beautiful productions of woman's pen, and he spoke of her as the Italian nightingale with the thorn in her breast, "who learned in suffering what she taught in song." He said Mrs. Browning was crude compared with Vittoria Colonna. The sonnets of Michael Angelo were, he thought, too architectural in their structure, and that of all the great sonneteers, Milton was the leader. The sonnet was evidently the Senator's favorite form of versification.

Mr. Sumner greatly admired the paintings of Ary Scheffer, Paul Delaroche, and other artists of that school. He spoke highly of the wife and daughter of Scheffer, with the latter of whom he was acquainted. The former often sat to her husband as a model, and assisted him in other ways. Delaroche's painting of "The Death of the Duke of Guise at Blois" was his favorite picture of

that school; he made a point of seeing it each time he visited France.

From his youth he had an abiding admiration for Mücke's "Marriage of St. Catharine." A copy of this picture hung in his room at college, and in referring to it he said: "The tender grace of the angels, and the calm repose of the Saint," rested him when he looked at it. Another picture which hung in his room at Harvard was of the head of the young Augustus. This head made a great impression on him. He had copies of it in various forms. The most valuable was in marble, and was left by will to Longfellow. He liked to trace in it the resemblance to the busts of the First Napoleon, and to suggest the points which had been copied by the sculptors from the ancient Emperor, rather than the modern, and to show wherein the head of Napoleon had been idealized in this way.

His "Psyche" was also willed to Longfellow. The affection he manifested for this marble has often been noted. One reason of it perhaps was the suggestion in its features of the face of his twin sister, whose early death he still mourned.

One evening the conversation turned upon the question of what class of men had left the broadest mark on the page of history. The Senator sat silent for a while, but when his opinion was asked, he utterly ignored the warriors, as might have been expected; but what excited surprise, he gave the palm to the realists rather than the idealists; to Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, and Newton, rather than to Plato, Socrates, Shakespeare, and Rousseau. When surprise was expressed, he placated the speaker, who was of the transcendental school, by admitting that, while Aristotle undoubtedly had the more massive mind, Plato's intellect was perhaps of the finer quality; but as to the effect on the world of the work they did, he spoke of the most noted scientists, from Aristotle down to Tyndall and Henry, comparing them from time to time with those of the contemplative school, showing the peculiar work of each, and the effect it produced, not on his own time, but on succeeding generations, and giving the palm to the realist, while not detracting from the value of the work of those of the other school.

Mr. Sumner's course as to the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution caused much criticism as well as inquiry, and even now it is misunderstood. This provided that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged . . .

on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." His opposition to the amendment seemed at variance with his life-work. His ground, however, as I understand it, was, that the Constitution unamended provided all that was proposed in the amendment, and that to amend was to admit that the feature required did not already exist. It had been his belief that it did exist, and it was this belief which separated him from those who announced that the Constitution was a covenant with Death and a league with Hell.

In this connection there came to pass a strange occurrence, the impression produced by which is almost indescribable.

One Sunday there came to him a friend who had the success of the movement much at heart, and wished to gain for it the Senator's support. When he urged its necessity, Mr. Sumner replied by reading from the Constitution as it was. Then his friend waived the question as to whether the amendment should have been presented in the first place, but begged the Senator, now that it had been introduced, and had been, as a measure, adopted by the party which had saved the country, to drop his opposition to it if he could not support it. If it was not, as many believed, now in the Constitution, they both thought it should be; and if it was there, as Mr. Sumner believed, it would do no hurt to country or Constitution to intensify the idea by repetition.

As his friend concluded this appeal, the Senator straightened up and looked him full in the face. Then, after a pause, he leaned forward, rested his elbows on his knees, and though he still held the Constitution in his hands, fixed his eyes on the floor, and reading without book, in that curious sonorous, intoning voice so habitual to him, recited these words:

"And when they came to Nachon's threshingfloor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the Ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it.

"And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the Ark of God."

After a short pause he again recited:

"For I testify unto every man \* \* \* the words \* \* \* of this book. If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book.

"And if any man shall take away from the words of the book \* \* \* God shall take away his part out of the book of life."

The effect was singular. The visitor blanched, and his manner was that of one who had seen a ghost; he rose without a word, and, with a solemn face, backed slowly and noiselessly to the door, bowed, and without a word departed. Mr. Sumner remained for a space with lowered head, as if in deep thought, and then, with a heavy sigh, resumed the book he had been reading.

## A FARMER'S VACATION: IV.

### THE BIGHT OF LA MANCHE.

We had rested for some weeks (if one can rest in Paris) in a snug little old-fashioned hotel, where the ancient Parisian traditions of cheapness and honesty, comfort and cleanliness, have escaped the demoralization of the war; a hotel too modest and obscure in its little back street to have been swept by the besom of American and Russian extravagance. We had rested and had considered our route. Between us and the Channel Islands, whither we were to go, lay such a wealth of invitation, that it became less a question of what we should see than what we could forego seeing.

Mont Saint Michel, the marvelous, car-

ried the day, and we took the early train down the valley of the Seine for Rouen. Once away from Paris—whose influence ends abruptly at Versailles—we plunged directly into the heart of agricultural France. Manufacturing France is fast encroaching upon it, and the route takes us past many growing towns filled with the signs of busy industry, where tall factory chimneys contrast rudely with odd-looking old church towers; but the whole country side is as old-fashioned and as foreign as though the only factories known were the village shops, where they make plows that look like wagons, and wagons that look like arks.



time-worn sculpture for which this church is remarkable—sculpture that approaches, as nearly as stone-work can, the delicacy of lace.



A CLOD-MASHER IN NORMANDY.

This church is of enormous size—of which figures convey no adequate idea—and its interior is worthy of the superb Gothic arches through which we enter it to gain a view of its harmonious proportions, and its decorations of sculpture, gilding, and colored glass. A highly unreverent sacristan, in cocked hat and gay uniform, marches us around the walls, drawing off his nasal yarn about the heroes and saints whose monuments it is his office to show, thumping his unwieldy mace on the stone floor as he walks, and intimating, in the broadest way, that all this interference with our quiet enjoyment of the holy place is to be “remembered” as we leave.

In spite of this nuisance, the Cathedral appeals strongly to all Cisatlantic Englishmen—and most of us are English in the early training of our nursery rhymes and school histories—for at the side of the sanctuary railing lies the recumbent tumulary statue of Richard I. of England, his lion heart, shut in a casket of silver, being encased in the stone. Here, too, lie the remains of his brother Henry. Throughout all this province one constantly realizes, as in the presence of these tombs, that the wave of our associations, which runs through English history, breaks at last on the hill-sides of fair old Normandy, and the feeling comes that we are in the land of our own kith and kin.

In this church, however, as elsewhere in Catholic countries, there comes another element with which our Puritan-born nature is never in harmony: against one of the walls is the gorgeous monument of the Cardinals of Amboise, uncle and nephew, whose remains lie beneath, and whose fusty old broad-brimmed hats hang among the dust and spiders' webs high against the ceiling above. The monument—marble above and alabaster

below—is rich to the last degree with symbolic sculpture. Behind the kneeling prelates, St. George transfixes the down-trodden dragon, and under the shelf on which they pose stand six exquisite statues of Faith, Charity, Prudence, Force, Justice, and Temperance, beautifully cut little cowed monks filling niches in the columns between them.

If the Cathedral is fine, the interior of St. Ouen is almost finer, and the reflected view of its long, unimpeded, Gothic-arched aisle, with beautiful restored glass windows, as seen in the brimming holy-water stoup, is like a dream of an enchanted cathedral; and St. Maclou, with its beautiful organ staircase, is equally remarkable in a way of its own. Another old church in the city (now used as a livery-stable) has a wealth of chiseled stone lace-work, and the Tour St. André, which has lost its church, recalls the Tour St. Jacques in Paris. And, besides these, there are churches and churches, until one wonders at the profusion of ecclesiastical richness. Nor is it by its ecclesiastical richness only that Rouen enforces admiration; the old Hotel du Bourgtheroulde, built in the fifteenth century and used as a banking-house in the nineteenth, and overlooking the Place de la Pucelle, where Jeanne d'Arc was burned, is almost the most beautiful of medieval buildings. The Tour de la Grosse Horloge, from which the curfew has rung for nearly five hundred years, with an arch over the adjoining street and a fountain of the thirteenth century, has no rival in Europe. The donjon tower—in which Jeanne d'Arc, in her military apparel and loaded with irons, was interrogated by the prelates, who condemned her to be burned alive—still stands, in suggestive proximity to the railway station.

As an example of the old wooden-fronted houses characteristic of the domestic architecture of the city, the Maison St. Amand is worthy of notice; and in contrast with it stands the Palais de Justice, which is, within and without, the very perfection of Gothic and Renaissance building.

In hunting out these old historic buildings, one sees the best of what remains to the town of its medieval character, and this was all that our hurried trip gave us time for. After a halt of only twenty-four hours, we took the circuitous rail for Caen, a trip not especially noticeable or interesting but for the foreign look of the villages and the people, and especially of our fellow-passengers. At Caen, too, we had barely time to drive to the citadel, and to the beautiful, pure-

Norman Church of St. Stephen, founded by William the Conqueror and holding his remains, which were brought here for interment after his death in the Priory of St. Gervais at Rouen, whither he was carried after his curious injury. He was watching the conflagration of Mantes, when the wind blew a burning ember upon his horse's croup, making him plunge violently, throwing his rider against the highommel of his saddle with such force as to cause his lingering death.

His queen, Matilda, lies in the fine Church of the Trinity, founded by her in 1066, together with an adjoining convent for the exclusive religious retirement of ladies of the bluest blood of the Norman aristocracy. Caen has been as crooked, and as tumble-down, and as filthy, as the fondest admirer of the antique could wish; but the railway has linked it to Paris, and a ship canal has opened it to the sea, and here, as in all modernized towns, one must hunt for the traces of its old picturesqueness.

As the train leaves the station, it passes a grand level field in the Valley of the Orne, which is used for the annual races, and which still serves to illustrate the way in which, in feudal times, the lords of the land took the best of the earth's goods, and left the least for their poor retainers. The meadow is, in the latter season, a common pasturage for the townspeople's cows—but only after the lord of the manor has cut and removed the hay crop. Near the race-course are the world-renowned quarries of Caen stone.

One of the charms of European travel is to be found in the human nature with which one gets shut up in the small compartments of the railway carriages. We had for companions on this trip an avocat from Fécamp, and a cotton-broker from Flers. The avocat was a robust and enthusiastic Frenchman of thirty, full of intelligence, but with a Victor Hugo-like way of cutting his remarks into short paragraphs, and emphasizing his speech with capital letters. It was he who told us of the race-course grass crop.

Belle Prairie!

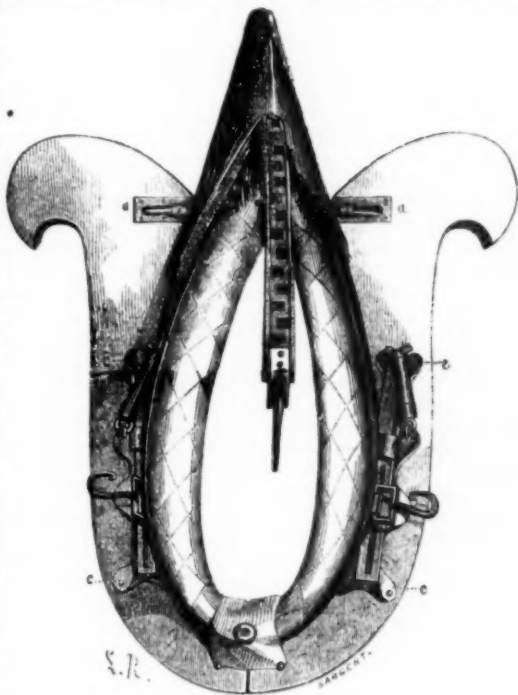
Propriété particulière, pour le Foin

Propriété commun pour le Regain

Un richard prend l'abondance!

Grand nombre de Pauvres prennent ce qu'il laisse!

In this way he jerked out much interesting information, especially about the agriculture of Normandy, and the character of its peasantry and country families. His speech was purely suggestive; he impelled one's thought in a certain direction, and then kept it in its course by a little pat on one side or the other, as he saw a chance for it to swerve



A PERCHERON HORSE COLLAR.

away from his purpose, giving it a fresh impulse now and then by a vigorous new suggestion. He rode with us less than an hour, and he left an impression which will always remain as a pleasant feature of the memory of our few weeks in France, of a thoroughly French, but thoroughly original and intelligent observer.

The cotton-broker was of the owly sort. An air of mystery clad all he said. In telling us about the connection of the trains at Flers, he said we could depend on him, and he furtively intimated for our assurance, "Je suis de la localité," drawing himself back with an inquiring and important air to see the effect of the statement on our minds.



Perhaps the reader has never heard of Flers; we knew little of it ourselves—the little the guide-books tell of an entirely modern cotton-weaving town of ten thousand inhabitants, with a fine church of the last decade. Our traveling companion knew little else, and cared for little else. Paris was his model, of course, for he was a Frenchman; but the degree to which Flers rivaled Paris in all the elegancies and conveniences of living, and in its sanitary arrangements,—none of the details of which did he spare our ladies,—it was remarkable to hear. The individuality he gave to this insignificant town, as we traveled toward it in the dark, did much to fill with interest a part of our journey, which would otherwise have been reeled off with the listlessness with which travelers are too apt to smother the way-sides of the railway intervals of their wanderings.

We arrived after dark, and had to wait for the corresponding train from Paris. We could see nothing of Flers, but it will not suffer by being left in our recollections with the unverified glow our companion gave it, and with the charming impression we got from its station restaurant. Why, oh! why can we not have such civilized food, such service, and such surroundings, at least at the stations of our largest towns?

Our further journey was short, and we reached Villedieu-les-Poêles late in the evening. "Hôtel de la Poste," said the guide-books, and to the Hôtel de la Poste we went. At last Paris and its influence were behind us, and we were in the heart of old, old, unspoiled Normandy. A cheerful landlady came clattering in her sabots to welcome us into the old stone-floored kitchen, ceiled with blackened oak and heavy beams, from which hung strings of garlic, hams, and other imperishable stores. At the farther end, in a generous old fire-place, the "pot au feu" hung from the crane over a handful of blazing wood. On the walls were shining coppers; in one corner was the curtained bed of host and hostess, and in another, a similar retreat for the two blooming handmaidens; a tall clock ticked against the wall, and old mahogany dressers, and chests of drawers, clean, and with polished brass, shone in the light of the fire. At the side of the fire-place was a clock-work jack (moved by a ponderous stone weight at the opposite side of the room) to turn the roasting-spit, and in the window-seat was built a many-holed stove of tiles for cooking with charcoal when the company becomes too numerous for the capacity of the hearth. Everything was old and

clean, bright, warm, and thoroughly home-like; and the people were cheery and kind. It was a pity to go to bed—but it was also amusing. Two little narrow beds, with clean, crash-like linen sheets; a table, with one diminutive bowl and pitcher, and two chairs, were the furniture of the small double room, which was pervaded with a fragrant odor of fresh hay. Opening the door of what seemed a closet in the wall, we came directly upon the hay-loft of the stable part of the house.

Our sleep was frequently interrupted by the bells of the incoming and outgoing diligence horses, and the clatter and gabble that forms so large a part of a Frenchman's idea of driving. In the early morning, I went out to look at the town. It was entirely foreign, of course, but it was also entirely *triste*, and we found all the villages on our route to have this character. Gray stone houses, with black roofs, an entire absence of front gardens, and of all color and brightness, and a very dead-and-alive air over the stolid faces of the people, impressed us at every turn of this part of the journey with a feeling we least of all expected to see in France.

But what the villages lack, the country makes up for, and as the rickety old diligence (diligent as a tinker's ass-cart) crawled slowly out of "la riente Vallée de la Sienne"—bells jingling, whip cracking, driver whistling, yelling, stamping his feet, doing all that one man could do to frighten two horses—and as sunshine and shower chased each other over hedge and apple-orchard, field and wooded hill-top, we sat in dreamy delight in the snug old calèche-topped banquette, almost questioning whether we were really we, and whether there really was any America; whether all the world was not a land of sabots, white cotton nightcaps, green hedges, greener ivy, floor-like roads, and noisy, lazy diligences.

We climbed to the tops of long, high hills, and rolled to the bottoms of far-away fertile valleys, and everywhere the life and the still-life of the country were redolent of a familiar novelty; all was strange, but so harmonious, and so exactly as it should be, that it seemed only strange we had not known it before. It was plain to see how a Norman peasant finds, in the dull content of his native land, a home-like, happy stolidity, that no emigration could improve, and why he holds as he does to the old house of his fathers.

Midway of the route, our horses, having

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grown callous to the boisterous demonstrations of their driver, were freed of the knotted clothes-lines and scant leather of which Norman harness is made up; and another pair, whose nerves had had a night's recuperation, were tied in. The old driver, hoarse with ten kilo of yelling, was replaced by one whose voice was fresh from his morning's bouillon and thin cider; and we rolled noisily on our way again.

Toward noon, we came out on the high bluff overlooking the richly cultivated Valley of the Sée, across which, at the seaward end of another like it, stood the high-perched town of Avranches. To the right, and far away, in the very focus of a gleam of sunshine, Mont St. Michel, rising from the golden sands, and backed by a fringe of rolling surf, broke upon us for a moment in its full glory, and then faded into the shadow of the gathering clouds, losing itself entirely as we dropped into the lowland, and rumbled on past the little farms and overloaded cider-orchards which lined the well-kept way. The country of La Manche is a land of moss-grown thatch; every house, every cottage, every hut, snug under its thick mat of straw, is bronzed and gilded, and made green with every variety of moss that rotting straw, a genial sun, and frequent fog, can grow—all blending so well with field and hill-side, that the buildings almost seem to have taken root, and to have drawn from the soil itself their harmony with its other growth, and to justify the motive for the conspicuous assertion cut deeply into their door lintels. "Built in 1672, by order of André Le Brun, and Jeanne Vittré, his wife," was the longest we saw.

As the zigzag road turned for a second pull up the steep hill-side, we saw coming toward us, through the light rain, a little procession, headed by a priest in black robes, bearing a cross, and others chanting a requiem; acolytes, in scarlet gowns, one swinging a censer, walked at the sides of the road, and in the center was carried the bier of a young girl—maidens in white bearing the pall, and one following with a cushion, on which lay a wreath of flowers. After these came the few mourning relatives and friends. Sadly and slowly they wound round the turn of the road, and the dull refrain continued the impression of the touching scene after they had gone from our sight.

At the top of the hill, we turned clattering into Avranches, and into the dirty stable-yard of the Hôtel de France, at a little side office in which presides probably the most

mendacious and tricky of all diligence agents. By dint of shrewd negotiation with him, we ingeniously arranged the most expensive and uncomfortable way possible to get ourselves to Pontorson, and our heavy baggage to Dol; but even this was not accomplished without an amount of mutual invective that rankles in our memories to this day. The agents of these lines must have begun life as diligence-drivers. In no other school could they have been so trained to senseless, noisy gabble. Having an hour to wait, we went out to see the town.

Avranches is not much to see, but it is a superb place to see from. Perched high on the point of a commanding hill, it overlooks a beautiful foreground of Norman fields and farms, and has Mont St. Michel and the Tombelaine in full view. Behind these stretch the waters of La Manche, and to the left is the far away blue coast of Brittany. It is considered one of the healthiest and pleasantest towns of France, and has many economical English residents. Aside from its view, it has only one small lion—the stone on which Henry II. knelt to receive from the Pope's legate absolution for the murder of Thomas à Becket.

Two hours, through a charming country and a pouring rain, brought us to Pontorson, and we were dropped at the Hôtel de la Poste, where the rascal at Avranches had told us we should find a "correspondence" for Mont St. Michel. Whatever may be the natural disposition of "Veuve Le Roy et Fils," they had found seven hundred pilgrims, who had gone that morning to the island, in addition to the regular travel, too much for their nerves. They scouted the Avranches man's suggestion of "correspondence." They would, perhaps, let us go for one night if we would take return tickets for the early morning voiture. We wanted to stay until the afternoon. At this both *mère et fils* grew pale with rage, clutched at the air, and swore round oaths. Would we go now and return in the morning, yes or no? Did we own the horses and vehicles, that we should say how we should go? Would we go, or would we stay? It is nothing to us; come, now, yes or no—and done with it.

Fearing an apoplexy, we suggested delay, and that we would see what could be done at the "Hôtel de l'Ouest" over the way. Fils followed us into the street with loud imprecations—now, or not at all. If we dared set foot in the "Ouest," we might walk to Mont St. Michel and back again, voila!

The "Ouest" could do nothing for us—not a horse was left in the stables; everything had gone with "les Pèlerins." In despair we sought the apothecary of the village; was there no way to get to the island, and was there a good hotel if we must stay here? Oh, yes; chez Madame Le Roy you will find good vehicles and an excellent hotel. Evidently humble pie was our only safe diet, and back we trudged, to find other travelers, come by a later diligence, in violent row with the crazed Le Roys. Madame divided her attention between this contest and the management of her crowded table, where men with their hats on, and women in wet water-proofs—English, French, Italians, and Spaniards—were bolting her unwholesome food, and washing it down with sour, watery cider. Fils ironically advised us if we were hungry to go to the "Ouest" for lunch (I wish we had), and he filled the intervals of his struggle with the traveling public with special revilings of ourselves as we sat at the unsavory meal. Lunch over, we gently asked for tickets to go now and return in the morning, and we would take our chance of coming later. Another storm of passion; there would be no chance! *Sacre!!* So we took our places, and soothed la mère's anger by the payment of the fare into her skinny old hand, and were at peace. It was with grim satisfaction that we looked on as others were assailed with the same voluble French abuse, and finally dropped into the line of duly billeted penitents, until a wagon-load had accumulated.

At last we were off—over twenty persons in a long black-curtained wagon, with seats at the sides. Two of us had places with the driver; and what a driver he was! Those we had thus far seen became models of quiet by comparison. He was a jolly dog of a long, lank, seafaring Frenchman, all nerve and noise. His devices to startle his three thin horses were the work of genius. Yelling, hooting, whistling, whipping, whip-cracking, screaming, these are the ordinary weapons of provincial French Jehus, and he used them in their entirety; but he added evidences of much thought as to the possibilities of driving. "Pélagie" was his raw-boned, sorrel leader, and this was her fifth trip since morning over those seven miles of heavy sand. When the team grew callous to his demonstrations, he would lull them into a deceitful tranquillity by humming a low tune, then suddenly break out at the top of his hoarse voice with, "Houp, Pé-la-

zheee!! Crack, Crack, Thump, Pound, Kick, Hi! Hi! Pé-la-zheeee!" and off they would go for a fresh burst. When things were very bad I "spelled" him at the whip, and left him free to reinforce his calls by some fresh device with the reins. It was a favorite trick to stamp with both feet on the foot-board, as though the whole wagon were coming down about their ears. Now and then I drove, while he ran from one side to the other of the team seeking fresh spots for his lash. If we met another vehicle, he would call out in his broad Norman patois for its driver to lay in wait for Pélagie, and give her the sensation of a fresh thong. One smote so wisely and so well that Pélagie gave an unwonted plunge, and bang went a trace. "*Ça ne fait rien—je ne m'embarque jamais sans bisquit*," said the hearty man, as he whipped a new trace-rope out of his box, and soon made ready for a fresh start. For everyone we met he had a hoarse, but cheery salutation, and, at every auberge, he drew up for a friendly gossip, and a friendly glass—which, as it rained hard, he called a "*caout-chouc*."

Such rain, such sands, such plunging of wheels into the mire, such revelation by fellow-travelers of the fact that the politeness of the French nation is but skin-deep; such tediousness and such discomfort, no one can know who does not follow seven hundred pilgrims, in a driving rain, from Pontorson to Mont St. Michel. The road was heavy and deeply rutted by dozens of huge carts loaded with the fruitful sea-washed silt of the Couesnon (called *tangue*), which is hauled for miles into the country for manure.

At last, we neared the low dunes of the coast, and through the mist there loomed the silhouette of one of the coast guard of the Douane, slowly pacing up and down, wondering whether a smuggler will ever come into the canal which conducts the Couesnon to the deep water beyond the bay. At the shore there was a conference with the bare-legged guide who precedes every vehicle over the mile and a-half of treacherous sands, which shift at every tide and are often unsafe to pass.

Gradually, as we neared it, the marvelous Fortress and Abbey came slowly out of the misty distance, and towered above the plain, larger and far more majestic and beautiful than the distant view from Avranches had led us to expect.

Standing isolated in the sands at low water, and rising out of the sea when the

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high tides are in, its granite mass flanked with the houses of an ancient fishing village and with a massive wall, and surmounted with the ponderous masonry and the graceful pinnacles of the "Abbaye-Château," Mont St. Michel holds its belfry over four hundred feet above the beach.

The west front is even more bold and impressive than the east, the rock being so steep that no fortification at the base was deemed necessary.

It is entirely unique, and not to be compared with any other sight the world has to show. One constantly wonders that there should be in this remote bend of La Manche an island so filled with historic and architectural interest, about which so little is generally known.

The history of Mont St. Michel reaches back to the eighth century, when, in obedience to the indications of the Archangel Michael, St. Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, founded here a Benedictine monastery. It grew in importance and richness during the succeeding four hundred years, accumulating valuable manuscripts, and its monks becoming noted chroniclers and students of medicine. In 1154, Robert de Thorigny (surnamed Robert du Mont) became its abbot, and for more than thirty years he devoted himself to its aggrandizement. He increased the number of monks to sixty. With an equal genius for learning and for architecture, he earned for his island the name of "the city of books," and he built much of the finest part of the monastery. Honors were showered upon him from all sides, and so agreeable was he personally, that when the Archbishop of Rouen called on him with the Bishops of Bayeux, Coutances, and Avranches, they passed four days with him, "sans pouvoir le quitter tant sa conversation estoit sainte et agréable." Kings were his visitors, and he was the godfather of a child of Henry II. and Queen Eleanor.

During the next century, Guy de Thouars sacked and burned the town, and put the whole population to the sword. He could not gain entrance to the fortress, but the flames reached it, and they did great damage. In the reconstruction, the Abbot Raoul de Villedieu built the beautiful cloisters called "The Palace of the Angels," which, perched three hundred feet above the sands, remain to this day among the most exquisite in Europe,—"*une fantasie moresque, éclose au milieu des granits sévères.*"

There are over two hundred columns,—those against the wall more simple in form,

and those of the double row surrounding the court, light, graceful, and with a rich frieze carved after designs in the illuminated missals of the convent.

The buildings have been many times on fire, usually the work of the lightning which they so well invite. In 1427, Lord Scales attacked the fortifications with twenty thousand English. It was defended by one hundred and twenty noblemen, and the enemy were repulsed with the loss of two thousand men, and the two enormous cannon, "*les Michelettes*," which now stand at the entrance of the village. About the time of the discovery of America, the beautiful church-tower was destroyed by a stroke of lightning, which caused the ninth conflagration in the monastery. At this time, too, the great cistern was built which is shown as one of the marvels of the place.

The Abbaye-Château continued under the government of the Church until the outbreak of the French Revolution. The last of the forty-six abbots was De Montmorency, appointed in 1788.

The Revolution suppressed the monastery, and changed the name of the island to "Mont Libre." It was then made a prison for the non-juring priests of Normandy and Brittany, who were afterward liberated by the Vendéans when they went to lay siege to Granville. From this time, until very recently, it remained a State prison; but it is now returned to its ecclesiastical uses, and is a favorite object of pilgrimage.

At sunset, the rain had ceased, and we came under the massive South wall, entered the first of the triple gates and alighted in the narrow and dingy vestibule of the town. A little beyond we walked through the second gate, which is flanked by "*les Michelettes*," the great Flemish-made, hooped iron guns (fifteen and nineteen inch caliber), still loaded with the stones Lord Scales's men charged them with before Columbus was born,—and when of all Normandy, only Mont St. Michel continued to fly the French flag.

Most of the victims of the widow Le Roy's volatile son were dropped at the Lion d'Or,—but we found a "correspondence" with the concern at Pontorson, and went on, through the third gate, to the Hotel St. Michel, where we entered a long, narrow kitchen,—a broad fire-place at the left, the glass door of the narrow dining-room at the right, and the staircase at the far end which was cut into the rock.

It seemed especially odd to find a really comfortable modernly furnished room in such a queer old town, and such a queer old house. For the moment, we only wanted to secure some provision for the night, and we went immediately out to make what use we might of the waning twilight.

The town, clinging to the steep hill-side, and surnamed "*pendula villa*," consists of a single narrow street winding up the rapid rise from the outer gate at the south-west shore to the entrance of the monastery on the north-east slope—most of it too steep for vehicles, and the latter part broken by frequent steps. Narrow alley-stairways between the houses lead to other houses perched on the crags above; and steps up or down, to the right, lead to the ramparts, with their fine, projecting terrace-like towers. Seen at this hour, the frowning walls of the convent seemed a chiseled cliff against the sky. We returned by the walk on the outer wall to a stairway near the hotel. From a house whose top story overlooked our path, there came a well-trained, mumbling wail: "*Par-pitié-et-pour-l'amour-de-Dieu-bon-étranger-donnez-quelque-sous-à-une-pauvre-malheureuse-ah-ah-merci-que-la-Sainte-Vierge-vous-benisse*." A neat placard begged for charity for a poor woman whose recollection of the use of her limbs dated back some thirty years.

She lay on a clean and comfortable bed in front of the open door, enjoying a beautiful view of the Normandy hills. She held us her tin cup with the air of one whom long custom had given absolute command over the charity of her passing public. No doubt she has all that a person of luxurious tastes in her station of life could ask, and we could only trust that there remained to her a paralyzed daughter to inherit the good-will of the establishment, which must be the most profitable on the island.

As we came again into the little street, it was filled with the busy sights and sounds of early lamp-light. The seven hundred had gone, and there was much clearing away of the debris of their entertainment; the two hotelfuls had come, and there was much preparation for theirs. There was activity on every side, and the clatter of the universal sabot played a running refrain to it all. Our kitchen was taxed to its utmost, and our pretty little landlady looked weary and content. She had already fed eighty-five voyageurs since morning, the "*table d'hôte*" was now going on, and our own later re-

past was being prepared at the fire. From our window we saw a nimble lass in a niche of the rock opposite, washing dishes by the light of a hanging lamp. It suggested a shrine with its virgin awakened to useful work, and shedding melon-rinds and fish-scrapings into the narrow street, where scavenging ducks quacked and gobbled. Long after we went to bed, we heard the servants and the stable-men at table underneath us, and our coffee was ready at six in the morning. When do these people sleep? "Oh, in winter; all Mont St. Michel can sleep then. Voyageurs (and pilgrims) come only in the summer time."

We rose at the first peep of day, for the convent is open to the public at six in the morning; took our coffee, and—a useless precaution—a guide, who led us by the only route to the "*Deux Tours du Donjon*," under which is the entrance to the fortress, and where he could only hand us over to the regular practitioners of the establishment. We bought our tickets at a franc a head, and bought a few holy gimcracks from the seductive monk who presided at the well-filled stand. Then we started out on a round of such sight-seeing as had nowhere else been offered us. Even in an Italian town, Mont St. Michel would be a huge lion—here, in an obscure corner of France, approached only by side routes, it is more marvelous than words can express; and its entrance, popularly called "*Le Gouffre*," is worthy of it.

From the vestibule (the old guard-room of the fortress) we passed through a hall to "*La Merveille*"—so named by Vauban—the grandest combination of size, solidity and art, in the whole structure. Its first story, cut out of the solid rock, is a fine crypt, over two hundred feet long, called "*Les Montgommeries*," from an attempt made on the place by the Calvinist Montgomery, who succeeded, with the aid of a captured soldier of the garrison, whom he trusted too well, in having ninety-eight of his men hauled up the inclined plain, one by one, to be put to the sword when they reached the crypt. By this time he began to suspect something, and sent up his page, who discovered the treason, all too late.

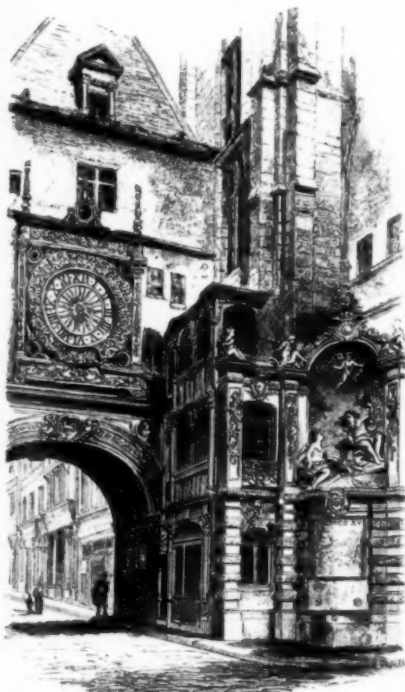
Next above this is the refectory, and the "*Salle des Chevaliers*," devoted to the Knights of St. Michel, which is not only the finest part of the Abbaye, but is said to be the largest and the finest Gothic chamber in the world. Three rows of pillars divide it into four aisles. The capitals are carved

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with different designs, and the whole effect is one of consummate strength and elegance.



TOUR DE LA GROSSE HORLOGE, ROUEN.

Two huge fire-places, of more recent date, seem large enough for comfortable cottages.

The adjoining refectory is hardly less admirable, in spite of its serious mutilations by the prisoners, and of its thick coats of white-wash.

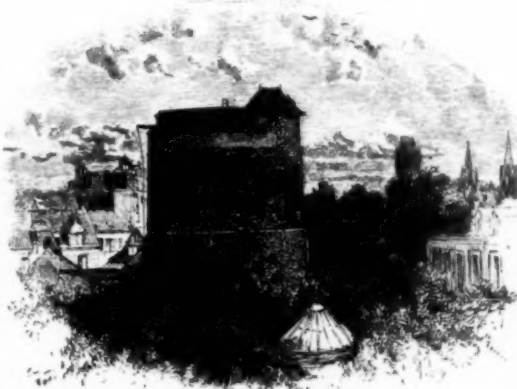
Over the refectory is the dormitory, formerly beautiful, but now the most mutilated part of the work. Next, over the Salle des Chevaliers, are the exquisite cloisters. One of the angles of "La Merveille" carries a superb painted staircase tower—"La Tour des Corbins"—which is seen near the right of the buildings in the east view of Mont St. Michel.

One of the oldest parts of the works is the Crypt de l'Aquilon, built in the twelfth century by Robert du Mont. It is remarkable

for its Roman ogives, vaults without moldings, and voluted capitals, and it carries us back to the period when Christian architecture first began to develop.

If the Salle des Chevaliers is the richest fruit of the labors of the old occupants of Mont St. Michel, the Basilica, especially in its exterior, is their fairest flower. Its former appropriate spire was destroyed by lightning, and the present bell-tower is entirely out of harmony; but in spite of this, the visitor will readily agree with Le Héricher, who says: "It has neither the unity of the Cathedral of Coutances, nor the statuary richness of that of Chartres, nor the grandeur of that of Cologne, nor the fine carving of that of St. Ouen at Rouen. It has, so to speak, no portal, no towers, and now no spires; it has only small lateral naves. Nevertheless, with its center placed on the point of a mountain, and its two extremities on superposed constructions, *insane substructions*, its flanks, resting against other edifices, like a ship in her stocks, a pyramid of architecture on a pyramid of mountain, held aloft in mid-air, isolated above a desert of sand, or a plain of water, it impresses us more than any other with a sentiment of poetry and religion. 'The picturesque aspect of this edifice,' says Cotman, 'would render it worthy of a long pilgrimage, if religion, history, poetry, painting, had not all united to give celebrity to Mont St. Michel.'"

The exterior of the apsis is in fine granite, carved with extreme purity, and is exquisitely delicate. The stairway from this to



TOUR JEANNE D'ARC, ROUEN.

the roof is called "L'Escalier de Dentelle," and really lace-like it is. The inside of this church is fine, but not especially interesting.

As we passed through it, mass was being said, and there was a little throng of fishing-



HOTEL ST. AMAND, ROUEN.

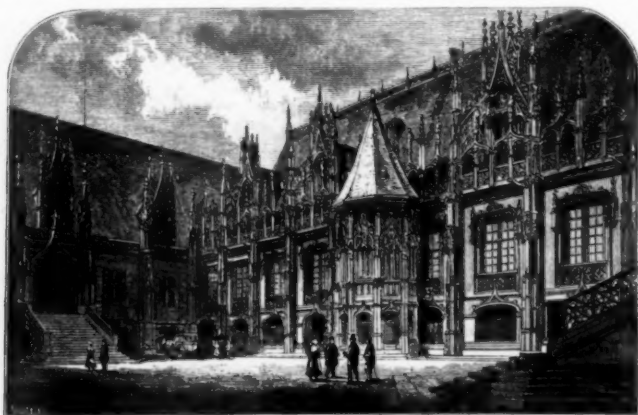
men and women, and an occasional "pèlerin" at their devotions.

If this were a guide-book, it would be pardonable to tell of our further ramble through the Vestibule of the Vaults, with its "Cachot du Diable," the Crypt of the

Chapter-house, the dark underground promenade of the monks, the Crypt of the Great Pillars (with nineteen pillars, seventeen feet in circumference, and twenty-five feet high), which supports the apsis of the church, and is surrounded by five somber chapels, which were lighted only by the perpetual lamps before their shrines, and one of which is the Chapel of "Nôtre Dame sous Terre,"—who is, appropriately, a black virgin; the dungeons; the passage to the charnel-house; the funeral stairs; the great wheel-like (dog-churn-like) tread-mill, where sinful monks at once expiated their venial crimes, and hoisted the provision-car up the incline; the Chapel of Nôtre Dame of the Thirty Candles,—and all the other wonders of this really wonderful place; but our trip was shortened by the exactions of Fils Le Roy, and our tale must be shortened by the exactions of space. With this slight sketch, we can only try to hint to the reader a small part of the lasting interest that our hurried visit awakened.

We trudged down the steep path, paid our modest bill, and regained our seats with the long mariner, whose "Houp-la! Crack, Crack, Sacre! Pé-la-zheeee!!" got us over the sands just ahead of the incoming tide, and took us back to Veuve Le Roy and her hard cider and harder breakfast.

At half-past ten, after another dispute with the agent of the overtaxed and ill-appointed diligence line, we set out in a cramped "voiture particulière" for Dol and the rail. Our sympathies are not with those who mourn the departing days of diligence travel—a little of it is pleasant, but more than a little is too much. The country was a shade



PALAIS DE JUSTICE, ROUEN.

less interesting—perhaps because a shade less novel—than from Villedieu to Avranches; but it was filled with the same quaint air, the same black-roofed and gray-fronted villages, and the same thatched country cabins, gay

in this land. Nothing could be more coquettish than the tasseled "white cotton nightcap" of the country girls of Normandy, celebrated by Miss Thackeray. Among the more curious of the common dresses



FLOWING IN THE VALLEY OF THE SEINE.

with their many-colored vegetation. We were now in Brittany, and in the land settled in 523 by the savage tribes driven from Great Britain by the Saxon conquest, and in which are still seen monuments of their early occupation.

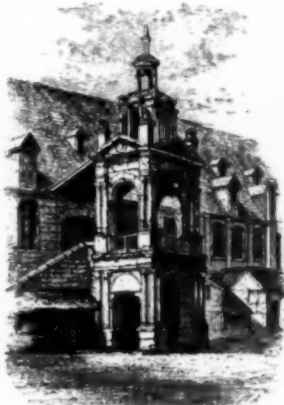
The people of the whole region of Normandy and Brittany have been slow to give up the customs and traditions of their ancestors; but the march of the railway and the factory is fast driving them to the wall. The traveler gets more comfort and more honest treatment at the hands of the railway officials than is to be hoped for from their rascally predecessors of the diligence lines; but—and here again our sympathies are with those who mourn the change—though one travels farther and faster, one gets less of the local coloring of provincial life.

It is only on fête days that the peculiar costumes are seen in their glory. Ordinarily we had to content ourselves with the short petticoats, sabots, and work-a-day caps of the country women; but on one grand occasion, in Brittany, we saw a trace of the white muslin magnificence which used to prevail. At such times, the women came out in an effulgence of starched head-gear, each village having its own style.

After all, it is the marvelous rather than the picturesque that one misses in daily travel

one still sees are those of Cancale and Oëssant.

Dol is a very old town (King Nominoë was crowned here in 843), and it has over four thousand inhabitants—*et voilà tout*. It is dreary to the last degree. Its cathedral—which reads very well in the guide-books—



LA BASSE VIEILLE TOUR, ROUEN.

is heavy and mournful, seen after Rouen, though it has an exquisite tomb of 1507; its streets are curious, it is true, but the gray stone and the black slate hang like a pall

over the fancy of the traveler who has known the charm of fluted red tiling. Dol can never be otherwise than sad; and under a leaden sky, as we saw it, with the cold rain dripping from its eaves, it was infinitely dismal.

Like the Channel Islands, Brittany has many Druidical or Celtic remains. In a corn-field near Dol stands a Menhir (from the Breton *moen*, stone, and *hir*, long) thirty feet above the ground, and said to be half as long below it, on the top of which the early teachers of Christianity shrewdly planted a crucifix.

We were glad when our last snarl with

St. Malo is *triste*, too, but only as a background to the most bustling activity, for it is a busy sea-port, and its beetling walls are bright with French uniforms, and, in the season, with pleasure-seekers from Paris, drawn here by well-appointed Bains de Mer. The road from the station overlooks the bathing-beach, well fitted with summery appliances, and leads to the Grande Porte, with its ponderous round towers, one of the five gates of the heavily walled town. It is an old town, very old, and a part of its wall dates back to the thirteenth century, while it has well-preserved houses of the



A HARVEST-FIELD IN NORMANDY.

the agent of the Avranches diligence (about an overcharge on baggage) had been fought out and we took our seats in the train for St. Malo, where we arrived toward the middle of the afternoon, in a breaking sky, which let now and then a ray of sunshine into our tired and fretted souls. Here we found the long-forgotten comfort of a really good and modest French hotel, whose name, "Franklin," attracted our patriotic impulses, and whose white-capped peasant waiting women brought the rural air into the somber walls of gray St. Malo.

sixteenth, and a cathedral of the twelfth—built on the foundations of one destroyed by Charlemagne in 811. In spite of this, it is not an old-looking town. There must be some influence in the air of this coast that is congenial to the preservation of masonry; there is an absence of the climbing vegetation and moss which in other places have so much to do with the marking of time on the faces of old buildings. Vauban's work at St. Malo might apparently have been done under the last Empire. The "Tour de Solidor" at St. Servan, which adjoins St. Malo

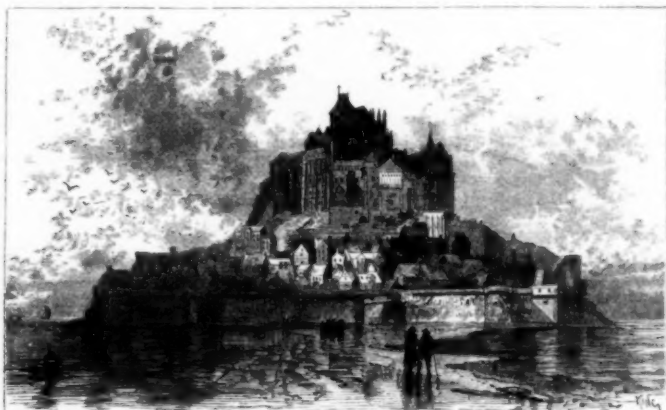
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on the land side—a turreted high castle of three round towers, built five hundred years ago, bears in its texture absolutely no impress of age.

Bey, has a fine and imposing look when the waves reach the feet of the black rocks on which it stands (like a flattened Mont St. Michel); when the tide is out—and it goes



MONT ST. MICHEL, FROM THE EAST.

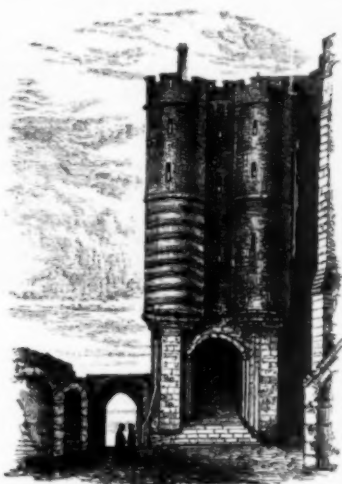
The walls of St. Malo inclose a population which has some of the characteristics of insular people. They do not call themselves French, nor Bretons, but "Malouins." They are descendants of a race who in time of war have played the rôle of vulture with much success. Their nest was well defended by art, and still better by nature. The Duke of Marlborough attacked it in vain; the English and Dutch fleets bombarded it day after day without doing much harm. When the occasion offered, the Malouins fitted out their own vessels, and either preyed upon the commerce of the enemy or did a stroke of business in his ports. In a single war they captured over fifteen hundred ships, some of them loaded with treasure. In this way St. Malo became the most opulent city of the kingdom. In time of peace they cultivated the taste which has placed them among the foremost cod-fishers of the world, and has caused them to break their bonds, and, during the century, to cover the pleasant hills of St. Servan with a population larger than their own, and likewise engaged in the industry of the Banks of Newfoundland.

The town has an interest for Americans as being the birthplace of Jacques Cartier, who discovered Canada. Here, too, Châteaubriand was born—in a room of the present quaint and uncomfortable Hôtel de France—and on the little island of Grand Bey across the beach he lies buried.

St. Malo, as seen from the tomb on Grand

out very far—it looks like a stranded town among high-lying rocks.

A new watering-place town, Dinard, lies across the harbor, and thither we went on the afternoon of our arrival to visit friends from Newport who were passing the summer



LE GOUFFRE, MONT ST. MICHEL.

there; here also we found a Philadelphia family, who have a fine house on the eastern cliff.

Early the next morning we went down





A VILLAGE FAIR IN NORMANDY.

the interminable stairs that led from the edge of the quay to the deck of a little steamer lying in the gulf of mud below. The tide was coming in, and by the time we passed the Tou de Solid or the mud and the sands were all covered, and the strong current helped us on our way up the beautiful Rance—a river lined with more varied loveliness of hill-side woods, fruit-laden orchards, old mills, old chaumières, old châteaux and fertile fields—all overhung with the charming air of Breton quaintness and oldness—than we had thus far found. It was a charming sail, first up the broad bay of the embouchure, and then (through a lock) into the narrow canalized river, and, finally, at the end of two hours, into the deep gorge, at the crest of which stands the old ducal city of Dinan, with its superb

modern viaduct a hundred and fifty feet above the river.

There is a new zigzag road up the hill by which the ascent is easy, but he who comes to see old Dinan should shun this and climb the steep cleft between the overhanging sixteenth century houses of the "Rue de Jerzual," and through the Porte de Jerzual, which for so many hundred years defended this main entrance to the town.

It is a little-used street now, and the old tumble-down buildings have escaped the desecrating hand of restoration, which is playing such havoc with the medieval side of European towns. The frowning edges of the hill on which Dinan stands are still rich with the ponderous remains of its old defensive wall, which is a wonder of ancient masonry, built when "men worked in stone

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for three sous a day"; and most of it is in the picturesque and ivy-grown condition of the "Porte St. Malo."

Starting from the Hotel de Bretagne we enter the beautiful walk on the ramparts (which nearly surround the town), with charming views of the lower-lying country on one hand, and of the massive round towers and walls on the other. The interior of the town is dingy and dull, though with much curious old architecture; but its *enceinte* is unsurpassed for beauty and interest of its sort.

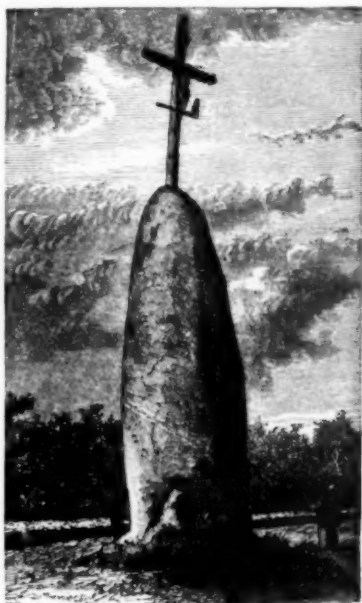
About a mile up the Rance is the little village of Lehon, which is reached by a path from the Porte St. Louis, the last hundred yards of which is down a steep narrow cleft in the rock, where steps have been hewn out of the solid granite. The village is overlooked by a high conical hill topped with the ivy-clad ruins of the Château de Beaumanoir. This, as well as the Priory of Lehon, founded in 850, have long been given over to decay and a wilderness of vegetation.

In the Museum of Dinan there are a number of tumular slabs taken from the Beaumanoir chapel attached to the Priory; among them one of Jean de Beaumanoir, who was murdered by his steward.

The day after our arrival was Sunday, and we hurried to stout Josephine Santier, "Loueur d'ânes," and got a couple of odd little three-wheeled donkey-carts for a sweet will wander into the country: And a jolly trip we made. We scorned the high road, and the by-roads led us a merry stroll over almost impassable woodland paths. Now and then we could ride, but much of the time it took the combined efforts of the party to keep the vehicles right side up on the rough paths. When we were on good roads our small boy devoted his entire time and strength to cudgeling "Vigilante," who drew the foremost trap, into the semblance of a slow trot. Josephine had told us that "il n'existe pas de bête plus jaluox q'un âne," and, true to her asinine nature, where Vigilante led Penelope followed closely; but by changing their order we found that they were no more jealous to follow than they were not to lead, and before we got home Mr. Pickwick, with his "great horrid horse," had been in no worse plight than were we with our more concentrated forms of stubbornness.

At one point of our journey we came

across the ill-kept fields and through a superb disused avenue, upon the ruins of the Châ-



MENHIR NEAR DOL.

teau de La Garaye, the home of Mrs. Norton's "Lady of La Garaye," hallowed by the deeds of charity of the Count of the name and his charming wife. Now all is overgrown and unhindered decay.

"The walls, where hung the warriors' shining casques,  
Are green with moss and mold;  
The blindworm coils where queens have slept,  
nor asks  
For shelter from the cold."



A SMALL FARM-YARD.

The true-hearted people, whose charity has made this spot memorable, smothered a great grief with the activity of good deeds.



COSTUME OF COUTANCES.



COSTUME OF BAYEUX.



COSTUME OF VALOGNES.

The Count studied medicine and surgery in Paris, and the lady became a skillful oculist. Then they returned to their old home, banished worldly amusement, and threw open their doors to all suffering humanity.

"Her home is made their home; her wealth their dole;

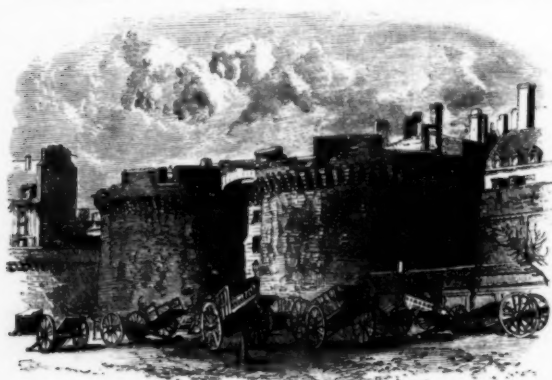
Her busy court-yard hears no more the roll  
Of gilded vehicles or pawing steeds,  
But feeble steps of those whose bitter needs  
Are their sole passport. Through that gate-way  
press

All varying forms of sickness and distress,  
And many a poor worn face that hath not  
smiled

From La Garaye we came out upon the high road, and started in search of a country luncheon. We were told that a kilo further on we should find a "jolie petite auberge," and we urged our unwilling brutes that much farther away from home, until we came upon a low stone hut with moss-grown thatch, over the door of which there hung the bush that was needed by the wine of such an establishment. Evidently the same thatch covers man and beast, and the approach to the single door was over an untidy mass of manure, which made it necessary for us to drive so close that the ladies could step directly into the house.

At one end of the room was a small fire on the large hearth, and near this, built up like the berths of a ship, and half closed by sliding doors of carved oak, were two narrow bunks, well filled with comfortable bedding. In front of these a capital old carved chest served for the storage of clothing, for a seat, and as a help to climbing into bed. Two plain tables, with benches for seats, ran lengthwise of the room, which had a floor of beaten and well-swept earth. A cupboard of smaller beds at the

other side of the chimney suggested children. From the ceiling hung a basket for bread and a rack for spoons—which are the only utensils



GRANDE PORTE, ST. MALO.

For years, and many a feeble, crippled child,  
Blesses the tall white portal where they stand,  
And the dear Lady of the liberal hand."

for conveying food to the mouth that the house is expected to furnish—the older institution of fingers being still respected, to the exclusion of forks. The smoke-blackened beams of the ceiling were festooned with sausages, and hung with hams, bacon, bladders of lard, garlicks, onions, harness, whips, horseshoes, and all else that the family possessed of a hangable character.

Grandmamma sat at the side of the fire, in a queer, wide-winged Breton cap of starched linen, with a relay of knitting-needles stuck under the front,—awaiting their turn at the fast growing blue stocking which occupied her nimble fingers. Her daughter, the hostess, similarly attired and occupied, sat at the other side watching a Sunday game of cards that four men were playing at the table opposite ours, and gossiping with some freshly arrived customers.

Little direct attention was paid to us, but we were evidently being discussed in the undefinable patois of the country. One of our party expressing curiosity as to the contents of a covered box in front of the fire (which might have held a batch of bread set to rise), the landlady produced from it a swaddled week-old baby, which was duly cuddled and admired, then nursed, and put back in its nest.

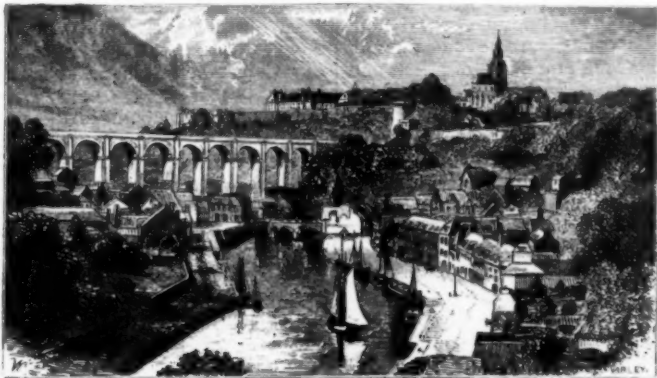
There was no disposition to force us to buy anything, and we were treated rather as morning callers. Finally, in reply to our "What can we have?" "Cider" was suggested. "And bread and butter?" "But certainly," and there was produced a "pot" of cider (almost two quarts), with glasses; a huge half loaf was laid on the bare table, and butter was brought on a plate. "Can we have knives?"—then a queer look at each

other, and, "What! haven't you got your knives?" and the four card players, in the most courteous manner, took their big clasp



FORTE ST. MALO, DINAN.

knives from their pockets, wiped them carefully on their trousers, and offered them to us. The cider was thin and sour, but the bread and butter were good, and the place and people were tidy and cheery. We made a comfortable luncheon after all. "How much is to pay?" "Four sous for the cider; we put no price on bread; it is the Bon Dieu who gives it." No hint could be more delicate, and the modest bit of silver we gave "for the baby," was taken with cheerful dignity, as they all rose to bid us good day, and saw our little wagons get



DINAN, FROM THE RANCE.

safely over the mire and out on the hard roadway.

When we had arrived at Dinan, and given over our wearying asses, we heard rumors of "the procession," "the Bishop;" and hundreds of people, mostly peasant women in holiday costume, were chatting gayly under the shade of the trees, and about the grand old ruin of the gate-way at the other side of the little square.



ST. MALO, FROM GRAND BEY.

We watched the picturesque crowd from our windows, and, finally, there came through the archway a long procession of priests and nuns, and acolytes, and maidens in white, and school children, with four men bearing a gorgeous canopy, which was set on the ground when the procession halted. Here the priests fell to reading their breviaries with downcast eyes—now and then turned up and shaded by the hand to peer toward the setting sun, in an expectation which lasted long, and finally became anxious and—so far as in them lay—annoyed. At last there was a slight murmur and bustle, and a carriage drove up from which descended three priests and one portly, empurpled bishop. The latter was beset by the at-

tendants, clad in gorgeous raiment, and topped with a shining miter. He passed under the canopy and followed at the rear of the troop.

Stepping to a corner of his cage he laid his fingers, in benison, on the forehead of an infant. All at once, the throng brought forth dozens of children in arms; it fairly bristled with babies who were brought, one after another, to be blessed with the sign of the cross, to be touched by the hallowed finger of the Father of the Diocese. It was a charming sight, but the delay it caused did not charm the long-waiting priests who had to halt again and again, with the risk of only a dull twilight for the anticipated ceremonial at the church. The last we saw of them, the rest of the babies were being blessed in the slanting sunlight under the green-vined archway, and the procession passed from our sight.

Our return to St. Malo was in an open carriage over the well-kept road, and through the beautiful country by way of Dinan. Leaving the rest of the party to find what interest they might in St. Malo,

I set out alone on an agricultural trip to Rennes, seeking the mysteries of the making of "Camambert" cheese, and "Prévalaye" butter.

Camambert is perhaps the mildest and most delicate of the many fine cheeses of France, its strength, however, escaping the palate only to attack the nose. It is, indeed, a curiosity of strong odor; and a package of the little disks, though wrapped in oiled silk and taken in a trunk to Jersey, gave to all its contents a suggestion of *mus decumanus defunctus*, which quite reconciled me to the refusal of M. Lehagre, its maker, to allow me to see his processes; and to make me content with his assurance that, with a good market for my butter, I could



not afford to use the cream needed for its manufacture.

Neither was my day well selected for Prévay. There was no butter-making going on, and my agricultural trip would have been a failure but for the "Ferme-école des Trois Croix," within a short drive of the city. This institution is the property of Mr. E. Bodin, who is a large manufacturer of improved agricultural implements, which are beginning to make their way among the better farmers of Western France. His shops are extensive, and their product seemed, in general, very good, but not equal to those of England and America.

The school, which is a Government institution, was interesting, and, allowing for the difference of customs, may have some good suggestions for our own feeble institutions of similar character. Twelve apprentices, who must be at least seventeen years old, are received each year; the course is for two years; the object is to train competent farmers, farm-superintendents, gardeners, and nurserymen; the apprentices work like farm laborers for the benefit of the proprietor (who is also the Director of the School). In addition to the Director, there are a gardener and nurseryman, an instructor in mathematics and farm book-keeping, a teacher of practical agriculture, and a veterinarian; the pupils (or apprentices) are under constant supervision, and are allowed to leave the farm only for a certain time on Sunday; the hours are from four to nine in summer, and from five to nine in winter, which time is almost entirely occupied by work and study; the regimen is very simple, but nourishing and sufficient.

The candidates are nominated by the Prefect of the Department, after an examination prescribed by law, by a committee consisting of the Director of the farm, and four members nominated by the Prefect, and appointed by the Minister of Agriculture. The demand for admission must be accompanied by the certificate of birth, and of vaccination, and by an engagement to "conduct myself honorably, to obey the rules, and to work with

all my power in order to profit by the favor that you will have the goodness to grant me." At the end of the course, the graduates



THE CHÂTEAU OF LA GARAYE.

are examined by the committee. The best receive from the State three hundred francs



PEASANT GIRL OF OËSSANT.

and a certificate. Those who are not found worthy of a certificate receive, nevertheless,

two hundred francs. In case of special excellence, the committee is authorized to award silver and bronze medals in addition.

The result of the arrangement is, that Mr. Bodin gets the services of twenty-four capital young men for the work of his farm, and



PEASANT GIRL OF CANCALE.

twelve first-rate young farmers and gardeners are sent out every year with a good practical education, with a thorough training in their art, and with a little money for their start in life.

The young man who showed me over the well-kept farm, and through the well-filled stables (and who was the first Frenchman of his class whom I ever found to decline a fee), gave ample evidence of the good degree to which a peasant boy may be developed by such influences as those of *Les Trois Croix*.

I saw, here and elsewhere, less than I had expected to find of the little Brittany cows. They are a capital race for butter-making; but the passion of the times seems to be for large animals, and these cows are fast being "improved" out of existence by crossing with beefy shorthorns from England.

Generally speaking, the agriculture of Brittany is in a very backward condition. The peasantry of some of the Departments

cling to their old Armorican traditions, speak only their ancestral Celtic, and live in an exceedingly meager way. The influence of the annual agricultural exhibitions, and of the six *Ferme-écoles*, together with a national school of agriculture under excellent management on a farm of twelve hundred acres at Grand-Jouan, and (near Quimperlé) a school of practical irrigation and drainage, is being felt, and the general awakening of the human mind is at last manifesting itself in the darker regions of the old peninsula. The communes are now tolerably supplied with primary schools, and many of the younger men among the peasantry are improving their systems of work.

At the same time, there is no sympathy between the proprietors and their tenants, and country life in the region has so few attractions, that absenteeism is the rule with those who can afford to live in Paris and the larger towns—where they use their money in other enterprises, and leave their estates to the grinding management of agents. On



PEASANT WOMAN OF CHÂTEAULIN.

the other hand, the recruits taken into the French army from Western Brittany have acquired a taste for better living, and a knowledge of better pay, and they have deserted their native land whenever opportunity has offered. And, indeed, the life

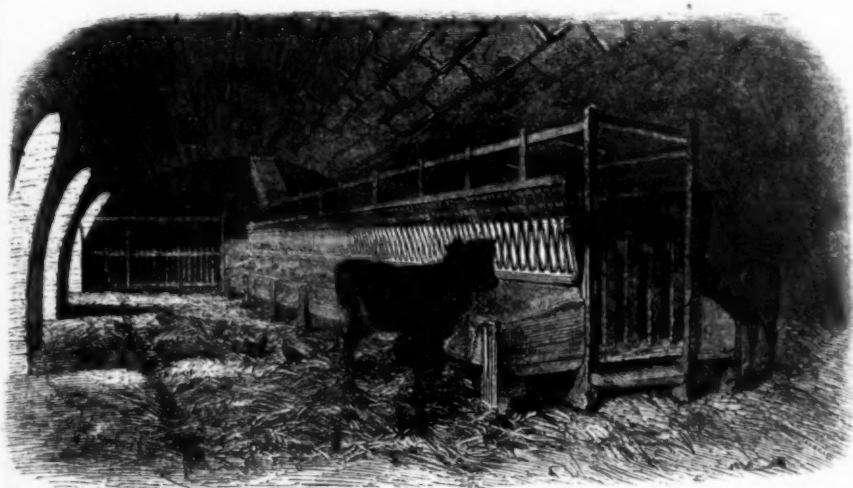
and the living of Brittany are not attractive to one who has known the easier and better fed condition of the army. To such an extent has this influenced the population, that wages have more than doubled within a few years.

The average family consists of man and wife, three children, and two aged persons. Of these, only the man and wife are able to earn more than their own subsistence, and two of the others earn nothing. Their income (in whatever rural position) is small, and it is impossible to accumulate savings. They have a hard and hopeless life, and of course they look forward with delight to any means of escape.

In the farm-house, the whole family rises

bread, or fried cakes, with milk or butter. From seven to eight is the supper, the principal meal of the day. It consists of soup and bacon, except on "jours maigres," when the bacon is replaced by fish or potatoes. At the supper they drink cider when they have it; but they rarely have it in winter; there is often only enough for the harvest work. As wages advance, the use of meat is increasing.

This is the regimen of the farmer's family, and of his regular laborers. Those who live in their own houses, while boarding themselves, live much more poorly, using neither meat, cider (except on Sunday at the auberge), nor butter, and they are much more feeble and indolent. They were paid a few years



A PEASANT'S COW-BYE.

in summer at four o'clock. The women go to milk the cows and attend to the calves and pigs, and the men to feed and harness their teams. At half-past four they breakfast—always on soup, often on milk soup. From five to ten the men and teams are at work. At ten they dine—on milk and buckwheat porridge, or buckwheat pancakes. In winter the milk often fails, and the porridge is then made with fermented oats. It is very nutritious and much esteemed in Finistère and Morbihan. In the other departments they usually dine on buckwheat cakes. After the first of May, they sleep from dinner-time until noon, when work begins again. At three they lunch—on

ago from \$32 to \$38 a year with board while at work; but they are idle about one-third of the time, and then they must support themselves. Of course the women and the children of a useful age (which is an early age in France) must also work to the utmost of their capacity.

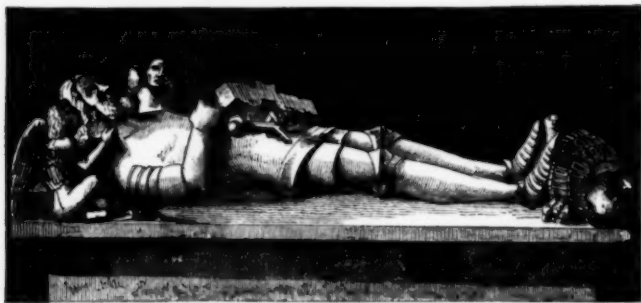
Such seems to be the common farming of this benighted and picturesque land. Of course there are many instances of better work and better living, and these are happily increasing from year to year, and their influence is benefiting the agriculture of the country generally.

When I returned to St. Malo, the wind was blowing great guns and in the office of

the steamer company was posted the following telegram:

"Jersey, Sept. 15.  
"Forte tempête! Le 'Wonder' partira demain  
à dix heures. "Le Couteur, Capitaine."

So we were storm-bound in St. Malo, and rained in, and bored as one can only be in a gloomy, dripping, foreign walled-town.



TOMB OF JEAN DE BEAUMANOIR.

### MAHARAJAH DHULEEP-SINGH.

RECENTLY, while traveling by the Eastern Counties Railway from London to Norwich, I found myself alone in the carriage with a short-statured, gentlemanly man, whose dark complexion and general cast of feature proclaimed him an Asiatic. His dress, with the exception of a profusely embroidered maroon-colored velvet fez, was that of an Englishman, worn, too, with the air of one habituated to it.

It was not the first time I had seen that lemon-tinged brown countenance, in which the listless, haughty-expressioned eyes, straight, long eyebrows, shapely nose and rather voluptuously lipped mouth combined to hint a sort of suppressed legend of barbaric antecedents, of Oriental pomp and despotism, which, however veneered over with the gloss of European mannerism, yet lingered in the mental fibers with the irresistible sway of a first faith. Something suggested Shem in the tents of Japheth; not in subversion of the Scriptural prescription, but by virtue of hospitality's toleration.

Only when the train stopped at Colchester, and my fellow-traveler, waking out of a doze, leaned forward to ask me abruptly the name of the station, did a flash of memory guide me to his identity, and then what a phantasmagoria of mind-pictures crowded up out of the past! Nearly a quarter of a century had elapsed since that rather corpulent little Asiatic and I had met under circumstances so widely different that our

companionship there, in a carriage of the Eastern Counties Railway, appeared the hypersatire of fate. What earthly connection was there between the soft cushions of the great Bishopsgate Street Corporation and the torn and ragged slopes of Sobraon—between the iron highway of the steam-horse and that primeval highway of the Sulej? Recollection leveled a road for fancy to march along, and paved it with faces—dead faces of friends and comrades, along which thought paced slowly up to that dozing Asiatic.

"When I cross the Sulej the foundations of Government House at Calcutta will rock," said that veritable Old Lion of the Punjab, Shere Singh; and, swift to execute as audacious to plan, after flinging this defiance in our teeth, he led his Sikhs into British territory, and unsettled in one month what it had taken us ten years to establish.

Could that quiescent in an Oxford gray suit and pale geranium red silk tie be actually the descendant and only living representative of the implacable Old Lion whose answer to an English Viceroy's proposal for a conference was, "Hindustan is not large enough for me and you"?

Four-and-twenty years before, I had seen that man, then a mere stripling, wearing a white camel's hair *jameh*, sitting his gray Arab horse in the midst of a magnificent staff, looking down from the Sikh batteries at our perpetually renewed and as perpetually frustrated efforts to effect a lodgment

on the west bank of the river. Had he quite forgotten the mighty stakes played for at Chillianwallah, Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon? Were the ambitions that had opened at Alwal, and the bubble of those ambitions that had burst at Mooltan, actually crowded out of his memory by the liberality and the amenity of his conquerors? Suddenly opening his eyes as a train whirled by on the other track, he began to draw up the window on his side, when, glancing at me, he asked courteously:

"Have you any objection to have this window closed?"

"None whatever, your Highness."

My reply, designed to provoke conversation, achieved its object, and the ensuing ten minutes or so were expended upon a brief review of our mutual recollections. But little prompting was needed to lead the Maharajah to speak of himself, for, upon my remarking that he had revisited his own country more than once since 1860, he said:

"England is my country; India was my birthplace, and it was only when I revisited it after living here for ten years, that I realized how great a triumph my father achieved when he surrendered Mooltan to Sir Henry Hardinge. Possibly as a born Englishman you will not accept my view as complimentary, but I foresee a time when the island of Great Britain will be the insignificant appendage of a gigantic Anglo-Indian empire, and only prized and preserved by virtue of its title of cradle of your race. The Normans conquered you, and you absorbed them; you conquered us, and we shall absorb you."

"The climatic characteristics of Normandy and Britain were not so opposed as those of Britain and Hindostan, and the dividing sea was narrow, your Highness."

"Every generation of man brings in its climate with it; progress wipes out the isothermal lines. Civilization brings hygiene by teaching men the meaning of profit. You born Englishmen appear to me to forget that your power, renown, and resources inhere in yourselves, not in your little island, and that with a continent for your sphere of action, power, renown, and resources would swell proportionately. *Now* you govern India from England. Surely the process of governing England from India would be simpler. You will say there are ties of association too indissolubly woven with the English nature to permit of a new hegira in the nineteenth century; but a Mahomet produces a hegira, and Britain

will yet produce her Mahomet. The Straits of Dover were wider in 1066 than all the sea space between Southampton and Scutari in 1870. A Euphrates Valley railway will bring Peshawar and London within a fortnight of each other. Our Gracious Sovereign [the prince bowed his head in a half-Oriental salaam] is already titular Empress of India. When her descendants sit on the ivory throne at Delhi, and bury their dead at the Taj-Mahal, England will be advancing along the high road of her destiny. Englishmen will consent to see the lesson contained in the fact that the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has much outlet and little capacity. You cannot *receive*—you are to *give*. The West has bolted its gates to you—the East swings them wide open. Europe gives up Asia to England."

"But how about Russia, your Highness?"

"You will not fight Russia again during this century; perhaps not during the next; perhaps, even, never again. St. Petersburg will not try to creep too close to the Hindoo-Koosh, when she knows that four millions of British bayonets are to be met with behind it. The Czar may have a summer-palace on the Bosphorus, and what will England care when she will have solved the Eastern question by giving it a different interpretation?"

The train began to slacken speed and soon stopped at the Framlingham station. Several native servitors of the Maharajah bustled up to the door of the carriage, and the latter prepared to descend.

"Your Highness believes, then, that the peoples of India would fuse into an acquiescent nationality with their conquerors? How do you overcome the objections of caste, religion, and color?"

"I was brought up to believe myself heir to the throne of the Five Rivers; I was transferred to England and I am an Englishman, a Christian, and have an English wife. England will be transferred into Asia, and I have faith in England and Christianity."

We shook hands and parted. I watched him walk off, followed by a train of servants, prominent among whom was his falconer, carrying a square wooden frame, on which were perched a dozen or more hawks of all sizes and colors, "hooded and jessed."

Fanciful as were the Oriental's generalities of history, the future may yet prove that the Hostage of Mooltan could read political indices with more shrewdness than a Dalhousie, a Hardinge, an Elphinstone or a Canning.



## THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



"HARRY, YOU MUST FORGIVE ME."

## CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH JIM CONSTRUCTS TWO HAPPY  
DAVIDS, RAISES HIS HOTEL, AND DISMISSES  
SAM YATES.

WHEN the boat touched the bank, Jim, still with his rifle pointed at the breast of Sam Yates, said:

"Now, git out, an' take a bee line for the shanty, an' see how many paces ye make on't."

Yates was badly blown by his row of ten miles on the river, and could hardly stir from his seat; but Mr. Benedict helped him up the bank, and then Jim followed him on shore.

Benedict looked from one to the other with mingled surprise and consternation, and then said:

"Jim, what does this mean?"

"It means," replied Jim, "that Number 'leven, an' his name is Williams, forgot to 'tend to his feelin's over old Tilden's grave,

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an' I've axed 'im to come back an' use up his clean handkerchers. He was took with a fit o' knowin' somethin', too, an' I'm goin' to see if I can cure 'im. It's a new sort o' sickness for him, an' it may floor 'im."

"I suppose there is no use in carrying on this farce any longer," said Yates. "I knew you, Mr. Benedict, soon after arriving here, and it seems that you recognized me; and now, here is my hand. I never meant you ill, and I did not expect to find you alive. I have tried my best to make you out a dead man, and so to report you; but Jim has compelled me to come back and make sure that you are alive."

"No, I didn't," responded Jim. "I wanted to let ye know that I'm alive, and that I don't 'low no hired cusses to come snoopin' round my camp, an' goin' off with a haw-haw buttoned up in their jackets, without a thrashin'."

Benedict, of course, stood thunderstruck and irresolute. He was discovered by the very man whom his old persecutor had sent for the purpose. He had felt that the discovery would be made, sooner or later—intended, indeed, that it should be made—but he was not ready.

They all walked to the cabin in moody silence. Jim felt that he had been hasty, and was very strongly inclined to believe in the sincerity of Yates; but he knew it was safe to be on his guard with any man who was in the employ of Mr. Belcher. Turk saw there was trouble, and whined around his master, as if inquiring whether there was anything that he could do to bring matters to an adjustment.

"No, Turk; he's my game," said Jim. "Ye couldn't eat 'im no more nor ye could a muss-rat."

There were just three seats in the cabin—two camp-stools and a chest.

"That's the seat for you," said Jim to Yates, pointing to the chest. "You jest plant yerself thar. Thar's somethin' in that 'ere chest as'll make ye tell the truth."

Yates looked at the chest and hesitated.

"It ain't powder," said Jim, "but it'll blow ye worse nor powder, if ye don't tell the truth."

Yates sat down. He had not appreciated the anxiety of Benedict to escape discovery, or he would not have been so silly as to bruit his knowledge until he had left the woods. He felt ashamed of his indiscretion, but, as he knew that his motives were good, he could not but feel that he had been outraged.

"Jim, you have abused me," said he. "You have misunderstood me, and that is the only apology that you can make for your discourtesy. I was a fool to tell you what I knew, but you had no right to serve me as you have served me."

"P'raps I hadn't," responded Jim, doubtfully.

Yates went on:

"I have never intended to play you a trick. It may be a base thing for me to do, but I intended to deceive Mr. Belcher. He is a man to whom I owe no good will. He has always treated me like a dog, and he will continue the treatment so long as I have anything to do with him; but he found me when I was very low, and he has furnished me with the money that has made it possible for me to redeem myself. Believe me, the finding of Mr. Benedict was the most unwelcome discovery I ever made."

"Ye talk reasonable," said Jim; "but how be I goin' to know that ye're tellin' the truth?"

"You cannot know," replied Yates. "The circumstances are all against me, but you will be obliged to trust me. You are not going to kill me; you are not going to harm me; for you would gain nothing by getting my ill will. I forgive your indignities, for it was natural for you to be provoked, and I provoked you needlessly—childishly, in fact; but after what I have said, anything further in that line will not be borne."

"I've a good mind to lick ye now," said Jim, on hearing himself defied.

"You would be a fool to undertake it," said Yates.

"Well, what be ye goin' to tell old Belcher, anyway?" inquired Jim.

"I doubt whether I shall tell him anything. I have no intention of telling him that Mr. Benedict is here, and I do not wish to tell him a lie. I have intended to tell him that in all my journey to Sevenoaks I did not find the object of my search, and that Jim Fenton declared that but one pauper had ever come into the woods and died there."

"That's the truth," said Jim. "Benedict ain't no pauper, nor hain't been since he left the poor-house."

"If he knows about old Tilden," said Yates, "and I'm afraid he does, he'll know that I'm on the wrong scent. If he doesn't know about him, he'll naturally conclude that the dead man was Mr. Benedict. That will answer his purpose."

"Old Belcher ain't no fool," said Jim.

"Well," said Yates, "why doesn't Mr. Benedict come out like a man and claim his rights? That would relieve me, and settle all the difficulties of the case."

Benedict had nothing to say to this, for there was what he felt to be a just reproach in it.

"It's the way he's made," replied Jim—"leastways, partly. When a man's ben hauled through hell by the har, it takes 'im a few days to git over bein' dizzy an' find his legs ag'in; an' when a man sells himself to old Belcher, he musn't squawk an' try to git another feller to help 'im out of 'is bargain. Ye got into't, an' ye must git out on't the best way ye can."

"What would you have me do?" inquired Yates.

"I want to have ye sw'ar an' sign a Happy David."

"A what?"

"A Happy David. Ye ain't no lawyer if ye don't know what a Happy David is, and can't make one."

Yates recognized, with a smile, the nature of the instrument disguised in Jim's pronunciation and conception, and inquired:

"What would you have me swear to?"

"To what I tell ye."

"Very well. I have pen and paper with me, and am ready to write. Whether I will sign the paper will depend upon its contents."

"Be ye ready?"

"Yes."

"Here ye have it, then. 'I solem-ny sw'ar, s'welp me! that I hain't seen no pauper, in no woods, with his name as Benedict.'"

Jim paused, and Yates, having completed the sentence, waited. Then Jim muttered to himself:

"With his name *as* Benedict—with his name *is* Benedict—with his name *was* Benedict."

Then, with a puzzled look, he said:

"Yates, can't ye doctor that a little?"

"Whose name was Benedict," suggested Yates.

"Whose name was Benedict," continued Jim. "Now read it over, as fur as ye've got."

"I solemnly swear that I have seen no pauper in the woods whose name was Benedict."

"Now look a here, Sam Yates! That sort o' thing won't do. Stop them tricks. Ye don't know me, an' ye don't know whar ye're settin' if you think that'll go down."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I telled ye that Benedict was no pauper, an' ye say that ye've seen no pauper whose name was Benedict. That's jest tellin' that he's here. Oh, ye can't come that game! Now begin agin, an' write jest as I give it to ye. 'I solem-ny sw'ar, s'welp me! that I hain't seen no pauper, in no woods, whose name was Benedict.'"

"Done," said Yates, "but it isn't grammar."

"Hang the grammar!" responded Jim, "what I want is sense. Now jine this on: 'An' I solem-ny sw'ar, s'welp me! that I won't blow on Benedict, as isn't a pauper—no more nor Jim Fenton is—an' if so be as I do blow on Benedict—I give Jim Fenton free liberty, out and out—to lick me—without goin' to lor—but takin' the privlidge of self-defense.'"

Jim thought a moment. He had wrought out a large phrase.

"I guess," said he "that covers the thing. Ye understand, don't ye, Yates, about the privlidge of self-defense?"

"You mean that I may defend myself if I can, don't you?"

"Yes. With the privlidge of self-defense. That's fair, an' I'd give it to a painter. Now read it all over."

Jim put his head down between his knees, the better to measure every word, while Yates read the complete document. Then Jim took the paper, and, handing it to Benedict, requested him to see if it had been read correctly. Assured that it was all right, Jim turned his eyes severely on Yates, and said:

"Sam Yates, do ye s'pose ye've any idee what it is to be licked by Jim Fenton? Do ye know what ye're sw'arin' to? Do ye reelize that I wouldn't leave enough on ye to pay for havin' a funeral?"

Yates laughed, and said that he believed he understood the nature of an oath.

"Then sign yer Happy David," said Jim.

Yates wrote his name, and passed the paper into Jim's hands.

"Now," said Jim, with an expression of triumph on his face, "I s'pose ye don't know that you've be'n settin' on a Bible; but it's right under ye, in that chest, an' it's hearn and seen the whole thing. If ye don't stand by yer Happy David, there'll be somethin' worse nor Jim Fenton arter ye, an' when that comes, ye can jest shet yer eyes, and g'ven it up."

This was too much for both Yates and Benedict. They looked into each other's

eyes, and burst into a laugh. But Jim was in earnest, and not a smile crossed his rough face.

"Now," said he, "I want to do a little sw'arin' myself, and I want ye to write it."

Yates resumed his pen, and declared himself to be in readiness.

"I solem-ny sw'ar," Jim began, "s'welp me! that I will lick Sam Yates—as is a lawyer—with the privlidge of self-defense—if he ever blows on Benedict—as is not a pauper—no more nor Jim Fenton is—an' I solem-ny sw'ar, s'welp me! that I'll foller 'im till I find 'im, an' lick 'im—with the privlidge of self-defense."

Jim would have been glad to work in the last phrase again, but he seemed to have covered the whole ground, and so inquired whether Yates had got it all down.

Yates replied that he had.

"I'm a goin' to sign that, an' ye can take it along with ye. Swap seats."

Yates rose, and Jim seated himself upon the chest.

"I'm a goin' to sign this, settin' over the Bible. I ain't goin' to take no advantage on ye. Now we're squar'," said he, as he blazoned the document with his coarse and clumsy sign-manual. "Put that in yer pocket, an' keep it for five year."

"Is the business all settled?" inquired Yates.

"Clean," replied Jim.

"When am I to have the liberty to go out of the woods?"

"Ye ain't goin' out o' the woods for a fortnight. Ye're a goin' to stay here, an' have the best fishin' ye ever had in yer life. It'll do ye good, an' ye can go out when yer man comes arter ye. Ye can stay to the raisin', an' gi'en us a little lift with the other fellers that's comin'. Ye'll be as strong as a boss when ye go out."

An announcement more welcome than this could not have been made to Sam Yates; and now that there was no secrecy between them, and confidence was restored, he looked forward to a fortnight of enjoyment. He laid aside his coat, and, as far as possible, reduced his dress to the requirements of camp life. Jim and Mr. Benedict were very busy, so that he was obliged to find his way alone, but Jim lent him his fishing-tackle, and taught him how to use it; and, as he was an apt pupil, he was soon able to furnish more fish to the camp than could be used.

Yates had many a long talk with Benedict, and the two men found many points

of sympathy, around which they cemented a lasting friendship. Both, though in different ways, had been very low down in the valley of helpless misfortune; both had been the subjects of Mr. Belcher's brutal will; and both had the promise of a better life before them, which it would be necessary to achieve in opposition to that will. Benedict was strengthened by this sympathy, and became able to entertain plans for the assertion and maintenance of his rights.

When Yates had been at the camp for a week, and had taken on the color and the manner of a woodsman, there came one night to Number Nine a dozen men, to assist in the raising of Jim's hotel. They were from the mill where he had purchased his lumber, and numbered several neighbors besides, including Mike Conlin. They came up the old "tote-road" by the river side, and a herd of buffaloes on a stampede could hardly have made more noise. They were a rough, merry set, and Jim had all he could do to feed them. Luckily, trout were in abundant supply, and they supped like kings, and slept on the ground. The following day was one of the severest labor, but when it closed, the heaviest part of the timber had been brought and put up, and when the second day ended, all the timbers were in their place, including those which defined the outlines of Jim's "cupalo."

When the frame was at last complete, the weary men retired to a convenient distance to look it over, and then they emphasized their approval of the structure by three rousing cheers.

"Be gorry, Jim, ye must make us a spache," said Mike Conlin. "Ye've plenty iv blarney; now out wid it."

But Jim was sober. He was awed by the magnitude of his enterprise. There was the building in open outline. There was no going back. For better or for worse, it held his destiny, and not only his, but that of one other—perhaps of others still.

"A speech! a speech!" came from a dozen other tongues.

"Boys," said Jim, "there's no more talk in me now nor there is in one o' them chips. I don't seem to have no vent. I'm full, but it don't run. If I could stick a gimblet in somewhere, as if I was a cider-barrel, I could gi'en ye enough; but I ain't no barrel, an' a gimblet ain't no use. There's a man here as can talk. That's his trade, an' if he'll say what I ought to say, I shall be obleeged to 'im. Yates is a lawyer, an'

it's his business to talk for other folks, an' I hope he'll talk for me."

"Yates! Yates!" arose on all sides.

Yates was at home in any performance of this kind, and, mounting a low stump, said:

"Boys, Jim wants me to thank you for the great service you've rendered him. You have come a long distance to do a neighborly deed, and that deed has been generously completed. Here, in these forest shades, you have reared a monument to human civilization. In these old woods you have built a temple to the American household gods. The savage beasts of the wilderness will fly from it, and the birds will gather around it. The winter will be the warmer for the fire that will burn within it, and the spring will come earlier in prospect of a better welcome. The river that washes its feet will be more musical in its flow, because finer ears will be listening. The denizens of the great city will come here, year after year, to renew their wasted strength, and carry back with them the sweetest memories of these pure solitudes.

"To build a human home, where woman lives and little children open their eyes upon life, and grow up and marry and die—a home full of love and toil, of pleasure and hope and hospitality, is to do the finest thing that a man can do. I congratulate you on what you have done for Jim, and what so nobly you have done for yourselves. Your whole life will be sweeter for this service, and when you think of a lovely woman presiding over this house, and of all the comfort it will be to the gentle folk that will fill it full, you will be glad that you have had a hand in it."

Yates made his bow and stepped down. His auditors all stood for a moment, under an impression that they were in church and had heard a sermon. Their work had been so idealized for them—it had been endowed with so much meaning; it seemed so different from an ordinary "raising"—that they lost, momentarily, the consciousness of their own roughness and the homeliness of their surroundings.

"Be gorry!" exclaimed Mike, who was the first to break the silence, "I'd 'a' gi'en a dollar if me owld woman could 'a' heard that. Divil a bit does she know what I've done for her. I didn't know meself what a purty thing it was whin I built me house. It's betther nor goin' to the church, be-dad."

Three cheers were then given to Yates and three to Jim, and, the spell once dis-

solved, they went noisily back to the cabin and their supper.

That evening Jim was very silent. When they were about lying down for the night, he took his blankets, reached into the chest, and withdrew something that he found there and immediately hid from sight, and said that he was going to sleep in his house. The moon was rising from behind the trees when he emerged from his cabin. He looked up at the tall skeleton of his future home, then approached it, and swinging himself from beam to beam, did not pause until he had reached the cupola. Boards had been placed across it for the convenience of the framers, and on these Jim threw his blankets. Under the little package that was to serve as his pillow he laid his Bible, and then, with his eyes upon the stars, his heart tender with the thoughts of the woman for whom he was rearing a home, and his mind oppressed with the greatness of his enterprise, he lay a long time in a waking dream. "If so be He cares," said Jim to himself—"if so be He cares for a little buildin' as don't make no show 'longside o' his doin's up thar an' down here, I hope He sees that I've got this Bible under my head, an' knows what I mean by it. I hope the thing 'll strike 'im favorable, an' that He knows, if He cares, that I'm obleeged to 'im."

At last, slumber came to Jim—the slumber of the toiler, and early the next morning he was busy in feeding his helpers, who had a long day's walk before them. When, at last, they were all ferried over the river, and had started on their homeward way, Jim ascended to the cupola again, and waved his bandanna in farewell.

Two days afterward, Sam Yates left his host, and rowed himself down to the landing in the same canoe by which he had reached Number Nine. He found his conveyance waiting, according to arrangement, and before night was housed among his friends at Sevenoaks.

While he had been absent in the woods, there had been a conference among his relatives and the principal men of the town, which had resulted in the determination to keep him in Sevenoaks, if possible, in the practice of his profession.

To Yates, the proposition was the opening of a door into safety and peace. To be among those who loved him, and had a certain pride in him; to be released from his service to Mr. Belcher, which he felt could go no farther without involving him in crime



and dishonor; to be sustained in his good resolutions by the sympathy of friends, and the absence of his city companions and temptations, gave him the promise of perfect reformation, and a life of modest prosperity and genuine self-respect.

He took but little time in coming to his conclusion, and his first business was to report to Mr. Belcher by letter. He informed that gentleman that he had concluded to remain in Sevenoaks; reported all his investigations on his way thither from New York; inclosed Jim's statement concerning the death of a pauper in the woods; gave an account of the disinterment of the pauper's bones in his presence; inclosed the money unused in expenses and wages, and, with thanks for what Mr. Belcher had done in helping him to a reform, closed his missive in such a manner as to give the impression that he expected and desired no further communication.

Great was Mr. Belcher's indignation when he received this letter. He had not finished with Yates. He had anticipated exactly this result from the investigations. He knew about old Tilden, for Buffum had told him; and he did not doubt that Jim had exhibited to Yates the old man's bones. He believed that Benedict was dead, but he did not know. It would be necessary, therefore, to prepare a document that would be good in any event.

If the reader remembers the opening chapter of this story, he will recall the statement of Miss Butterworth, that Mr. Belcher had followed Benedict to the asylum to procure his signature to a paper. This paper, drawn up in legal form, had been preserved, for Mr. Belcher was a methodical, business man; and when he had finished reading Yates's letter, and had exhausted his expletives after his usual manner, he opened a drawer, and, extracting the paper, read it through. It was more than six years old, and bore its date, and the marks of its age. All it needed was the proper signatures.

He knew that he could trust Yates no longer. He knew that he could not forward his own ends by appearing to be displeased. The reply which Yates received was one that astonished him by its mildness, its expression of satisfaction with his faithful labor, and its record of good wishes. Now that he was upon the spot, Mr. Yates could still serve him, both in a friendly and in a professional way. The first service he could render him was to forward to him autograph letters from the hands of two men deceased. He wished

to verify the signatures of these men, he said, but as they were both dead, he, of course, could not apply to them.

Yates did not doubt that there was mischief in this request. He guessed what it was, and he kept the letter; but after a few days he secured the desired autographs, and forwarded them to Mr. Belcher, who filed them away with the document above referred to. After that, the great proprietor, as a relief from the severe pursuits of his life, amused himself by experiments with inks and pens, and pencils, and with writing in a hand not his own, the names of "Nicholas Johnson" and "James Ramsey."

#### CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH MRS. DILLINGHAM MAKES SOME IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES, BUT FAILS TO REVEAL THEM TO THE READER.

MRS. DILLINGHAM was walking back and forth alone through her long drawing-room. She was revolving in her mind a compliment, breathed into her ear by her friend Mrs. Talbot that day. Mrs. Talbot had heard from the mouth of one of Mrs. Dillingham's admirers the statement, confirmed with a hearty, good-natured oath, that he considered the fascinating widow "the best groomed woman in New York."

The compliment conveyed a certain intimation which was not pleasant for her to entertain. She was indebted to her skill in self-"grooming" for the preservation of her youthful appearance. She had been conscious of this, but it was not pleasant to have the fact detected by her friends. Neither was it pleasant to have it bruited in society, and reported to her by one who rejoiced in the delicacy of the arrow which, feathered by friendship, she had been able to plant in the widow's breast.

She walked to her mirror and looked at herself. There were the fine, familiar outlines of face and figure; there were the same splendid eyes; but a certain charm, beyond the power of "grooming" to restore, was gone. An incipient, almost invisible, brood of wrinkles was gathering about her eyes; there was a loss of freshness of complexion, and an expression of weariness and age, which, in the repose of reflection and inquisition, almost startled her.

Her youth was gone, and, with it, the most potent charms of her person. She was hated and suspected by her own sex, and sought by men for no reason honorable

either to her or to them. She saw that it was all, at no distant day, to have an end, and that when the end should come, her life would practically be closed. When the means by which she had held so many men in her power were exhausted, her power would cease. Into the blackness of that coming night she could not bear to look. It was full of hate, and disappointment, and despair. She knew that there was a taint upon her—the taint that comes to every woman, as certainly as death, who patently and purposely addresses, through her person, the sensuous element in men. It was not enough for her to remember that she despised the passion she excited, and condemned the men whom she fascinated. She knew it was better to lead even a swine by a golden chain than by the ears.

She reviewed her relations to Mr. Belcher. That strong, harsh, brutal man, lost alike to conscience and honor, was in her hands. What should she do with him? He was becoming troublesome. He was not so easily managed as the most of her victims. She knew that, in his heart, he was carrying the hope that some time in the future, in some way, she would become his; that she had but to lift her finger to make the Palsgrave mansion so horrible a hell that the wife and mother would fly from it in indignant despair. She had no intention of doing this. She wished for no more intimate relation with her victim than she had already established.

There was one thing in which Mr. Belcher had offended and humiliated her. He had treated her as if he had fascinated her. In his stupid vanity, he had fancied that his own personal attractions had won her heart and her allegiance, and that she, and not himself, was the victim. He had tried to use her in the accomplishment of outside purposes; to make a tool of her in carrying forward his mercenary or knavish ends. Other men had striven to hide their unlovely affairs from her, but the new lover had exposed his, and claimed her assistance in carrying them forward. This was a degradation that she could not submit to. It did not flatter her, or minister to her self-respect.

Again and again had Mr. Belcher urged her to get the little Sevenoaks pauper into her confidence, and to ascertain whether his father were still living. She did not doubt that his fear of a man so poor and powerless as the child's father must be, was based in conscious knavery; and to be put to the

use of deceiving a lad whose smile of affectionate admiration was one of the sweetest visions of her daily life, disgusted and angered her. The thought, in any man's mind, that she could be so base, in consideration of a guilty affection for him, as to betray the confidence of an innocent child on his behalf, disgraced and degraded her.

And still she walked back and forth in her drawing-room. Her thoughts were uneasy and unhappy; there was no love in her life. That life was leading to no satisfactory consummation. How could it be changed? What could she do?

She raised her eyes, looked across the street, and there saw, loitering along and casting furtive glances at her window, the very lad of whom she had been thinking. He had sought and waited for her recognition, and instead of receiving it in the usual way, saw a beckoning finger. He waited a moment, to be sure that he had not misunderstood the sign, and then, when it was repeated, crossed over, and stood at the door. Mrs. Dillingham admitted the boy, then called the servant, and told him that, while the lad remained, she would not be at home to any one. As soon as the pair were in the drawing-room she stooped and kissed the lad, warming his heart with a smile so sweet, and a manner so cordial and gracious, that he could not have told whether his soul was his own or hers.

She led him to her seat, giving him none, but sitting with her arm around him, as he stood at her side.

"You are my little lover, aren't you?" she said, with an embrace.

"Not so very little!" responded Harry, with a flush.

"Well, you love me, don't you?"

"Perhaps I do," replied he, looking smilingly into her eyes.

"You are a rogue, sir."

"I'm not a bad rogue."

"Kiss me."

Harry put his arms around Mrs. Dillingham's neck and kissed her, and received a long, passionate embrace in return, in which her starved heart expressed the best of its powerful nature.

Nor clouds nor low-born vapors drop the dew. It only gathers under a pure heaven and the tender eyes of stars. Mrs. Dillingham had always held a heart that could respond to the touch of a child. It was dark, its ways were crooked, it was not a happy heart, but for the moment her whole nature was flooded with a tender passion.

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A flash of lightning from heaven makes the darkest night its own, and gilds with glory the uncouth shapes that grope and crawl beneath its cover.

"And your name is Harry?" she said.

"Yes."

"Do you mind telling me about yourself?"

Harry hesitated. He knew that he ought not to do it. He had received imperative commands not to tell anybody about himself; but his temptation to yield to the beautiful lady's wishes was great, for he was heart-starved like herself. Mrs. Balfour was kind, even affectionate, but he knew he had never filled the place in her heart of the boy she had lost. She did not take him into her embrace, and lavish caresses upon him. He had hungered for just this, and the impulse to show the whole of his heart and life to Mrs. Dillingham was irresistible.

"If you'll never tell."

"I will never tell, Harry."

"Never, never tell?"

"Never."

"You are Mr. Belcher's friend, aren't you?"

"I know Mr. Belcher."

"If Mr. Belcher should tell you that he would kill you if you didn't tell, what would you do?"

"I should call the police," responded Mrs. Dillingham, with a smile.

Then Harry, in a simple, graphic way, told her all about the hard, wretched life in Sevenoaks, the death of his mother, the insanity of his father, the life in the poor-house, the escape, the recovery of his father's health, his present home, and the occasion of his own removal to New York. The narrative was so wonderful, so full of pathos, so tragic, so out of all proportion in its revelation of wretchedness to the little life at her side, that the lady was dumb. Unconsciously to herself—almost unconsciously to the boy—her arms closed around him, and she lifted him into her lap. There, with his head against her breast, he concluded his story; and there were tears upon his hair, rained from the eyes that bent above him. They sat for a long minute in silence. Then the lady, to keep herself from bursting into hysterical tears, kissed Harry again and again, exclaiming:

"My poor, dear boy! My dear, dear child! And Mr. Belcher could have helped it all! Curse him!"

The lad jumped from her arms as if he had received the thrust of a dagger, and looked at her with great, startled, wonder-

ing eyes. She recognized in an instant the awful indiscretion into which she had been betrayed by her fierce and sudden anger, and threw herself upon her knees before the boy, exclaiming:

"Harry, you must forgive me. I was beside myself with anger. I did not know what I was saying. Indeed, I did not. Come to my lap again, and kiss me, or I shall be wretched."

Harry still maintained his attitude and his silence. A furious word from an angel would not have surprised or pained him more than this expression of her anger, that had flashed upon him like a fire from hell.

Still the lady knelt, and pleaded for his forgiveness.

"No one loves me, Harry. If you leave me, and do not forgive me, I shall wish I were dead. You cannot be so cruel."

"I didn't know that ladies ever said such words," said Harry.

"Ladies who have little boys to love them never do," responded Mrs. Dillingham.

"If I love you, shall you ever speak so again?" inquired Harry.

"Never, with you and God to help me," she responded.

She rose to her feet, led the boy to her chair, and once more held him in her embrace.

"You can do me a great deal of good, Harry—a great deal more good than you know, or can understand. Men and women make me worse. There is nobody who can protect me like a child that trusts me. You can trust me."

Then they sat a long time in a silence broken only by Harry's sobs, for the excitement and the reaction had shaken his nerves as if he had suffered a terrible fright.

"You have never told me your whole name, Harry," she said tenderly, with the design of leading him away from the subject of his grief.

"Harry Benedict."

He felt the thrill that ran through her frame, as if it had been a shock of electricity. The arms that held him trembled, and half relaxed their hold upon him. Her heart struggled, intermitted its beat; then throbbed against his reclining head as if it were a hammer. He raised himself, and looked up at her face. It was pale and ghastly; and her eyes were dimly looking far off, as if unconscious of anything near.

"Are you ill?"

There was no answer.

"Are you ill?" with a voice of alarm.

The blood mounted to her face again.

"It was a bad turn," she said. "Don't mind it. I'm better now."

"Isn't it better for me to sit in a chair?" he inquired, trying to rise.

She tightened her grasp upon him.

"No, no. I am better with you here. I wish you were never to leave me."

Again they sat a long time in silence. Then she said:

"Harry, can you write?"

"Yes."

"Well, there is a pencil on the table, and paper. Go and write your father's name. Then come and give me a kiss, and then go home. I shall see you again, perhaps to-night. I suppose I ought to apologize to Mrs. Balfour for keeping you so long."

Harry did her bidding. She did not look at him, but turned her eyes to the window. There she saw Mr. Belcher, who had just been sent away from the door. He bowed, and she returned the bow, but the smile she summoned to her face by force of habit, failed quickly, for her heart had learned to despise him.

Harry wrote the name, left it upon the table, and then came to get his kiss. The caress was calmer and tenderer than any she had given him. His instinct detected the change; and, when he bade her a good night, it seemed as if she had grown motherly,—as if a new life had been developed in her that subordinated the old,—as if, in her life, the sun had set, and the moon had risen.

She had no doubt that as Harry left the door Mr. Belcher would see him, and seek admission at once on his hateful business, for, strong as his passion was for Mrs. Dillingham, he never forgot his knavish affairs, in which he sought to use her as a tool. So when she summoned the servant to let Harry out, she told him that if Mr. Belcher should call, she was too ill to see him.

Mr. Belcher did call within three minutes after the door closed on the lad. He had a triumphant smile on his face, as if he did not doubt that Mrs. Dillingham had been engaged in forwarding his own dirty work. His face blackened as he received her message, and he went wondering home with ill-natured curses on his lips that will not bear repeating.

Mrs. Dillingham closed the doors of her drawing-room, took the paper on which Harry had written, and resumed her seat. For the hour that lay between her and her

dinner, she held the paper in her cold, wet hand. She knew the name she should find there, and she determined that before her eye should verify the prophecy of her heart, she would achieve perfect self-control.

Excited by the interview with the lad, and the prescience of its waiting *dénouement*, her mind went back into his and his father's history. Mr. Belcher could have alleviated that history; nay, prevented it altogether. What had been her own responsibility in the case? She could not have foreseen all the horrors of that history; but she, too, could have prevented it. The consciousness of this filled her with self-condemnation; yet she could not acknowledge herself to be on a level with Mr. Belcher. She was ready and anxious to right all the wrongs she had inflicted; he was bent on increasing and confirming them. She cursed him in her heart for his injustice and cruelty, and almost cursed herself.

But she dwelt most upon the future which the discoveries of the hour had rendered possible to her. She had found a way out of her hateful life. She had found a lad who admired, loved, and trusted her, upon whom she could lavish her hungry affections—one, indeed, upon whom she had a right to lavish them. The life which she had led from girlhood was like one of those deep cañons in the far West, down which her beautiful boat had been gliding between impassable walls that gave her only here and there glimpses of the heaven above. The uncertain stream had its fascinations. There were beautiful shallows over which she had glided smoothly and safely, rocks and rapids over which she had shot swiftly amid attractive dangers, crooked courses that led her did not know whither, landing-places where she could enjoy an hour of the kindly sun. But all the time she knew she was descending. The song of the waterfalls was a farewell song to scenes that could never be witnessed again. Far away perhaps, perhaps near, waited the waters of the gulf that would drink the sparkling stream into its sullen depths, and steep it in its own bitterness. It was beautiful all the way, but it was going down, down, down. It was seeking the level of its death; and the little boat that rode so buoyantly over the crests which betrayed the hidden rocks would be but a chip among the waves of the broad, wild sea that waited at the end.

Out of the fascinating roar that filled her ears; out of the sparkling rapids and sheeny reaches, and misty cataracts that enchanted

her eyes; and out of the relentless drift toward the bottomless sea, she could be lifted! The sun shone overhead. There were rocks to climb where her hands would bleed; there were weary heights to scale; but she knew that on the top there were green pastures and broad skies, and the music of birds—places where she could rest, and from which she could slowly find her way back in loving companionship to the mountains of purity from which she had come.

She revolved the possibilities of the future; and, provided the little paper in her hand should verify her expectations, she resolved to realize them. During the long hour in which she sat thinking, she discounted the emotion which the little paper in her hand held for her, so that, when she unfolded it and read it, she only kissed it, and placed it in her bosom.

After dinner, she ordered her carriage. Then, thinking that it might be recognized by Mr. Belcher, she changed her order, and sent to a public stable for one that was not identified with herself; and so disguising her person that in the evening she would not be known, she ordered the driver to take her to Mr. Balfour's.

Mrs. Dillingham had met Mr. Balfour many times, but she had never, though on speaking terms with her, cultivated Mrs. Balfour's acquaintance, and that lady did not fail to show the surprise she felt when her visitor was announced.

"I have made the acquaintance of your little ward," said Mrs. Dillingham, "and we have become good friends. I enticed him into my house to-day, and as I kept him a long time, I thought I would come over and apologize for his absence."

"I did not know that he had been with you," said Mrs. Balfour, coolly.

"He could do no less than come to me when I asked him to do so," said Mrs. Dillingham; "and I was entirely to blame for his remaining with me so long. You ladies who have children cannot know how sweet their society sometimes is to those who have none."

Mrs. Balfour was surprised. She saw in her visitor's eyes the evidence of recent tears, and there was a moisture in them then, and a subdued and tender tone to her voice which did not harmonize at all with her conception of Mrs. Dillingham's nature and character. Was she trying her arts upon her? She knew of her intimacy with Mr. Belcher, and naturally connected the visit with that unscrupulous person's schemes.

Mrs. Balfour was soon relieved by the entrance of her husband, who greeted Mrs. Dillingham in the old, stereotyped, gallant way in which gentlemen were accustomed to address her. How did she manage to keep herself so young? Would she be kind enough to give Mrs. Balfour the name of her hair-dresser? What waters had she bathed in, what airs had she breathed, that youth should clothe her in such immortal fashion?

Quite to his surprise, Mrs. Dillingham had nothing to say to this badinage. She seemed either not to hear it at all, or to hear it with impatience. She talked in a listless way, and appeared to be thinking of anything but what was said.

At last, she asked Mr. Balfour if she could have the liberty to obtrude a matter of business upon him. She did not like to interfere with his home enjoyments, but he would oblige her much by giving her half an hour of private conversation. Mr. Balfour looked at his wife, received a significant glance, and invited the lady into his library.

It was a long interview. Nine o'clock, ten o'clock, eleven o'clock sounded, and then Mrs. Balfour went upstairs. It was nearly midnight when Mrs. Dillingham emerged from the door. She handed a bank-note to the impatient coachman, and ordered him to drive her home. As she passed Mr. Belcher's corner of the street, she saw Phipps helping his master to mount the steps. He had had an evening of carousal among some of his new acquaintances. "Brute!" she said to herself, and withdrew her head from the window.

Admitted at her door, she went to her room in her unusual wrappings, threw herself upon her knees, and buried her face in her bed. She did not pray; she hardly lifted her thoughts. She was excessively weary. Why she knelt she did not know; but on her knees she thought over the occurrences of the evening. Her hungry soul was full—full of hopes, plans, purposes. She had found something to love.

What is that angel's name who, shut away from ten thousand selfish, sinful lives, stands always ready, when the bearers of those lives are tired of them, and are longing for something better, to open the door into a new realm? What patience and persistence are his! Always waiting, always prepared, cherishing no resentments, willing to lead, anxious to welcome, who is he, and whence came he? If Mrs. Dillingham did not pray, she had a vision of this heavenly visitant, and kissed the hem of his garments.



She rose and walked to her dressing-table. There she found a note in Mrs. Belcher's handwriting, inviting her to a drive in the Park with her and Mr. Belcher on the following afternoon. Whether the invitation was self-moved, or the result of a suggestion from Mr. Belcher, she did not know. In truth, she did not care. She had wronged Mrs. Belcher in many ways, and she would go.

Why was it that when the new and magnificent carriage rolled up to her door the next afternoon, with its wonderful horses and showy equipage, and appointments calculated to attract attention, her heart was smitten with disgust? She was to be stared at; and, during all the drive, she was to sit face to face with a man who believed that he had fascinated her, and who was trying to use her for all the base purposes in which it was possible for her to serve his will. What could she do with him? How, in the new relations of her life to him, should she carry herself?

The drive was a quiet one. Mr. Belcher sat and feasted his greedy, exultant eyes on the woman before him, and marveled at the adroitness with which, to use his own coarse phrase, she "pulled the wool" over the eyes of his wife. In what a lovely way did she hide her passion for him! How sweetly did she draw out the sympathy of the deceived woman at her side! Ah! he could trust her! Her changed, amiable, almost pathetic demeanor was attributed by him to the effect of his power upon her, and her own subtle ingenuity in shielding from the eyes of Mrs. Belcher a love that she deemed hopeless. In his own mind it was not hopeless. In his own determination, it should not be!

As for Mrs. Belcher, she had never so much enjoyed Mrs. Dillingham's society before. She blamed herself for not having understood her better; and when she parted with her for the day, she expressed in hearty terms her wish that she might see more of her in the future.

Mrs. Dillingham, on the return, was dropped at her own door first. Mr. Belcher alighted, and led her up the steps. Then, in a quiet voice, he said:

"Did you find out anything of the boy?"

"Yes, some things, but none that it would be of advantage to you to know."

"Well, stick to him, now that you have got hold of him."

"I intend to."

"Good for you!"

"I imagine that he has been pretty well

drilled," said Mrs. Dillingham, "and told just what he may and must not say to any one."

"You can work it out of him. I'll risk you."

Mrs. Dillingham could hardly restrain her impatience, but said quietly:

"I fancy I have discovered all the secrets I shall ever discover in him. I like the boy, and shall cultivate his acquaintance; but, really, it will not pay you to rely upon me for anything. He is under Mr. Balfour's directions, and very loyal."

Mr. Belcher remembered his own interview with the lad, and recognized the truth of the statement. Then he bade her good-bye, rejoined his wife, and rode home.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH MR. BELCHER BECOMES PRESIDENT OF THE CROOKED VALLEY RAILROAD, WITH LARGE "TERMINAL FACILITIES," AND MAKES AN ADVENTURE INTO A LONG-MEDITATED CRIME.

MR. BELCHER had never made money so rapidly as during the summer following his removal to New York. The tides of wealth rolled in faster than he could compute them. Twenty regiments in the field had been armed with the Belcher rifle, and the reports of its execution and its popularity among officers and men, gave promise of future golden harvests to the proprietor. Ten thousand of them had been ordered by the Prussian Government. His agents in France, Russia, Austria, and Italy, all reported encouragingly concerning their attempts to introduce the new arm into the military service of those countries. The civil war had advanced the price of, and the demand for, the products of his mills at Sevenoaks. The people of that village had never before received so good wages, or been so fully employed. It seemed as if there were work for every man, woman and child, who had hands willing to work. Mr. Belcher bought stocks upon a rising market, and unloaded again and again, sweeping into his capacious coffers his crops of profits. Bonds that early in the war could be bought for a song, rose steadily up to par. Stocks that had been kicked about the market for years, took on value from day to day, and asserted themselves as fair investments. From these, again and again, he harvested the percentage of advance, until his greed was gorged.

That he enjoyed his winnings, is true; but the great trouble with him was that, beyond a certain point, he could show nothing for them. He lived in a palace, surrounded by every appointment of luxury that his wealth could buy. His stables held the choicest horse-flesh that could be picked out of the whole country, from Maine to Kentucky. His diamond shirt-studs were worth thousands. His clothes were of the most expensive fabrics, made at the top of the style. His wife and children had money lavished upon them without stint. In the direction of show, he could do no more. It was his glory to drive in the Park alone, with his servants in livery and his four horses, fancying that he was the observed of all observers, and the envied of all men.

Having money still to spend, it must find a market in other directions. He gave lavish entertainments at his club, at which wine flowed like water, and at which young and idle men were gathered in and debauched, night after night. He was surrounded by a group of flatterers who laughed at his jokes, repeated them to the public, humored his caprices, and lived upon his hospitalities. The plain "Colonel Belcher" of his first few months in New York, grew into "the General," so that Wall street knew him, at last, by that title, without the speaking of his name. All made way for "the General" whenever he appeared. "The General" was "bulling" this stock, and "bearing" that. All this was honey to his palate, and he was enabled to forget something of his desire for show in his love of glory. Power was sweet, as well as display.

Of course, "the General" had forsaken, somewhat, his orderly habits of life—those which had kept him sound and strong in his old country home. He spent few evenings with his family. There was so genuine a passion in his heart for Mrs. Dillingham, that he went into few excesses that compromised a fair degree of truthfulness to her; but he was in the theaters, in the resorts of fast men, among the clubs, and always late in his bed. Phipps had a hard time in looking after and waiting upon him, but had a kind of sympathetic enjoyment in it all, because he knew there was more or less of wickedness connected with it.

Mr. Belcher's nights began to tell upon his days. It became hard for him to rise at his old hours; so, after a while, he received the calls of his brokers in bed. From nine to ten, Mr. Belcher, in his embroidered

dressing-gown, with his breakfast at his side, gave his orders for the operations of the day. The bedroom became the General's head-quarters, and there his staff gathered around him. Half a dozen cabs and carriages at his door in the morning became a daily recurring vision to residents and habitual passengers.

Mr. Talbot, not a regular visitor at this hour, sometimes mingled with the brokers, though he usually came late for the purpose of a private interview. He had managed to retain the General's favor, and to be of such use to him that that gentleman, in his remarkable prosperity, had given up the idea of reducing his profits.

One morning, after the brokers and the General's lawyer were gone, Talbot entered, and found his principal still in bed.

"Toll, it's a big thing," said Mr. Belcher.

"I believe you."

"Toll, what did I tell you? I've always worked to a programme, and exactly this was my programme when I came here. How's your wife?"

"Quite well."

"Why don't we see more of her?"

"Well, Mrs. Talbot is a quiet woman, and knows her place. She isn't quite at home in such splendors as yours, you know, and she naturally recognizes my relations to you."

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense, Toll! She mustn't feel that way. I like her. She's a devilish handsome woman."

"I shall tell her that you say so," said the obsequious Mr. Talbot.

"Toll, my boy, I've got an idea."

"Cherish it, General; you may never have another."

"Good for you. I owe you one."

"Not at all, General. I'm only paying off old debts."

"Toll, how are you doing now? Getting a living?"

"Thanks to you, General, I am thriving in a modest way. I don't aspire to any such profits as you seem to win so easily, so I have no fault to find."

"The General has been a godsend to you, hasn't he, eh? Happy day when you made his acquaintance, eh? Well, go ahead; it's all right. Pile it up while you can."

"But you haven't told me about your idea," Mr. Talbot suggested.

"Well, Toll, I'm pining for a railroad. I'm crying nights for a railroad. A fellow must have amusements, you know. Health

must be taken care of, eh? All the fellows have railroads. It's well enough to keep horses and go to the theater. A steamship line isn't bad, but the trouble is, a man can't be captain of his own vessels. No, Toll; I need a railroad. I'm yearning for engines, and double tracks, and running over my own line."

"You might buy up a European kingdom or two, at a pinch, General."

"Yes; but, Toll, you don't know what terminal facilities I've got for a railroad."

"Your pocket will answer for one end," said Talbot, laughing.

"Right, the first time," responded the General, "and glory will answer for the other. Toll, do you know what I see at the other end?"

"No."

"I see a man of about the size of Robert Belcher in the chair of an Alderman. I see him seated on a horse, riding down Broadway at the head of a regiment. I see him Mayor of the City of New York. I see him Governor of the State. I see him President of the United States. I see no reason why he cannot hold any one, or all these offices. All doors yield to a golden key. Toll, I haven't got to go as far as I have come, to reach the top. Do you know it? Big thing! Yes, Toll, I must have a railroad."

"Have you selected the toy you propose to purchase?" inquired Talbot.

"Well, I've looked about some; but the trouble is, that all the best of 'em are in hands that can hold them. I must buy a poor one and build it up, or make it build me up."

"That's a pity."

"I don't know about that. The big ones are hard to handle, and I'm not quite big enough for them yet. What do you say to the Crooked Valley?"

"Poor road, and wants connections."

"Those are exactly the points. I can buy it for a song, issue bonds, and build the connections—issue plenty of bonds, and build plenty of connections. Terminal facilities large—do you understand? Eh, Toll?"

Mr. Talbot laughed.

"I don't think you need any suggestions from me," he said.

"No; the General can manage this thing without help. He only wanted to open your eyes a little, and get you ready for your day's work. You fellows who fiddle around with a few goods need waking up occasionally. Now, Toll, go off and let the General get up.

"I must have a railroad before night or I shall not be able to sleep a wink. Bye-bye!"

Talbot turned to leave the room, when Mr. Belcher arrested him with the question:

"Toll, would you like an office in the Crooked Valley corporation?"

Talbot knew that the corporation would have a disgraceful history, and a disastrous end—that it would be used by the General for the purposes of stealing, and that the head of it would not be content to share the plunder with others. He had no wish to be his principal's cat's-paw, or to be identified with an enterprise in which, deprived of both will and voice, he should win neither profit nor credit. So he said:

"No, I thank you; I have all I can do to take care of your goods, and I am not ambitious."

"There'll be nothing for you to do, you know. I shall gun the whole thing."

"I can serve you better, General, where I am."

"Well, bye-bye; I won't urge you."

After Talbot left, Mr. Belcher rose and carefully dressed himself. Phipps was already at the door with his carriage, and, half an hour afterward, the great proprietor, full of his vain and knavish projects, took his seat in it, and was whirled off down to Wall street. His brokers had already been charged with his plans, and, before he reached the ground, every office where the Crooked Valley stock was held had been visited, and every considerable deposit of it ascertained, so that, before night, by one grand swoop, the General had absorbed a controlling interest in the corporation.

A few days afterward, the annual meeting was held, Mr. Belcher was elected President, and every other office was filled by his creatures and tools. His plans for the future of the road gradually became known, and the stock began to assume a better position on the list. Weak and inefficient corporations were already in existence for completing the various connections of the road, and of these he immediately, and for moderate sums, bought the franchises. Within two months, bonds were issued for building the roads, and the roads themselves were put under contract. The "terminal facilities" of one end of every contract were faithfully attended to by Mr. Belcher. His pockets were still capacious and absorbent. He parted with so much of his appreciated stock as he could spare without impairing his control, and so, at the end of a few months, found himself in the possession of still another harvest. Not

only this, but he found his power increased. Men watched him, and followed him into other speculations. They hung around him, anxious to get indications of his next movement. They flattered him; they fawned upon him; and to those whom he could in any way use for his own purposes, he breathed little secrets of the market from which they won their rewards. People talked about what "the General" was doing, and proposed to do, as if he were a well-recognized factor in the financial situation.

Whenever he ran over his line, which he often did for information and amusement, and for the pleasure of exercising his power, he went in a special car, at break-neck speed, by telegraph, always accompanied by a body of friends and toadies, whom he feasted on the way. Everybody wanted to see him. He was as much a lion as if he had been an Emperor or a murderer. To emerge upon a platform at a way-station, where there were hundreds of country people who had flocked in to witness the exhibition, was his great delight. He spoke to them familiarly and good-naturedly; transacted his business with a rush; threw the whole village into tumult; waved his hand; and vanished in a cloud of dust. Such enterprise, such confidence, such strength, such interest in the local prosperities of the line, found their natural result in the absorption of the new bonds. They were purchased by individuals and municipal corporations. Freight was diverted from its legitimate channels, and drawn over the road at a loss; but it looked like business. Passes were scattered in every direction, and the passenger traffic seemed to double at once. All was bustle, drive, business. Under a single will, backed by a strong and orderly executive capacity, the dying road seemed to leap into life. It had not an employé who did not know and take off his hat to the General. He was a kind of god, to whom they all bowed down; and to be addressed or chaffed by him was an honor, to be reported to friends, and borne home with self-congratulations to wives and children.

The General, of course, had moments of superlative happiness. He never had enjoyed anything more than he enjoyed his railroad. His notoriety with the common people along the line—the idea which they cherished that he could do anything he wished to do; that he had only to lift his hand to win gold to himself or to bear it to them—these were pleasant in themselves; but to have their obeisance witnessed by his

city friends and associates, while they discussed his champagne and boned turkey from the abounding hampers which always furnished "the President's car"—this was the crown of his pleasure. He had a pleasure, too, in business. He never had enough to do, and the railroad which would have loaded down an ordinary man with an ordinary conscience, was only a pleasant diversion to him. Indeed, he was wont to reiterate, when rallied upon his new enterprise: "The fact was, I had to do something for my health, you know."

Still, the General was not what could be called a happy man. He knew the risks he ran on 'Change. He had been reminded, by two or three mortifying losses, that the sun did not always shine on Wall street. He knew that his railroad was a bubble, and that sooner or later it would burst. Times would change, and, after all, there was nothing that would last like his manufactures. With a long foresight, he had ordered the funds received from the Prussian sales of the Belcher rifle to be deposited with a European banking house at interest, to be drawn against in his foreign purchases of material; yet he never drew against this deposit. Self-confident as he was, glutton with success as he was, he had in his heart a premonition that some time he might want that money just where it was placed. So there it lay, accumulating interest. It was an anchor to windward, that would hold him if ever his bark should drift into shallow or dangerous waters.

The grand trouble was, that he did not own a single patent by which he was thriving in both branches of his manufactures. He had calculated upon worrying the inventor into a sale, and had brought his designs very nearly to realization, when he found, to his surprise and discomfiture, that he had driven him into a mad-house. Rich as he was, therefore, there was something very unsubstantial in his wealth, even to his own apprehension. Sometimes it all seemed like a bubble, which a sudden breath would wreck. Out of momentary despondencies, originating in visions like these, he always rose with determinations that nothing should come between him and his possessions and prosperities which his hand, by fair means or foul, could crush.

Mr. Balfour, a lawyer of faultless character and undoubted courage, held his secret. He could not bend him or buy him. He was the one man in all the world whom he was afraid of. He was the one man in New

York who knew whether Benedict was alive or not. He had Benedict's heir in his house, and he knew that by him the law would lay its hand on him and his possessions. He only wondered that the action was delayed. Why was it delayed? Was he, Mr. Belcher, ready for it? He knew he was not, and he saw but one way by which he could become so. Over this he hesitated, hoping that some event would occur which would render his projected crime unnecessary.

Evening after evening, when every member of his family was in bed, he shut himself in his room, looked behind every article of furniture to make himself sure that he was alone, and then drew from its drawer the long unexecuted contract with Mr. Benedict, with the accompanying autograph letters, forwarded to him by Sam Yates. Whole quires of paper he traced with the names of "Nicholas Johnson" and "James Ramsey." After he had mastered the peculiarities of their signs manual, he took up that of Mr. Benedict. Then he wrote the three names in the relations in which he wished them to appear on the document. Then he not only burned all the paper he had used, in the grate, but pulverized its ashes.

Not being able to ascertain whether Benedict were alive or dead, it would be necessary to produce a document which would answer his purpose in either case. Of course, it would be requisite that its date should anticipate the inventor's insanity. He would make one more effort to ascertain a fact that had so direct a relation to his future security.

Accordingly, one evening, after his railroad scheme was fairly inaugurated, he called on Mrs. Dillingham, determined to obtain from her what she knew. He had witnessed for months her fondness for Harry Benedict. The boy had, apparently with the consent of the Balfours, been frequently in her house. They had taken long drives together in the Park. Mr. Belcher felt that there was a peculiar intimacy between the two, yet not one satisfactory word had he ever heard from the lady about her new pet. He had become conscious, too, of a certain change in her. She had been less in society, was more quiet than formerly, and more reticent in his presence, though she had never repulsed him. He had caught fewer glimpses of that side of her nature and character which he had once believed was sympathetic with his own. Misled by his own vanity into the constant belief that she

was seriously in love with himself, he was determined to utilize her passion for his own purposes. If she would not give kisses, she should give confidence.

"Mrs. Dillingham," he said, "I have been waiting to hear something about your pauper *protégé*, and I have come to-night to find out what you know about him and his father."

"If I knew of anything that would be of real advantage to you, I would tell you, but I do not," she replied.

"Well, that's an old story. Tell that to the marines. I'm sick of it."

Mrs. Dillingham's face flushed.

"I prefer to judge for myself, if it's all the same to you," pursued the proprietor. "You've had the boy in your hands for months, and you know him, through and through, or else you are not the woman I have taken you for."

"You have taken me for, Mr. Belcher?"

"Nothing offensive. Don't roll up your pretty eyes in that way."

Mrs. Dillingham was getting angry.

"Please don't address me in that way again," she said.

"Well, what the devil have you to do with the boy any way, if you are not at work for me? That's what I'd like to know."

"I like him, and he is fond of me."

"I don't see how that helps me," responded Mr. Belcher.

"It is enough for me that I enjoy it."

"Oh, it is!"

"Yes, it is," with an emphatic nod of the head.

"Perhaps you think that will go down with me. Perhaps you are not acquainted with my way of doing business."

"Are you doing business with me, Mr. Belcher? Am I a partner of yours? If I am, perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me—business-like enough to tell me—why you wish me to worm secrets out of this boy."

It was Mr. Belcher's turn to color.

"No, I will not. I trust no woman with my affairs. I keep my own councils."

"Then do your own business," snappishly.

"Mrs. Dillingham, you and I are friends—destined, I trust, to be better friends—closer friends than we have ever been. This boy is of no consequence to you, and you cannot afford to sacrifice a man who can serve you more than you seem to know, for him."

"Well," said the lady, "there is no use

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in acting under a mask any longer. I would not betray the confidence of a child to serve any man I ever saw. You have been kind to me, but you have not trusted me. The lad loves me, and trusts me, and I will never betray him. What I tell you is true. I have learned nothing from him that can be of any genuine advantage to you. That is all the answer you will ever get from me. If you choose to throw away our friendship, you can take the responsibility," and Mrs. Dillingham hid her face in her handkerchief.

Mr. Belcher had been trying an experiment, and he had not succeeded—could not succeed; and there sat the beautiful, magnanimous woman before him, her heart torn as he believed with love for him, yet loyal to her ideas of honor as they related to a confiding child! How beautiful she was! Vexed he certainly was, but there was a balm for his vexation in these charming revelations of her character.

"Well," he said rising, and in his old good-natured tone, "there's no accounting for a woman. I'm not going to bother you."

He seized her unresisting hand, pressed it to his lips, and went away. He did not hear the musical giggle that followed him into the street, but, absorbed by his purpose, went home and mounted to his room. Locking the door, and peering about among the furniture, according to his custom, he sat down at his desk, drew out the old contract, and started at his usual practice. "Sign it," he said to himself, "and then you can use it or not—just as you please. It's not the signing that will trouble you; it's the using."

He tried the names all over again, and then, his heart beating heavily against the desk, he spread the document and essayed his task. His heart jarred him. His hand trembled. What could he do to calm himself? He rose and walked to his mirror, and found that he was pale. "Are you afraid?" he said to himself. "Are you a coward? Ha! ha! ha! ha! Did I laugh? My God! how it sounded! Aren't you a pretty King of Wall Street! Aren't you a lovely President of the Crooked Valley Railroad! Aren't you a sweet sort of a nabob! You *must* do it! Do you hear? You *must* do it! Eh? do you hear? Sit down, sir! Down with you, sir! and don't you rise again until the thing is done."

The heart-thumping passed away. The reaction, under the strong spur and steady push of will, brought his nerves up to steadiness, and he sat down, took his pencils and pens that had been selected for the service,

and wrote first the name of Paul Benedict, and then, as witnesses, the names of Nicholas Johnson and James Ramsey.

So the document was signed, and witnessed by men whom he believed to be dead. The witnesses whose names he had forged he knew to be dead. With this document he believed he could defend his possession of all the patent rights on which the permanence of his fortune depended. He permitted the ink to dry, then folded the paper, and put it back in its place. Then he shut and opened the drawer, and took it out again. It had a genuine look.

Then he rang his bell and called for Phipps. When Phipps appeared he said:

"Well, Phipps, what do you want?"

"Nothing, sir," and Phipps smiled.

"Very well; help yourself"

"Thank you, sir," and Phipps rubbed his hands.

"How are you getting along in New York, Phipps?"

"Very well, sir."

"Big thing to be round with the General, isn't it? It's a touch above Sevenoaks, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get enough to eat down-stairs?"

"Plenty."

"Good clothes to wear?"

"Very good," and Phipps looked down upon his toilet with great satisfaction.

"Stolen mostly from the General, eh?"

Phipps giggled.

"That's all; you can go. I only wanted to see if you were in the house, and well taken care of."

Phipps started to go. "By the way, Phipps, have you a good memory?—first-rate memory?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you remember everything that happened, a—say, six years ago?"

"I can try," said Phipps, with an intelligent glance into Mr. Belcher's eyes.

"Do you remember a day, about six years ago, when Paul Benedict came into my house at Sevenoaks, with Nicholas Johnson and James Ramsey, and they all signed a paper together?"

"Very well," replied Phipps.

"And do you remember that I said to you, after they were gone, that that paper gave me all of Benedict's patent rights?"

Phipps looked up at the ceiling, and then said:

"Yes, sir, and I remember that I said, 'It will make you very rich, won't it, Mr. Belcher?'"

"And what did I reply to you?"

"You said, 'That remains to be seen.'"

"All right. Do you suppose you should know that paper if you were to see it?"

"I think I should—after I'd seen it once."

"Well, there it is—suppose you take a look at it."

"I remember it by the two blots in the corner, and the red lines down the side."

"You didn't write your own name, did you?"

"It seems to me I did."

"Suppose you examine the paper, under James Ramsey's name, and see whether yours is there."

Mr. Belcher walked to his glass, turning his back on Phipps. The latter sat down, and wrote his name upon the spot thus blindly suggested.

"It is here, sir."

"Ah! So you have found it! You distinctly remember writing it on that occasion, and can swear to it, and to the signatures of the others?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"And all this was done in my library, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you happen to be there when these other men were there?"

"You called me in, sir."

"All right! You never smoke, Phipps?"

"Never in the stable, sir."

"Well, lay these cigars away where you have laid the rest of 'em, and go to bed."

Phipps took the costly bundle of cigars that was handed to him, carried them by habit to his nose, said "Thank you, sir," and went off down the stairs, felicitating himself on the ease with which he had won so choice a treasure.

The effect of Phipps's signature on Mr. Belcher's mind was a curious illustration of the self-deceptions in which a human heart may indulge. Companionship in crime, the sharing of responsibility, the fact that the paper was to have been signed at the time it was drawn, and would have been signed but for the accident of Benedict's insanity; the fact that he had paid moneys with the expectation of securing a title to the inventions he was using—all these gave to the paper an air of genuineness which surprised even Mr. Belcher himself.

When known evil seems absolutely good to a man, and conscious falsehood takes on the semblance and the authority of truth, the Devil has him fast.

(To be continued.)

## THE WELCOME.

BLOW, summer winds, from Orient isles;  
Through summer days prolong  
Your incense-breathing choruses  
In fullest tide of song,  
For Love has come.

Bloom, summer flowers in summer fields;  
Empty each perfumed cup  
Upon the bosom of the winds;  
Let glad hearts drink it up,  
For Love has come.

Gleam, eastern skies, with rosy light;  
Flash out your golden beams  
Across the zenith, to where dips  
The western isle of dreams,  
For Love has come.

Shine bright upon us, stars of night,  
From azure fields afar;  
Build up to heaven a shining track  
For life's triumphal car,  
For Love has come.

## THE MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

CHOOSE any artist that you know—the one with the kindest nature and the finest perceptions—and ask him to give you his idea of the genius of the commonplace, and my word for it, he paints you a middle-aged woman. The thing, he will say, proves itself. Here is a creature jogging on leisurely at midday in the sight of all men along a well-tramped road. The mists of dawn are far behind her; she has not yet reached the shadows of evening. The softness and blushes, and shy, sparkling glances of the girl she was, have long been absorbed into muddy thick skin, sodden outlines, rational eyes. There are crows' feet at either temple, and yellowish blotches on the flesh below the soggy under-jaw. Her chestnut-brown hair used to warm and glitter in the sun, and after a few years it will make a white crown upon her head, a sacred halo to her children; but just now it is stiff with a greasy hair dye, and is of an unclean and indescribable hue.

Young girls, with that misty dawn about them, may lack both beauty and wit; but there is a charm in their fresh untainted homeliness, in the ardor of their foolishness. They pour forth their thoughts in silly school essays, and they seem to run no deeper than roses and moonlight and eternal friendships. They talk all day long about their lovers and pretty finery, and we listen with delight to it all, and do not ask for common sense any more than we would in the chatter of the swallows building their nests. It is the fresh morning air which blows about them and revives us. It is because they "bear white shields of expectation."

But the middle-aged woman expects nothing; she has proved, gauged it all. She does not carry a white shield, that we all can see, but a basket of undarned stockings. Her talk is of butter and cures for catarrh, and if she adverts to roses, it is to tell you the secret of her success in raising them and the manure which they prefer.

What can any artist, with either pen or pencil, make of this bare ordinary shape? Shakespeare himself, driven to the limning of her, can only

"Let husbands know  
Their wives have sense like them; they see, and  
smell,  
And have their palates, both for sweet and sour."

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The average American husband does not lack such practical knowledge of his wife. There may have been an uncertain glamour about her in the days when she stood, half child, half woman, trying to unbar with her soft pink-tinted hand certain doors of life. It may gather around her again in old age, when the dreadful prophetic shadow begins to fall upon her gray head. But in middle-age she is the unromantic center of an unromantic world of daily dinners, anxieties about children, and worries about cooks and chambermaid. Underneath all this the husband may have a dateless love, even passion for his wife, just as he has a stone foundation for the house he lives in. But he does not drag his friends down to the cellar every day to examine his foundation; and he does not pose at his wife's feet in public, or write verses in her honor. When his affection takes that form of chills and fever there is a strong probability that poses and verses will some day be tested in a divorce suit.

It is certain, however, that this woman, just at the age when the poet and novelist will have none of her, is the fittest subject for the student of human nature. After thirty her whims have hardened into prejudices, her foibles into character. There she is unmistakably, domestic machine, fool, saint. The features of the landscape are surely best seen at high noon. If the misty romance is gone from her it is because she grapples now with the real pain and joy and devils that beset life. Dolly at sixteen finds herself neglected at a ball, and writes in her diary of relentless destiny, of intolerable loneliness. At forty she finds herself a widow, penniless, with half a dozen children, and goes out bravely to get machine-sewing to do. At sixteen she weeps poetic tears over the fate of the lost Pleiad; some day she will lay her little baby in the grave and go on with her work, carrying a cheerful face through the house "for the sake of father and the boys;" only at night, when she misses the little hand fumbling at her breast, daring to cry her bitter tears out upon her pillow, when none but God can see or hear.

Whoever would gain a clear idea of the condition of American society, too, must take the middle-aged woman as the index. The generation of gray-headed grandmothers are carrying out of the world its old-fashioned

prejudices; the young woman is in an uneasy transition stage, not quite sure whether she would rather next week write a book, be married, or perform a capital operation in surgery.

But take a woman of forty anywhere in the States, and you have an embodied history and prophecy of the social condition of the country, practical and minute as you can find nowhere else except in a daily newspaper.

If you have a curiosity, for example, to inspect the development of woman from the fifteenth century until now, there is no need of materialized spirits to make up the panorama. For the beginning, take a horse or mule, and penetrate for a hundred miles or two the mountains of North Carolina, making friends as you go with the farmers' wives. There is her biography written, page after page, clearer than type. If you want white villanage, go into the hovels in the Nantahela range, where your hostess shall give you corn-cakes and fried opossum (which you eat with your fingers), and rye coffee poured into a gourd. This matron has, therefore, no dishes to wash and no beds to make, as by an ingenious contrivance the boards of the floor are lifted at night, disclosing a trench filled with straw, in which the whole family kennel. Life is reduced for her to the simple elements of child-bearing and eating as necessities, and the luxury of wearing a hoop-skirt (which invariably hangs on the wall) under the calico rag clept a dress.

Down in the gorges cut by the Okonalufuta you will find a house made of a dozen log huts squatted together with open passages between, through which a cart could be driven. Pigs and chickens run riot through these passages in summer, and bears in winter come down at night and peer curiously into them. My friend, Mistress Pitloe, is the head of this household. Her loom, heavy and home-made, with logs for beams, stands in one of the passages. The indigo-dyed cloth, which she, her husband and sons, all wear, was sheared in the wool, carded, spun, woven, and sewed by herself. She is a tall, raw-boned woman of fifty, scrupulously clean, with grizzled hair drawn back from the dark, clear-cut face, which betrays her French Huguenot descent. Squire Pitloe (Colonel in the war) is the wealthiest farmer in the country, a knowing politician, as politics go there. His son edits "The Haywood County Times." In Pennsylvania his wife would drive her old horses

and family carriage into town, and in her seeded black silk preside as chairman of committees on jelly or pianos at the State fair. But Mistress Pitloe, as she is called, has not left the farm for five years; her chances for reading consists of the Bible and a yellow pile of Baptist tracts which lie on the chest of drawers. They belonged to her father, she tells you, but she never has had time to read them.

Her house has not a glass window in it; the walls inside show the bare logs with the mud chinking; empty boxes serve for chairs; but she has hung white homespun netting from ceiling to floor; the delicate cleanliness everywhere, the very smell of the drying herbs overhead, somehow convince you that you are in the house of a chaste wife and careful mother.

She goes afield every day with the Squire and the farm-hands (both white and black) to plow or hoe corn, and hurries back to help the negro cook with the dinner. When it is served, she sits down with her husband and sons, but only to wait on them; she eats with the servants, and is held in effect their social companion and equal. Yet, if you talk with her for an hour, you find her more keen-witted and just than any man of the household; she will give you shrewd hints of the real condition of the freed slaves or polygamous Cherokees about her—a condition her husband has hardly yet suspected to exist. But it has not yet occurred to her that emancipation waits for her. She is no more inclined to question the limitations which make a beast of burden of her, than she is to quarrel with the monotonous hill-ranges, clad in the funereal black of the balsam, that have shut her in since her birth.

I tremble to think of the consequences should Mrs. Fanning, or any other emancipated Bostonian, be tempted next summer to penetrate this prison-house of nature, and share the fried chicken and corn bread of Squire Pitloe at his boarding rate of one dollar per week. How her freed soul would yearn to carry back Mistress Pitloe, and produce her in the parlors of the Radical Club as she might a bone of the Megalosaurus, or any other relic of an extinct era!

But I am tolerably sure that grave, slow-spoken Mistress Pitloe would put this lady, or any other reformer, outside of her gates in two days' time. To her, and to her like, an unusual idea of any sort has always something in it of indecent and devilish.

Could any contrast be stronger in Mrs. Fanning's eyes than that of this obscure, gray-

headed drudge, and brilliant little Mrs. Pettit, whose thoughts and opinions everybody has heard, but who is only known in the flesh to a small coterie in New York? She is too diffident to appear in public as lecturer or even reader, and too unconventional to tolerate the fashionable mobs of society. People who have been stirred by her trenchant editorials, or have felt the tears rise and their hearts soften at the pathos of her poems, manage with difficulty to penetrate to her home, and are amazed to find a little roly-poly, rose-tinted, merry dot of a woman, busied with orphan asylums, or crèches for babies, or any other business which will bring children about her. Her husband is Professor J. Pettit, well known to the scientific world; he confesses that for much of the research in German libraries, and all the statistics of his great work on "The Political History of European Peoples," we are indebted to his wife, who felt it her duty to be his helpmate in that work as much as in preparing the delicious game suppers in which his soul delights.

During the last two years, as all the writing world knows, Mrs. Pettit has had charge of one of the leading monthly periodicals of the country, the popular author whose name weights it as editor being only a figure-head for the public eye. She has a little closet of an office in the publishing house, where she sits for five hours each day in close-fitting gown of brown serge, grappling with the heap of manuscripts that grows with every mail. There is probably no subject or fact known to modern thought with which she is not thus brought in contact in the course of the year. At 4 P. M. she locks her office door, and goes home, and there is not a more picturesque, or better-dressed woman, or daintier dinner in New York, than those which welcome her husband, and her boys an hour later. Her sons are very proud of their little mother; there is nothing which she does not know, they will tell you, though perhaps babies and pottery are her strong points. She is infallible in questions of teething, and doles out the most advanced theories of hygiene to young mothers. Collectors of rare china, or Japanese bronzes, take their specimens to her for a final verdict; indeed, one can hardly tell whether her touch is more affectionate and tender when handling a new-born baby or an old cracked tea-pot.

But, after all, Mrs. Pettit, pen in hand in her office, and Mistress Pitloe holding the plow, have only taken different handles of the same electric battery. As far as each is able, she is making life healthfuller and cheerfuller, and nearer to God for her husband and children and neighbors, whether these last mean a few half-breed Indians or the hundred thousand readers of a magazine. It is precisely the same work as that of countless other unpicturesque, middle-aged women, from Maine woods to Pennsylvania villages, or California ranches—the great, decent, religious, unknown majority, never to be interviewed, or published in any shape, out of whose daily lives grow the modesties, the strength, the virtue of American homes, the safety of our future.

Such women, whether they be wives of millionaires or laborers, always make real again in the world the one poetic ideal of a middle-aged woman—Bunyan's Christiana, who set out with her little ones along the weary way from the City of Destruction to the dark flood which barred heaven from them. It is worth while for wives and mothers, even now in 1875, to read of her daily work—how she urged her boys, and carried her babies in her arms, and did not fall into the Slough of Despond, as her husband had done, and never forgot to take Mercy along with her. How one day her task was to face Apollyon, and the next, to "cure Matthew of stomach-gripes from eating green apples." How there gathered about her, in the course of the long, painful journey, children's children and friends, and the poor, the lame, and the blind, and walked with her, and were a joyous, happy company, until the end came. There is nothing to me more pathetic in any history than the words which tell of how one day the messenger came to this gray-haired woman to say that her work as wife and mother at last was done. Then she called her children about her, and was gladdened in that last hour to see that they had kept their garments so white; and after she had put them in the care of her old friends, she went down with a beckon of farewell into the dark river, beyond which the gate stood open where her Lord waited for her, and the husband of her youth, and was seen no more.

"And at her departure her children wept. But Greatheart played upon the well-tuned cymbal and the harp for joy."



## DARWINISM.

THE experience of the past half-century has prepared the public for the overthrow of long-credited and traditionally received opinions.

The gigantic strides of free principles in Governments, the rewriting of history on new canons of criticism, and the establishment of new positions along well-nigh the whole line of the sciences, have produced not merely a toleration, but a ready acceptance, of that which is revolutionary; have secured for every new speculation in the domain of thought, not only a candid hearing, but a bias in its favor in the very fact of its novelty. It has become more difficult to be a conservative than a radical in politics, an orthodox than a liberal in religion, a holder to the old theory than a convert to the new in science; just as fifty years ago it was the reverse, because novelty now gives a favorable presumption, as it gave an adverse presumption in the days of our fathers.

The truth is more in danger in our day from the prejudice that accepts without question the new, than from that which unreasonably holds to the old.

This fact, it seems to us, needs to be remembered in estimating the claims of that scientific or philosophical opinion, named, from its chief propounder and advocate, Darwinism; especially as it is possible that very much of its popularity and acceptance among the rising generation of writers and thinkers may be due to this tendency.

The welcome which the public have extended to Darwin's writings, the avidity with which his speculations have been accepted as probable, and their rapid attainment of prominence in current thought and literature, are surely among the notable features of the times, and seem at first glance to warrant the presumption that what he has advanced rests upon well-nigh irrefragable proofs.

This would seem to be the inference of Darwin himself, and of many of his followers. In his later works, Darwin claims for his newly propounded law a potency, embracing not only of man but of his moral and spiritual endowments, and an authority, such as belongs to an established verity of science, rather than a probable hypothesis,—while many of his followers conclude that it scarcely need be longer debated whether Darwin's theory is or can be true,

but, its truth assumed as beyond question, it should be made the starting-point and basis in all further study and speculation.

If there were not a possibility that much of the favor with which Darwin's views have been received is due to other reasons than the conclusiveness of his arguments, these inferences might go unchallenged, and we might without further inquiry accept the theory as presumably correct. But in view of the tendency above noted, and the possible imperfect acquaintance of many with the precise character of Darwin's postulates and arguments, it seems only fair to regard the case as yet open, and only to be decided by an impartial weighing of the evidence.

We ask the reader, therefore, to lay aside prejudice either for or against Darwin and his hypothesis, and accompany us in an examination of the questions raised for solution.

These respect the origin, not, indeed, as regards Darwin, of life itself, but of the different forms of life.

According to well-nigh universal opinion, any thorough classification of animate organisms leads ultimately to certain limits to the variations observable in different individuals and successive generations; so that of certain types and forms of life it may be asserted that they have existed in succession from the beginning; and to account for their introduction on the earth the intervention of a Creator, and a direct act of creation, must be supposed.

Naturalists have differed widely as to the number of such fixed types of being, or species, as they have in what is necessary to constitute a species; but with here and there an exception, all have agreed that in order to the origination of a species, when once determined, there must have been the exercise of creative might. The question raised by Darwinism is, whether this opinion is longer defensible; whether the different forms and types of life have, as has been generally maintained, been introduced on our earth by the direct interposition of the Creator; or have been evolved or developed through forces inherent in themselves or their surroundings, from one, or at least a very few, primordial germs.

From the time of the Greek philosophers, this latter view has existed as a speculative hypothesis, and, within the last fifty years,

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repeated attempts have been made, as by Lamarck, Saint-Hilaire, and others, to provide it with a scientific basis.

But previous to Darwin, it is almost universally conceded that the evolutionists had failed to make out their case, or show by what agencies or laws species could have arisen.

Darwin modestly claims "that he has contributed somewhat to the overthrow of the dogma of special creations," but he readily might claim much more, for to him and his theory the development hypothesis owes nearly all of scientific basis that it possesses.

To him belongs the credit of formulating a law, the working of which, it can plausibly be maintained, will account for the various and advanced forms about us, and explain many of the facts fatal to all previous theories of evolution.

One feature of Darwin's theory has greatly served to commend it and secure acceptance: it is the apparent simplicity and almost axiomatic truthfulness of the principles from which it is deduced, and of which it is only the wider application.

At the basis of it lies the law of heredity, the operation of which is observable everywhere about us, and the power of which, within certain limits, no one will dispute. In accordance with this law, like produces like with the utmost certainty; though not, as every observer has to confess, with absolute entirety. A general likeness ever coexists with a degree of diversity. The offspring resembles its parents, and yet may vary in one or many peculiarities of form or function.

It is through the operation of this law that the many profitable variations among domesticated plants and animals have arisen. Human intelligence has cumulated minute variations of different kinds and in well-nigh every direction, and has thus produced the myriad varieties of flowers and fruits that bedeck our gardens or please our palates, and the widely diversified varieties of animals that for utility or companionship have been domesticated.

Beside this law stands one equally susceptible of demonstration; viz., that plants and animals increase in a geometrical ratio.

One pair of Aphides in a single season will multiply into one thousand quadrillions; and at the lowest rate of increase known in the vegetable or animal kingdom, a simple computation will show that only a few thousand years would be required for

the earth to be filled with the progeny of a single pair.

Linnaeus calculated that if an annual plant produced only two seeds, and their seedlings the next year produced two, and so on, then, in twenty years, there would be a million plants. And Darwin has computed the living progeny of a single pair of elephants—they being taken as the slowest breeders of all known animals—at nineteen million at the end of seven hundred and fifty years.

In view of this high rate of increase there arises a struggle for existence throughout the whole domain of organic life. But for the destruction at one period of life or another of a large proportion of this increase, earth could not sustain its inhabitants. By predation of one species on another, by epidemics, by extremes of climatic changes, by insufficiency of food, this excessive increase is held in check, and the totality of living plants and animals on the earth is kept well-nigh stationary.

In view of this struggle for life, and the perpetuation of only a part of these multitudinous organisms, Darwin has deduced a third principle, the basis of his theory of evolution; and yet within certain limits, and in one form of its presentation, so clearly legitimate, that it is scarcely more than a formulated truism. This third principle or law he terms "Natural Selection; or, Survival of the Fittest."

In view of the severity of the struggle for existence, those individuals of each species best fitted to maintain the struggle—i. e., the strongest; those having the best means of defense against enemies or sudden changes of climate; those best endowed to secure their needful food, live and leave offspring to perpetuate their advantageous peculiarities; while the weaker, the less endowed, the less defensive, perish. No one, we imagine, would dispute the operation of such a law as this any more than the previous ones, since it arises, well-nigh necessarily, from the nature of things. The whole question turns on the *extent* of its application.

Is its operation confined within fixed boundaries, within the limits of each species, governing the development of varieties, restraining the growth of monstrosities, and regulating the numbers and persistence of each particular order or being; or is its potency universal and unlimited?

Darwin and his followers claim for it the widest efficiency, and seek, on the sup-

position of almost unlimited time, and the creation of one or very few lowly organized germs, to account, through its potency, for all the diversity of form and function at present existing.

It accounts, according to the Darwinist, not only for the production of different forms of one type, but for the differentiation of the most complex organizations from the simplest. The history of life on our globe is, according to this school, a slow and gradual ascent through well-nigh infinite time from the most simple and embryotic structures. The advance is by slight and almost insensible gradations; it is "only by the preservation and accumulation of small inherited modifications, each profitable to the preserved being."

In naming his law "Natural Selection," he would seem to imply a power in nature to select and preserve peculiar forms and functions as profitable; but this is not his idea. The individual has no power to adapt himself to his surroundings, and the surroundings have no power to mold the individual; but the action of destructive forces cuts down all not adapted to win their way and maintain the struggle; those that are left are left because adapted to their surroundings, and they will leave descendants, some as well adapted as themselves, some less so; some with peculiarities better adjusted than their own; these last will be the ones most certain to survive. The same operation will be repeated with each succeeding generation; and, as the profitable peculiarities will be growingly diverse, the preserved individuals will differ more and more, until, in time, common descent can scarcely be recognized.

A fact in respect to the insects found on the island of Madeira furnishes an apt illustration of the working of this law.

It is observed that insects found on this island, though of the same orders as elsewhere, are peculiar in being either wingless—*i. e.*, to such an extent as to unfit them for long flights—or else with abnormally developed and powerful wings.

Darwin explains this on his hypothesis from the prevalence of a very strong and persistent seaward wind; so powerful as to carry out to sea and drown insects of only ordinary powers of flight; so that, in successive generations, the only individuals preserved were those with exceptional power of wing, or those exceptionally destitute.

The peculiar form of the giraffe has been adduced as another illustrative example.

Some occasion, it is supposed, arose, in which the possession of a lengthened neck, by which to browse on trees, became a necessity in order to sustenance; those least favored perished. The result was a perceptible lengthening of the neck in the preserved members of the next generation, and the same process went on until the peculiar form of the giraffe was reached through the persistent preservation of that profitable characteristic.

This is the key that unlocks all the diversities and myriad peculiarities of the present organic world. To assert that nothing has been adduced to render the theory probable; to say that it does not deserve serious consideration and demand an unprejudiced investigation, would be to proclaim an unwillingness to accept even the truth, should it not agree with current opinions.

The hypothesis presents itself as a deduction from ascertained facts; as being a legitimate scientific generalization. It comes commended by the recognized ability and manifest candor of its author, and the indorsement of many deservedly esteemed for scientific attainments. It claims to find numerous corroborations, and to explain very plausibly many seeming anomalies in the phenomena of nature. It cannot, therefore be dogmatically dismissed or rejected as manifestly absurd. It deserves and must receive candid examination from a scientific point of view. In thus considering it, of the direct argument in its favor we may briefly observe, that the only indisputable proofs are drawn from the domain in respect to which there is no dispute—variation within the bounds of species; that the argument to extend the principle more widely is one almost purely of analogy, and only aims to show possibility; and that the facts adduced for this purpose, with only here and there an exception, like the existence of rudimentary organs, are quite as well explicable on the old theory as the new. For gradations of structure and homologues of organization agree quite as well with creation directed by intelligence and an orderly method, as with community of derivation.

But, in weighing the evidence for this theory, it is not, we need to remember, those facts which fit into it, and which it serves to illustrate and explain, that need to be mainly considered. There is scarcely a theory, however false, but will serve to explain some of the phenomena it contemplates. Astronomers, by the Ptolemaic theory

of the heavens, could map the movements of the planets, and calculate with great precision the return of eclipses and other astronomical phenomena, and yet be altogether in error as to the plan of the solar system. It was not what it could explain, but what it could not, that forced it to give way before the truer Copernican theory; and it is the same with the hypothesis of Natural Selection; it stands or falls, not by its success in accounting for many facts in nature, but in accounting for *all* the facts. It can only be regarded as established when it satisfactorily explains those facts which seemingly oppose themselves to it. A key may fit many wards in a lock, but, unless it fits all, no one will contend it is the right key.

The difficulties of the Darwinian theory are, hence, what principally concern the inquirer; and this Darwin himself recognizes, by devoting full nine-tenths of his "Origin of Species" to the consideration of objections that will have suggested themselves, of which he says: "Many of them are so serious, that to this day I can hardly reflect on them without being staggered."

In endeavoring to meet them, he draws largely, it will be seen, on two postulates.

One is, that the objections to his theory are less formidable than to the old. To this it may be briefly answered, the difficulties are of an entirely different kind. To his theory the objection is, its inability to show a sufficient cause for the effects that are produced. To the old this cannot be objected. An Omnipotent and Omniscient Personal Deity working out purposes of His own in creation and providence through the ages, is confessedly an adequate cause of the divers, yet harmonious, phenomena of animate and inanimate nature. The objection to this theory is largely the *a priori* one, that it is unscientific to conceive of God as interfering directly, either to introduce new elements or modify old ones, in the chain of second causes. God acted immediately, Darwin and all theistic Darwinians hold, in the creation of the rudimentary, the one or few, progenitors of life; but, that He should ever have created anything since in the same way, is to them an insuperable difficulty. The case simply resolves itself into the proposition, that anything is more credible to the Darwinist, than that God, after one act of immediate creation, will ever repeat it.

The other postulate relied on to meet objections, is our partial acquaintance with the data that must decide the question. His plea is that our ignorance of the facts and

operations of nature so far exceeds our knowledge, that no one can logically affirm from the facts that seem to controvert his position, that it may not after all be true. To make this answer valid, he would need to show that what is known is not only partial but incorrect. It would seem his duty to make what knowledge we have, even if incomplete, to fit into his theory; or else confess its inadequacy.

The objections to which Darwin accords special prominence, and which he feels to be of most force, are four; and, as he concedes that any one of them unanswered would be fatal to his views, it will be only fair to test his theory by his success in conquering these difficulties.

The *first* of these objections is the absence of transitional forms. If species have descended by almost insensibly fine gradations, as he claims, we would naturally, and, it would seem, necessarily, expect to see on every side innumerable transitional forms. Now, it is an admitted fact that species are, *now*, if not fixed in their boundaries, yet remarkably well-defined; and there is an almost entire, if not complete absence of intermediate forms. Darwin does not claim that it is otherwise, or offer to present a single probable case of actual transition. Facing the fact of the constancy of form and habit during well-nigh the whole human period, on the part of present species, he concedes the present fixity of species; and remands the transitional forms back to the long past of the geological ages.

The immense lapse of time demanded for Natural Selection to develop an ape, to say nothing of a man, from his ancestral polyps, in view of the fact that for three thousand years there has been no perceptible change, or advance, in the forms of life under its persistent operation, might well be accounted a serious difficulty. But laying that aside for the present, it would certainly seem an easy matter to settle the whole question by an appeal to the record of the rocks. Surely there we must find some of these well-nigh innumerable transitional forms, if they ever existed. That this is necessarily so the Darwinian admits, but in lieu of presenting the evidence, he concedes the want of it, and only saves his theory by impugning the credibility of the witness. The record is so imperfect, that no reliable evidence can be deduced from it, says Darwin and his followers. If one cannot bring himself to believe that the geological record is so imperfect as to furnish no consecutive period of

sufficient length to afford a view of transitional forms, says Darwin, he will rightly reject the whole theory. Now, any geologist will admit the fragmentariness of the record of the rocks. But, however fragmentary, many of the geological formations extend over very wide portions of the earth, and represent a lapse of time reaching into millions of years. Surely fossil remains, covering so immense a lapse of time, and such wide portions of the earth's surface, must afford some specimens of these transitional forms, which, on any calculation of probabilities, must have been even more numerous than the ultimate species into which they developed.

But fossil remains are as capable of as sharp a classification into fixed species, as the living organisms of to-day. Birds, bats, and other winged creatures are found ever with their organs of flight perfectly developed. Had they been developed by Natural Selection during any conceivable lapse of time, the rocks must, we cannot but think, have preserved a few specimens of their progenitors, with organs of flight rudimentary and imperfect.

Surely the failure of fossil remains to show such transitional forms as on this theory must have existed, must be counted a serious, if not a fatal objection to its truthfulness; and the plea of the imperfection of the record can be counted as little better than an evasion of the issue.

The *second* objection, discussed by Mr. Darwin, equally fails to be satisfactorily met.

It is, that it is well-nigh inconceivable that the highest organisms have arisen through the successive modification, by Natural Selection, of some widely different and infinitely lower form; that the nerveless pulp of the infusoria and the highest mammal, even man himself, are the common and lineal descendants of a remote progenitor,—one no higher, if as high, in the scale of being, as the very lowest of the protozoa: and equally inconceivable, that organs of trifling importance, and organs of such wonderful structure as the eye, of which we hardly as yet fully understand the inimitable perfection, have been produced by the operation of this law.

The mere statement of the difficulty almost carries conviction that before it the hypothesis must yield. Yet the Darwinian is not staggered by even this. To quote the words of Darwin: "Reason tells me that if numerous gradations from an imperfect and simple

eye, to one perfect and complex, each grade being useful to its possessor, can be shown to exist, as is certainly the case; if, further, the eye ever slightly varies, and the variations be inherited, as is likewise certainly the case; and if such variations should ever be useful to any animal under changed conditions of life, then the difficulty of believing that a perfect and complex eye could be formed by Natural Selection, though insuperable by our imagination, cannot be considered real." And all that Darwin and his advocates have to advance in reply to this objection in both its forms, as relating to organisms and organs, is really summed up in this sentence.

In other words, their argument is: If Natural Selection be as efficient as we claim, it can, and does, accomplish all these effects, however inconceivable to the imagination. It would certainly seem as if in this case the Darwinian begs the question; and to the request for proof of its efficiency, replies in substance, that the truth of the theory proves its potency in cases where it is asserted, and facts seem to prove, it could not be an adequate cause for the effect.

Since the whole question turns upon the point whether there are limits or not to the variation and modification of structures and organs,—to cite gradations and inheritance of variations as presumptive proof that all organisms and organs are hereditarily derived from a protozoic germ, is, we submit, to do nothing else than *assert* what the objector denies, the unlimited extent of variability; and if this is not dogmatism, surely the asserters of a fixed limit of variability must not be branded as dogmatists.

It can properly be demanded of the Darwinian, in meeting this objection, that he should show, in respect to organisms, some of the steps of the gradual modifications necessary on his theory, especially as the rocks have preserved specimens of earth's inhabitants covering on his own estimate a period of probably sixty millions of years.

His objection to the record as imperfect and fragmentary, in this case as in the former, can only partially avail him; since, imperfect as it may be, it shows a continuity in certain types of structure and organisms, reaching from the earliest formations to the present time; and imperfect and fragmentary as it is, he draws from it his strongest argument in favor of his theory, viz.: that the general order of the introduction of living forms on the earth is from the lower to the higher—the lower orders and classes of living organisms appearing first in



point of time, and the higher ones last, and man, the highest, last of all. If the record is so far complete as to show this, in one part or another it must be supposably perfect enough to furnish evidence one way or another, whether one form of life has passed into another by gradual modifications, and whether organs have developed in the way their theory necessitates. Now, in asserting that variability is confined within fixed limits; that species are immutable; there is this to be adduced in its favor: that the Silurian fishes—those found in the lowest and oldest geological deposits—are of as high an order in perfection of structure and function, in size of brain and correlation of parts, as any living species of fish; and the same is true of each organism preserved in the rocks.

While there has been a progressive advance in the successive *kinds* of animate life, fish, reptiles, mammals, and man, coming on the stage at successive periods in the order named, *within* each division no such progress can be traced.

On the contrary, in the words of an eminent geologist: "Each dynasty seems to have been introduced, not in its lower, but in its higher forms."

Of course, what constitutes elevation in the scale of being may be disputed, but any criteria that can be devised fail to prove, in the earliest fishes, reptiles, or mammals, such inferiority in structure or organs to later forms, as must be supposed were the Darwinian hypothesis true. Equally competent paleontologists with the Darwinian advocates, choosing their standard of elevation without having in mind the substantiation of a theory, claim to find within each great order of life successively appearing, evidence, not of gradual elevation, but of gradual degradation, and if their testimony be accepted, the case is decided.

In any case, according to the theory of Natural Selection, a degree of perfection in a particular organ must be counted evidence of a long series of antecedent profitable modifications, and this leads necessarily to the supposition that life began on the earth at an inconceivably remote time.

For example, no collection of fossils fails to afford a specimen of a trilobite, a crustacean, found not merely in the more recent geological formations, but in the very oldest; the first that affords any evidence of life. Now the eye of the trilobite exhibits the same complexity and wondrous perfection as the eye of the bee or butterfly of to-day; is more akin, in other words, to the organ of

sight in the higher order of insects than to the same organ in existing species of its own class. In all the million of ages, since the deposition of the Cambrian rocks, Natural Selection has made no improvement—nay, has hardly maintained the perfection, in the structure and function of the eye of the first crustacean. How many millions of ages must it have taken Natural Selection to evolve the eye of the trilobite from the nerveless infusoria? It has been asserted, on good authority, that nothing less than something like two thousand five hundred millions of years at the least are needed for Natural Selection to have produced existing forms of life.

The demand for such a period of time practically overthrows the whole hypothesis. Sir William Thomson has lately advanced arguments which have not been refuted, and presumably cannot be, which, from data drawn from (1) the action of the tides on the earth's rotation, (2) the probable length of time in which the sun has illumined this planet, and (3) the temperature of the interior of the earth, show that all geological history exhibiting continuity of life must be limited to some such period of past time as one hundred million years. If these arguments be substantiated, Darwinism must be adjudged not to have made out its case. At all events, as a theory it fails to explain facts which relate to the very essentials of the issue it has raised, and only excuses its failure by a supposition which is, if not impossible, at least more incredible than anything in the theory it seeks to supersede.

A *third* objection arises from the phenomena of instinct. Can the wonderful instincts of the bee and the ant, to say nothing of those of higher orders of being, have arisen through the operation of Natural Selection?

Darwin says: "The construction of the comb of the hive bee will have presented itself to the reader as a difficulty sufficient to overthrow the whole theory." And when we regard the wide variety of instincts; the different classification of the animal kingdom necessitated if they, rather than structure, were made the criteria of elevation; and the possession of special instincts by certain neuter and sterile instincts, we can rightfully demand of the Darwinian some explanation of the difficulties that arise from this source.

The author of the theory discusses the subject with great candor, and, at the outset, robs the objection of some of its weight, "by premising that he has nothing to do

with the origin of primary mental powers, any more than he has with life itself." His theory has only to account for successive advances and improvements in instinct and intelligence.

And yet this concession scarcely helps his theory, unless he would predicate the germs of intelligence as inherent in the primary forms of life, present long before they are discernible to human observation or reason, present in forms of life to which to attribute instinct would necessitate the attribution of it to the forms of vegetable life, and this would seem to lead to what Darwin disclaims, pure materialism, or the oneness of matter and mind. If intelligence is not coincident in its origin with life, then a special interference of the Creator subsequent to the original, and by Darwinians assumed to be the one act of creation, must be supposed for its origination. And if the perfect self-evolving mechanism needed, long after its origination, the interposition of its Maker, wherein is it unscientific, illogical, and unworthy the Creator, to suppose many interferences? What is the introduction of the primary mental powers into an already long-existent living organism other than a *special creation*, the existence of which it is the chosen province of Darwinism to disprove, or, at least, render unnecessary?

But, leaving this apparent inconsistency, how does Darwinism account for the facts of diverse and complex instincts; the phenomena not of habit, but, as they affirm, of mind—intelligence?

It is done by a gigantic assumption, in which, as before, the whole question at issue is taken for granted. Instincts, it is said, vary even as structures and organs; and as, of necessity, the most profitable variations survive in the struggle for existence, it can be conceived that the most special and complex instincts have grown up by this process of improvement, in each generation the most profitable instincts being preserved. It is seen at once that this amounts, at best, to nothing more than a may-be, and, to reach even that, it has to be assumed that all instincts are of an advantageous character to the possessor, which is by no means proven; and, what is the very question at issue, that the variation of instinct is not confined within certain limits.

It avails nothing to show that with certain changes of surroundings the instinctive acts of individual species become somewhat modified; for there is a wide difference

between the *acquisition* of a special and peculiar instinct, and its *modification* after it is acquired. The real point is, for the Darwinist to show such a relationship between the instincts of different species, families and orders, as will give some presumption that at some period in the past the germ from whence they have been evolved was centered in some common ancestor. This has not even been attempted; and yet, if homologues of structure are a main dependence to give probability to the theory as respects form, we have, it would seem, a right to ask for homologues in features of intelligence, and to have them shown to be coincident with those of structure.

Another point in the adverse presumption to modification by Natural Selection, is the fact that the most remarkable instances of instinct are furnished by species not only of a zoologically low order, as the bees and ants, but the most remarkable manifestations of instinct and seeming intelligence are found among the neuter or sterile members of each community—those members who are incapable of transmitting to offspring their special and peculiar instincts. The workers among both bees and ants have instincts unshared by either the perfect male or female, and it certainly seems as if here were a fatal break in the graduated chain of inherited modifications; and Darwin candidly says "that for a long time it seemed actually fatal to the whole theory."

But he has finally overcome the difficulty—to his own satisfaction, at least—by supposing the principle of Natural Selection, in these cases, operates through the family or community, rather than through the individual.

He cites as illustrative, the case of double flowers, which, when perfect, are absolutely destitute of seed, but are yet propagated by the florist through recourse to the fertile plants of the same stock; and equally the case of ever improving beef-cattle through attention by the breeder to the stock, though the choicest specimens are ever without descendants. We submit that Mr. Darwin is here deceived by a delusive analogy, or rather has presented as an analogy what is really none. What the intelligence and skill of the florist and breeder have accomplished could never occur in a state of nature, for the very sterility of the gardener's prize flower and the drover's short-horned steer would, by the law of Natural Selection, speedily cause to disappear, never to return,

those peculiarities which, however excellent, are associated with so fatal a characteristic.

The case of the neuters among the ants and bees differs too widely from these to be at all analogous. Among them we find entire sterility an invariable feature in the majority of the members of each community; they differ from the other members alike in structure, function, and instinct; on them the community depends for its home, food, and defense; to make the case still more anomalous, to some communities of ants, these sterile members are divided into several distinct castes, differing alike in form, instinct, and work. In all the communities the sterile members regulate the number of males and females allowed to survive; and, by this control, provide alike for the perpetuation of the species, and the continued predominance of the efficient working members; in other words, they center in themselves the most advantageous of the instincts. On the hypothesis of Natural Selection, we submit, it is inconceivable how such communities should originate; even as it is, how sterility has arisen, or how the wonderful instincts associated with it—wanting alike in either the immediate or remoter progenitors—should have been produced.

If the neuter bees or ants, in habits, structure, or instinct, merely reproduced with some slight difference the features of their parents, supposing the communities once originated, it might be, as Darwin says, that communities survived and improved in accordance with the profitable organization of each; but when the whole community are dependent on certain of its members, and these do not resemble their parents, have distinct and special instincts, and cannot in turn leave offspring, the device proposed seems scarcely more adequate to meet the difficulty, than the theory upon which it is supplemented.

It certainly seems that Natural Selection has failed to satisfactorily explain the phenomena of instinct; and, if the mental and moral powers in man are only a higher development of instinct, as Darwin claims, its failure must be adjudged all the more conspicuous.

Certainly, thus far, in considering the phenomena about us; the testimony of the rocks, as to the succession of species; the facts connected with structure and instinct, it must be conceded they are all much more easily explained on the old hypothesis than the new. And surely these facts are among the

very ones by which the theory's adequacy must and ought to be tested.

The *fourth* difficulty Darwin has to meet, and which he has sought to overcome, refers to what has always been held to mark quite decisively the difference between species and varieties, the phenomena of *hybridism*. It has long been held to be established, that when species are crossed, sterility results; whereas, when varieties are crossed, their fertility is unimpaired. In consequence of this, the ability to leave fertile offspring has ever been made a chief point of difference between species and varieties.

If species cannot be crossed and the offspring be perpetuated, while varieties can, then we have a difference in kind between them; and Darwin's postulate, that there is no essential difference between species and varieties, falls to the ground, and, with it, his whole system. Without disputing the fact that any attempt to intercross species results, if not in the first generation, certainly within a very few, in absolute sterility, Darwin seeks to prove that "it is not a specially acquired or endowed quality," and concludes that, while he cannot tell why species should have been so modified as to have reached mutual infertility, he is still persuaded that the facts "do not seem opposed to the belief that varieties and species are not fundamentally different."

A conclusion with which few, save the defenders of a theory, we imagine, will be able to agree. Especially, when a more perfect knowledge and generalization shall have more certainly marked the boundaries between species and varieties. For Darwin, in his reply, avails himself of the imperfections of existing classifications, rather than invalidates the principles on which they are based.

We have dwelt thus fully upon the difficulties of which the author of the theory feels the force, because if, on these points, he has failed, after careful weighing of them, to make out his case, it may well be questioned if it can be substantiated. For few men are more conversant with all the several departments of Natural History, than Mr. Darwin; and none of his disciples and followers have brought to the task of maintaining and defending the new theory, anything like his fullness of knowledge, or his clearness and astuteness of statement and reasoning.

After a candid examination and consideration of all he has advanced, and conceding that his theory accords with very many

facts, we are forced to the conclusion that there are many others with which it does not accord, some of them of the most essential character; and his failure to satisfactorily explain them must decide the case adversely to his theory.

Allowing, then, that the principle of "the survival of the fittest" may have been operative in nature; that it doubtless is of worth in accounting for the divers races of men, and the origination of varieties within the limits of species; according full weight to every argument of a positive character; conceding that it avails to account with simplicity for rudimentary organs, for the similarity of embryological forms, and for many homologous structures, we yet fail to see that its explanation of these phenomena is the only possible one, or indeed any simpler or more rational than the old one of creation, controlled by intelligence, and working out in accordance with an ideal plan harmonious and beneficent results.

With scarcely an exception, the arguments in favor of Natural Selection aim to prove only possibility, and that, too, while claiming that the question is not what *may be*, but what *has been*; for all theistic Darwinians concede that God might have created fixed forms, as the old theory maintains, and the question turns on the fact whether He did so or not. Now, in ascertaining this fact, a showing of possibilities can only be a proof of a corroborative character, and before it can be introduced as of weight, the evidence as to actuality ought to be tolerably conclusive.

In the case before us, the present condition of organic forms, their history during the human period, and the remains of past forms preserved in the rocks, surely ought to afford something positive as to whether variation operates within fixed boundaries, or whether it is unlimited and pervasive throughout nature.

As to the evidence of the rocks, we have seen they give not only no evidence of such a state of things as must have preceded present living organisms on the theory of Darwin, but give proof of such fixity of species as can only be overcome by impugning, not only the extent, but the accuracy of geological knowledge, and by supposing the existence of formations having the evidence of life infinitely older than those now known.

The evidence of living forms—conceded to have changed little, if any, during the thousands of years of human history—is all to the same purport of fixity.

The Darwinists have failed to adduce a single probable transitional form, and, to account for present forms by slow and gradual modifications in structure, functions, and instinct, are compelled to assert an age for life on the earth, expressly contradicted alike by physics, astronomy, and the evolutionist's own theory of the nebulous origin of our planet.

The phenomena of instinct afford difficulties absolutely inexplicable, as we have seen, without supplemental suppositions, unsupported by either fact or reason.

The sterility of hybrids, furnishing, as it does, a boundary line, fixed and definite between species and varieties, is an objection to the theory of Natural Selection, which can only, it would seem, be overcome by disproving its existence; when conceded, as it substantially is, it covers, it seems to us, the whole question at issue.

But beyond these objections and difficulties, other weighty ones have been adduced alike by evolutionists and anti-evolutionists, which with these combine to make a case against Darwinism practically impregnable.

His co-laborer in the development of his theory, Alfred Wallace, has pointed out and demonstrated its inability to account for the origination of the human body or the human mind. Man's hairless back, the size of the smallest human brain, the complete development of the human foot and hand, even in the lowest type of men, especially the structure of the human larynx, giving the power of speech and of producing musical sounds, are all inexplicable, he declares, by either survival of the fittest, or its supplement of sexual selection. And still more inexplicable are the phenomena of mind, the power of abstract thought and reasoning, and the presence in man of a moral sense—the phenomena of conscience.

Another evolutionist, St. George Mivart, favorably disposed toward Darwin's theory, has confessed that after long endeavors to reconcile it with the facts of nature, he has been constrained to reject it, as having more than a limited potency in the production of the diversity of organic forms.

He argues: That it utterly fails to account for the incipient stages of useful structures. Many organs can only be useful when fully developed. In their incipient stages they must have been not only useless, but positively disadvantageous, and hence could not have been developed through survival of the fittest;

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That it does not harmonize with the co-existence of closely similar structures of diverse origin;

That there are grounds for thinking that specific differences may be developed suddenly instead of gradually;

That the opinion that species have definite, though very different limits to their variability, is still tenable;

That certain fossil transitional forms are absent which might have been expected to be present;

That some facts of geographical distribution supplement other difficulties;

That the objection drawn from the physiological difference between "species" and "races" still exists unrefuted;

That there are many remarkable phenomena in organic forms upon which "Natural Selection" throws no light whatever; but the explanations of which, if they could be attained, might throw light upon specific origination.

We have space only for this bare enumeration of Mivart's propositions; those who would see them fully discussed and illustrated we refer to his book on "The Genesis of Species."

There is a further point in the argument, fully presented, and argued with a competent knowledge of facts by the Duke of Argyle, in his "Reign of Law," which must not be passed unnoticed. If it be established, it is confessedly fatal; and so far as probability is in its favor, so far it is a presumption against a theory with which it is inconsistent. I refer to the postulate, that certain forms, colors and features, in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, have beauty and variety as their final cause. This is natural and supposable if an intelligent First Cause has originated, either directly or mediately, the coördination everywhere observable. But it is necessarily denied, as it is by Darwin, on the theory that things have attained their present forms by the preservation of purely useful features. Such a theory allows of no modifications for beauty's or variety's sake. This, surely, is opposed to very much that is more easily explicable on a theory which finds purpose and design in the varied hues of a luxuriant vegetation, or the gay plumage of the feathered races.

Even evolutionists, much as they welcome Darwin's hypothesis, are compelled to supplement it at many different points by unknown and unformulated agencies in order to make it consistent with the facts of nature.

No one who has looked into the matter can doubt but that it will eventually be condemned as unscientific unless it can adduce stronger arguments than any yet brought forward—unless it can better answer the many fatal objections brought against it. Indeed, by leading scientists it is already condemned.

The lamented Agassiz, than whom no one was a better authority on living or extinct forms of life, scouted it as a mere assumption. In his course of lectures before the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge on "The Natural Foundations of Zoölogical Affinity," he affirmed, in direct antagonism to Darwin and his school, that "the law of inheritance seems intended to *preserve*, not to *diversify* types; is active only so far as to produce freshness, but never so as to impair original patterns or norms." Resenting the attempts of transmutationists to use his name and labors to support their theory, he branded their views as based on a *fancied* identity of phenomena, which, so far as we know, have not, and, in the nature of things, cannot have, any material connection; and upon only a *partial* presentation of the facts. The correspondences between the different aspects of animal life, on which Darwinists build their theory, he viewed as the correspondence of connected plan, and not of mechanical evolution. Hence he held that "this world of ours is not the result of the action of unconscious organic forces, but the work of an intelligent, conscious power;"—a conclusion diametrically opposite to Darwin's, and from as competent an observer and student of nature. Equally have the French savants of the Academy pronounced Darwinism unscientific, and refused to Darwin membership in the Academy of Sciences by a vote of 26 to 6.

And if we take from the Darwinists those who thoughtlessly adopt it because it is new; those who adopt it from its supposed inconsistency with a theology they hate; those who are prejudiced in its favor by its falling in with unestablished dogmas of Philosophy or Science, as Herbert Spencer among Philosophers, and Charles Lyell among Geologists, we will have left a very small remnant of cultured thinkers.

Considered as an hypothesis of science, and tried by scientific tests, what, therefore, are we to conclude in respect to this popular theory? Simply this:

That among the principles or laws operative in nature to produce some of the variety visible in organic forms, Natural Selection,



or Survival of the Fittest, doubtless has had a place. We would concede that, in effecting modifications and variations within certain limits, it has been necessarily and widely efficient.

That it has been as widely and pervasively potent as Darwinists claim, we do not believe, and can confidently affirm that it has not been proven. On the contrary, the facts give a presumption, amounting well-nigh to certainty, that it has never originated a single species, and has never transcended in its operation definite bounds. It may make necessary some modification of our present classification of species, compel some enlargement of specific limits; but when it has done that, the permanent influence of Darwinism on science will, we believe, be exhausted.

As explaining the "Origin of Species," and still more, "The Descent of Man," we can safely affirm that Natural Selection has not shown itself sufficient; its efficiency is yet unproven, and, we might add, does not seem likely to be substantiated.

Thus far we have had to do with Darwinism merely as a scientific theory, to be tried by scientific data, and we have found it unproven, and here we might dismiss the subject. But its advocates press upon us a consideration of it in another light by accusing those who reject it as being animated by an unscientific and dogmatic spirit, coming to the question biased by an *odium theologicum*.

Doubtless, some have discussed the subject in this spirit, but they are not more numerous, I imagine, than those who have hastened to adopt and use the theory, as believed to be adverse to revelation, and permissive of the elimination from the universe, if not of God, yet of an authoritative religion.

That the majority of religious teachers and thoughtful Christians have been actuated by so prejudiced a spirit as to prevent them from according to the new theory a fair hearing and examination, I do not believe; neither do I believe that, were it to be established, they would fail to candidly acknowledge its truth, and adjust their religious dogmas to its conclusions.

Believers in the God of revelation and the Bible do wait, and have very properly waited, until science has substantiated its theories, before accepting them as incontestable; and, in the case before us, when a theory is presented which assaults fundamental beliefs, and, if applied to man, revolutionizes his relationship to other creatures and to God Himself, surely it can only be expected

that strong proof of its truth should be demanded. The more especially, as the new theory, resting confessedly on data drawn entirely from the natural sciences, is expected to supersede a theory corroborated not solely by the observed sequences and laws of Natural Science, but even more markedly by the intuitions and deliverances of our moral consciousness; by the phenomena of mind and will; by the course of history and the broad generalizations of social and political science. Surely the believer in a living God, present and efficient in the universe, can rightly ask, before he renounces his former views, that those he is asked to adopt be proved as consistent with the facts of every department of knowledge, as what he holds. An assault from the side of Natural Science alone, must be irresistible if it is to be successful.

Were the scientific data equal as between the opposing theories, we claim that an impartial mind would, on the nearer conformity of the old theory to the facts of Moral, Mental, and Social Science, be compelled to award to it the stronger probability of correctness. How much the more, when even the evidence of nature preponderates on the same side.

It has been claimed that the Darwinian hypothesis is necessarily Atheistic, or at least Materialistic. This is, perhaps, an unjust inference. There may be Atheistic Darwinians, though we know of none. There are, doubtless, Materialistic Darwinians, but there may be also Theistic Darwinians, to which latter class, without a doubt, Darwin himself belongs. He expressly disclaims to account for either the origin of life or intelligence. He only essays to account by Natural Selection for the varied forms and types of life and intelligence; the necessity of a creator to originate life and the primary mental powers he leaves unquestioned.

He says in the "Origin," "I see no good reason why the views given in this volume should shock the religious feelings of any one," and quotes approvingly the declaration of a celebrated author and divine, "that he has gradually learned to see that it is just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe that He created a few original forms, capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that He required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of His own laws." To which we may answer, it may be "just as noble a conception of Deity" and of creation, but that, we submit, is altogether

aside from the question. It is not in what way *could* God create, but in what way *did* He. And to those who hold to a revelation, and believe that it is attested by as good evidence of its kind as the theories of science, it seems only reasonable that the Scriptural account of the origin of life and living forms, and specifically of man, should weigh something in the solution of the question. That the record of Genesis, so far as vegetable and animal forms are concerned—and even the human body—is irreconcilable with the hypothesis of evolution in every form, I think no careful student would be ready to affirm; but that the hypothesis of Darwin, or any hypothesis, has as yet become so probable that there is need to modify present interpretations, we equally fail to see; and until the proof is somewhat conclusive it certainly would seem wisdom to abide by traditional views.

That there is nothing in Darwinism, even when presented by Darwin himself, "to shock the religious feelings of any one" we are not altogether free to confess. Presented in its least objectionable form, as a method of "creation by law," it assumes positions necessarily abhorrent to the cherished convictions and fundamental beliefs of the Christian.

To some of these necessary corollaries of Darwinism, as respects the domain of morals and theology, allow me briefly to refer.

It requires only a little reflection to see that the *God it offers is not the God of the Christian's reverence and love*. The Darwinist seems to think he has conceded everything that can be asked, when he leaves at the beginning of his chain of necessary sequences an originator of life, intelligence, and possibly matter.

But the creator he offers is scarcely more than a logical supposition, accepted out of the necessity of the case, brought in like the hypotheses of science, to account for that which would else be left causeless.

On the Darwinist's view, he interposed once, or a few times, away back in the dim vista of countless ages, to inaugurate that which has evolved into the present variety and harmony of the universe. Since then, he has been a mere spectator of the unfolding of what was potential in the primal germ: all things have become what they are by a necessary process; and the originator of it cannot be supposed to have ever since interposed to have worked any result implying beneficence or design. It is scarcely necessary to point out how illy this accords

with the Bible doctrine of the Creator, with "God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth," of the Christian's creed and worship. The God of the Bible—the Creator of the Christian's faith—is no mere First Cause, near akin to an abstraction, but an Omnipotent Father, creating with a beneficent purpose, and counseling in all His works for the well-being and happiness of His creatures. He is a personal, living, ever-present, intelligent, and loving Deity, who has stamped upon His works His own impress; and who, when He had created, sent not off His handiwork to be independent of His supervision or control—a self-evolving machine—but has rather ever reserved to Himself "all power in heaven and in earth," and has presided over and directed the issues of all subordinate activities. While He may and does work his purposes through secondary causes, through so-called natural laws, He ever intelligently and consciously co-ordinates them to the producing the ends He has in His wisdom and love determined.

It seems clear, that unless we may arrogate to ourselves the knowledge of all possible efficient agents—spiritual as well as natural forces—he cannot be other than a mere dogmatist, who affirms that all results must have been brought about by the operation of laws and forces at present known to be operative in nature. And, yet, this is what the denier of special creations, and of the possibility of miracles, would seem to affirm. This is what the Darwinist, and most evolutionists, do affirm.

To account for all the present order of nature through the operation of laws they have formulated, they necessarily assume that their induction is exhaustive, and take from the Omniscient and Omnipotent One the power to use agencies of which the scientist is ignorant. If to escape this absurdity, the scientist says, he does nothing more than affirm that he knows no results which show evidence of other agencies than those known to him, he reasons in a circle and manifests equal dogmatism, for he, in that case, asserts the very fact he is required to prove. Nature, as well as history, presents facts which seem to imply the intervention of forces, other than those known to be operative at present. He that denies such interventions is bound to show how known laws and forces can account for the facts. If he fails to show this, as we have seen the Darwinist does, if he will not concede the insufficiency of his theory, he is driven to the resource

of the dogmatist, to unscientifically assert what he is asked to prove.

As we have seen, necessarily included in the Christian's conception of God, is the idea of Providence, as well as Creation. The Deity that controls is one with the Deity that creates; and if the Darwinist left the Christian his Creator—though he does not even that—there is no pretense that the Orderer of events—a Providence is left. As all things occur, on his theory, through the necessary operation of laws or forces inherent in things themselves, such a thing as God's control of events unto the accomplishment of purposes of mercy or justice, is inconceivable, and we see not how the strict Darwinist can be a believer in either Providence or its correlative doctrine of prayer.

Yet further, Darwinism leaves no room for what is still dearer to the Christian's heart—the *work of redemption*. "Natural Selection," applied to man, necessitates the denial of the fall, of man's downward tendency through sin, and the need and fact of Divine intervention, by the incarnation of the Savior, and the gift of the Holy Spirit, unto his becoming morally better, rather than worse—unto his rising higher, rather than sinking lower in the scale of being. Surely, we find, in this, full enough to shock our religious feelings.

But more than this; if it leaves no room for providence, prayer, or redemption, then, even suppose Genesis can be reconciled with Creation by Natural Selection, *the Bible is no longer a God-given revelation*; the life it presents as alone acceptable to God, based as it is on a changed heart, on faith cleaving to a Father in heaven, and going out in prayer for the things it needs, is without sanction; and the hopes built upon it are entirely delusive.

But Darwinism not only robs us of revelation, but *removes the very foundation from under the whole structure of natural religion*. According to the law of Natural Selection, there are and can be no *final causes* in nature, or the universe.

What seem the evidences of design or purpose—the wise and merciful adaptations of an intelligent originator and ruler—are only the necessary outcome of slow and gradual modifications in accordance with unyielding and unvarying laws. There is, therefore, nothing in the world about us that can tell us aught of the nature or attributes of God.

Though the world may prove that He exists, if there be no final causes traceable in its phenomena, then the position of the

Positivist, that it is hopeless to attain any certain knowledge of God, is the strictly logical one; and he does right to rule God out of the domain of thought, and drive theology from the circle of the sciences.

But Darwinism established would do even more than this, it would not only overthrow the foundations of revealed and natural religion, but *revolutionize the Ethics of Modern Society*. These are confessedly Christian, and they could not, in any case, long withstand the overthrow of the foundation on which they rest. But Darwinism in deriving man from the brute, making him an improved ape, rather than a fallen spirit, at one blow robs morality of its sanctions—restoration to fellowship with God—and changes its character to pure utilitarianism.

According to Natural Selection, the right is nothing other than the useful. Whatever is advantageous to the individual wins in the race; and might, and cunning, and whatever tends to advance self-interest, will more and more tell in the struggle for existence, and be the goal of human progress. The Christian virtues of self-denial, thoughtfulness for others, care for the infirm, the destitute, and the aged; of meekness, and patience, and forbearance, must, under such evolution be soon eliminated.

But we must here pause. The moral deficiencies of the Darwinian theory are not least, we imagine, among the proofs of its incorrectness. Its failure to accord with the fact of a whole creation groaning and travailing in pain together, awaiting redemption; its failure to meet the most profound needs and aspirations of the human heart burdened with the sense of sin, and in bondage to death, will be to many all-sufficient—and who can venture to say, not rightful—proof of its utter inadequacy to solve the problem essayed.

Even, therefore, if it accounted for all the facts in the natural world—which we have seen it does not—yet it could not be deemed proven, unless brought more in accordance with the moral intuitions and the religious consciousness of man's higher nature.

That no theory of evolution may be presented free from the objections which, from a religious stand-point, lie against the Darwinian hypothesis, we are very far from asserting; that the future may bring no proof of creation by evolution we do not affirm; but that any theory yet promulgated has commended itself by proofs at all adequate, and, specially, that the Darwinian hypothesis rests upon sufficient evidence, we firmly believe must be denied.

## A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

RALPH GRIM was born a gentleman. He had the misfortune of coming into the world some ten years later than might reasonably have been expected. Colonel Grim and his lady had celebrated twelve anniversaries of their wedding day, and had given up all hopes of ever having a son and heir, when this late-comer startled them by his unexpected appearance. The only previous addition to the family had been a daughter, and she was then ten summers old.

Ralph was a very feeble child, and could only with great difficulty be persuaded to retain his hold of the slender thread which bound him to existence. He was rubbed with whisky, and wrapped in cotton, and given mare's milk to drink, and God knows what not, and the Colonel swore a round oath of paternal delight when at last the infant stopped gasping in that distressing way and began to breathe like other human beings. The mother, who, in spite of her anxiety for the child's life, had found time to plot for him a career of future magnificence, now suddenly set him apart for literature, because that was the easiest road to fame, and disposed of him in marriage to one of the most distinguished families of the land. She cautiously suggested this to her husband when he came to take his seat at her bedside; but to her utter astonishment she found that he had been indulging a similar train of thought, and had already destined the infant prodigy for the army. She, however, could not give up her predilection for literature, and the Colonel, who could not bear to be contradicted in his own house, as he used to say, was getting every minute louder and more flushed, when, happily, the doctor's arrival interrupted the dispute.

As Ralph grew up from infancy to childhood, he began to give decided promise of future distinction. He was fond of sitting down in a corner and sucking his thumb, which his mother interpreted as the sign of that brooding disposition peculiar to poets and men of lofty genius. At the age of five, he had become sole master in the house. He slapped his sister Hilda in the face, or pulled her hair, when she hesitated to obey him, tyrannized over his nurse, and sternly refused to go to bed in spite of his mother's entreaties. On such occasions, the Colonel would hide his face behind his newspaper,

and chuckle with delight; it was evident that nature had intended his son for a great military commander. As soon as Ralph himself was old enough to have any thoughts about his future destiny, he made up his mind that he would like to be a robber. A few months later, having contracted an immoderate taste for candy, he contented himself with the comparatively humble position of a baker; but when he had read "Robinson Crusoe," he manifested a strong desire to go to sea in the hope of being wrecked on some desolate island. The parents spent long evenings gravely discussing these indications of uncommon genius, and each interpreted them in his or her own way.

"He is not like any other child I ever knew," said the mother.

"To be sure," responded the father, earnestly. "He is a most extraordinary child. I was myself a very remarkable child, even if I do say it myself; but, as far as I remember, I never aspired to being wrecked on an uninhabited island."

The Colonel probably spoke the truth; but he forgot to take into account that he had never read "Robinson Crusoe."

Of Ralph's school-days there is but little to report, for, to tell the truth, he did not fancy going to school, as the discipline annoyed him. The day after his having entered the gymnasium, which was to prepare him for the Military Academy, the principal saw him waiting at the gate after his class had been dismissed. He approached him, and asked why he did not go home with the rest.

"I am waiting for the servant to carry my books," was the boy's answer.

"Give me your books," said the teacher.

Ralph reluctantly obeyed. That day the Colonel was not a little surprised to see his son marching up the street, and every now and then glancing behind him with a look of discomfort at the principal, who was following quietly in his train, carrying a parcel of school-books. Colonel Grim and his wife, divining the teacher's intention, agreed that it was a great outrage, but they did not mention the matter to Ralph. Henceforth, however, the boy refused to be accompanied by his servant. A week later he was impudent to the teacher of gymnastics, who whipped him in return. The Colonel's rage knew no bounds; he rode in great haste to

the gymnasium, reviled the teacher for presuming to chastise *his* son, and committed the boy to the care of a private tutor.

At the age of sixteen, Ralph went to the capital with the intention of entering the Military Academy. He was a tall, handsome youth, slender of stature, and carried himself as erect as a candle. He had a light, clear complexion of almost feminine delicacy; blonde, curly hair, which he always kept carefully brushed; a low forehead, and a straight, finely modeled nose. There was an expression of extreme sensitiveness about the nostrils, and a look of indolence in the dark blue eyes. But the *ensemble* of his features was pleasing, his dress irreproachable, and his manners bore no trace of the awkward self-consciousness peculiar to his age. Immediately on his arrival in the capital he hired a suite of rooms in the aristocratic part of the city, and furnished them rather expensively, but in excellent taste. From a bosom friend, whom he met by accident in the restaurant's pavilion in the park, he learned that a pair of antlers, a stuffed eagle, or falcon, and a couple of swords, were indispensable to a well-appointed apartment. He accordingly bought these articles at his residence in the city he made some feeble efforts to perfect himself in mathematics, of which he suspected he was somewhat deficient. But when the same officious friend laughed at him, and called him "green," he determined to trust to fortune, and henceforth devoted himself the more assiduously to the French ballet, where he had already made some interesting acquaintances.

The time for the examination came; the French ballet did not prove a good preparation; Ralph failed. It quite shook him for the time, and he felt humiliated. He had not the courage to tell his father; so he lingered on from day to day, sat vacantly gazing out of his window, and tried vainly to interest himself in the busy bustle down on the street. It provoked him that everybody else should be so light-hearted, when he was in, or at least fancied himself in, trouble. The parlor grew intolerable; he sought refuge in his bedroom. There he sat one evening (it was the third day after the examination), and stared out upon the gray stone wall which on all sides enclosed the narrow court-yard. The round stupid face of the moon stood tranquilly dozing like a great Limburger cheese suspended under the sky.

Ralph, at least, could think of a no more fitting simile. But the bright-eyed young girl in the window hard by sent a longing look up to the same moon, and thought of her distant home on the fjords, where the glaciers stood like hoary giants, and caught the yellow moonbeams on their glittering shields of snow. She had been reading "*Ivanhoe*" all the afternoon, until the twilight had overtaken her quite unaware, and now she suddenly remembered that she had forgotten to write her German exercise. She lifted her face and saw a pair of sad, vacant eyes, gazing at her from the next window in the angle of the court. She was a little startled at first, but in the next moment she thought of her German exercise and took heart.

"Do you know German?" she said; then immediately repented that she had said it.

"I do," was the answer.

She took up her apron and began to twist it with an air of embarrassment.

"I didn't mean anything," she whispered at last. "I only wanted to know."

"You are very kind."

That answer roused her; he was evidently making sport of her.

"Well, then, if you do, you may write my exercise for me. I have marked the place in the book."

And she flung her book over to his window, and he caught it on the edge of the sill, just as it was falling.

"You are a very strange girl," he remarked, turning over the leaves of the book, although it was too dark to read. "How old are you?"

"I shall be fourteen six weeks before Christmas," answered she, frankly.

"Then I excuse you."

"No, indeed," cried she, vehemently.

"You needn't excuse me at all. If you don't want to write my exercise, you may send the book back again. I am very sorry I spoke to you, and I shall never do it again."

"But you will not get the book back again without the exercise," replied he, quietly. "Good-night."

The girl stood long looking after him, hoping that he would return. Then, with a great burst of repentance, she hid her face in her lap, and began to cry.

"Oh, dear, I didn't mean to be rude," she sobbed. "But it was *Ivanhoe* and Rebecca who upset me."

The next morning she was up before daylight, and waited for two long hours in great suspense before the curtain of his window



was raised. He greeted her politely; threw a hasty glance around the court to see if he was observed, and then tossed her book dexterously over into her hands.

"I have pinned the written exercise to the fly-leaf," he said. "You will probably have time to copy it before breakfast."

"I am ever so much obliged to you," she managed to stammer.

He looked so tall and handsome, and grown-up, and her remorse stuck in her throat, and threatened to choke her. She had taken him for a boy as he sat there in his window the evening before.

"By the way, what is your name?" he asked, carelessly, as he turned to go.

"Bertha."

"Well, my dear Bertha, I am happy to have made your acquaintance."

And he again made her a polite bow, and entered his parlor.

"How provokingly familiar he is," thought she; "but no one can deny that he is handsome."

That bright roguish face of the young girl haunted Ralph during the whole next week. He had been in love at least ten times before, of course; but, as most boys, with young ladies far older than himself. He found himself frequently glancing over to her window in the hope of catching another glimpse of her face; but the curtain was always drawn down, and Bertha remained invisible. During the second week, however, she relented, and they had many a pleasant chat together. He now volunteered to write all her exercises, and she made no objections. He learned that she was the daughter of a peasant in the sea-districts of Norway (and it gave him quite a shock to hear it), and that she was going to school in the city, and boarded with an old lady who kept a *pension* in the house adjoining the one in which he lived.

One day in the autumn Ralph was surprised by the sudden arrival of his father, and the fact of his failure in the examination could no longer be kept a secret. The old Colonel flared up at once when Ralph made his confession; the large veins upon his forehead swelled; he grew coppery red in his face, and stormed up and down the floor, until his son became seriously alarmed; but, to his great relief, he was soon made aware that his father's wrath was not turned against him personally, but against the officials of the Military Academy who had rejected him. The Colonel took it as an insult to his own good name and irreproach-

able standing as an officer; he promptly refused any other explanation, and vainly racked his brain to remember if any youthful folly of his could possibly have made him enemies among the teachers of the Academy. He at last felt satisfied that it was envy of his own greatness and rapid advancement which had induced the rascals to take vengeance on his son. Ralph reluctantly followed his father back to the country town where the latter was stationed, and the fair-haired Bertha vanished from his horizon. His mother's wish now prevailed, and he began, in his own easy way, to prepare himself for the University. He had little taste for Cicero, and still less for Virgil, but with the use of a "pony" he soon gained sufficient knowledge of these authors to be able to talk in a sort of patronizing way about them, to the great delight of his fond parents. He took quite a fancy, however, to the ode in Horace ending with the lines:

*Dulce ridentem,  
Dulce loquentem,  
Lalagen amabo.*

And in his thought he substituted for Lalage the fair-haired Bertha, quite regardless of the requirements of the meter.

To make a long story short, three years later Ralph returned to the capital, and, after having worn out numerous tutors, actually succeeded in entering the University.

The first year of college life is a happy time to every young man, and Ralph enjoyed its processions, its parliamentary gatherings, and its leisure, as well as the rest. He was certainly not the man to be sentimental over the loss of a young girl whom, moreover, he had only known for a few weeks. Nevertheless, he thought of her at odd times, but not enough to disturb his pleasure. The standing of his family, his own handsome appearance, and his immaculate linen opened to him the best houses of the city, and he became a great favorite in society. At lectures he was seldom seen, but more frequently in the theaters, where he used to come in during the middle of the first act, take his station in front of the orchestra box, and eye, through his lorgnettes, by turns, the actresses and the ladies of the parquet.

## II.

Two months passed, and then came the great annual ball which the students give at the opening of the second semester. Ralph was a man of importance that

evening; first, because he belonged to a great family; secondly, because he was the handsomest man of his year. He wore a large golden star on his breast (for his fellow-students had made him a Knight of the Golden Boar), and a badge of colored ribbons in his button-hole.

The ball was a brilliant affair, and everybody was in excellent spirits, especially the ladies. Ralph danced incessantly, twirled his soft mustache, and uttered amiable platitudes. It was toward midnight, just as the company was moving out to supper, that he caught the glance of a pair of dark-blue eyes, which suddenly drove the blood to his cheeks and hastened the beating of his heart. But when he looked once more the dark-blue eyes were gone, and his unruly heart went on hammering against his side. He laid his hand on his breast and glanced furtively at his fair neighbor, but she looked happy and unconcerned, for the flavor of the ice-cream was delicious. It seemed an endless meal, but, when it was done, Ralph rose, led his partner back to the ball-room, and hastily excused himself. His glance wandered round the wide hall, seeking the well-remembered eyes once more, and, at length, finding them in a remote corner, half hid behind a moving wall of promenaders. In another moment he was at Bertha's side.

"You must have been purposely hiding yourself, Miss Bertha," said he, when the usual greetings were exchanged. "I have not caught a glimpse of you all this evening, until a few moments ago."

"But I have seen you all the while," answered the girl frankly. "I knew you at once as I entered the hall."

"If I had but known that you were here," resumed Ralph, as it were, invisibly expanding with an agreeable sense of dignity, "I assure you, you would have been the very first one I should have sought."

She raised her large grave eyes to his, as if questioning his sincerity; but she made no answer.

"Good gracious!" thought Ralph. "She takes things terribly in earnest."

"You look so serious, Miss Bertha," said he, after a moment's pause. "I remember you as a bright-eyed, flaxen-haired little girl, who threw her German exercise-book to me across the yard, and whose merry laughter still rings pleasantly in my memory. I confess I don't find it quite easy to identify this grave young lady with my merry friend of three years ago."

"In other words, you are disappointed

at not finding me the same as I used to be."

"No, not exactly that; but—"

Ralph paused and looked puzzled. There was something in the earnestness of her manner which made a facetious compliment seem grossly inappropriate, and in the moment no other escape suggested itself.

"But what?" demanded Bertha mercilessly.

"Have you ever lost an old friend?" asked he abruptly.

"Yes; how so?"

"Then," answered he, while his features lighted up with a happy inspiration—"then you will appreciate my situation. I fondly cherished my old picture of you in my memory. Now I have lost it, and I cannot help regretting the loss. I do not mean, however, to imply that this new acquaintance—this second edition of yourself, so to speak—will prove less interesting."

She again sent him a grave, questioning look, and began to gaze intently upon the stone in her bracelet.

"I suppose you will laugh at me," began she, while a sudden blush flitted over her countenance. "But this is my first ball, and I feel as if I had rushed into a whirlpool, from which I have, since the first rash plunge was made, been vainly trying to escape. I feel so dreadfully forlorn. I hardly know anybody here except my cousin, who invited me, and I hardly think I know him either."

"Well, since you are irredeemably committed," replied Ralph, as the music, after some prefatory flourishes, broke into the delicious rhythm of a Strauss waltz, "then it is no use struggling against fate. Come, let us make the plunge together. Misery loves company."

He offered her his arm, and she arose, somewhat hesitatingly, and followed.

"I am afraid," she whispered, as they fell into line with the procession that was moving down the long hall, "that you have asked me to dance merely because I said I felt forlorn. If that is the case, I should prefer to be led back to my seat."

"What a base imputation!" cried Ralph.

There was something so charmingly naive in this self-depreciation—something so altogether novel in his experience, and, he could not help adding, just a little bit countrified. His spirits rose; he began to relish keenly his position as an experienced man of the world, and, in the agreeable glow of patronage and conscious superiority, chatted

with hearty *abandon* with his little rustic beauty.

"If your dancing is as perfect as your German exercises were," said she, laughing, as they swung out upon the floor, "then I promise myself a good deal of pleasure from our meeting."

"Never fear," answered he, quickly reversing his step, and whirling with many a capricious turn away among the thronging couples.

When Ralph drove home in his carriage toward morning he briefly summed up his impressions of Bertha in the following adjectives: intelligent, delightfully unsophisticated, a little bit verdant, but devilish pretty.

Some weeks later Colonel Grim received an appointment at the fortress of Aggershuus, and immediately took up his residence in the capital. He saw that his son cut a fine figure in the highest circles of society, and expressed his gratification in the most emphatic terms. If he had known, however, that Ralph was in the habit of visiting, with alarming regularity, at the house of a plebeian merchant in a somewhat obscure street, he would, no doubt, have been more chary of his praise. But the Colonel suspected nothing, and it was well for the peace of the family that he did not. It may have been cowardice in Ralph that he never mentioned Bertha's name to his family or to his aristocratic acquaintances; for, to be candid, he himself felt ashamed of the power she exerted over him, and by turns pitied and ridiculed himself for pursuing so inglorious a conquest. Nevertheless it wounded his egotism that she never showed any surprise at seeing him, that she received him with a certain frank unceremoniousness, which, however, was very becoming to her; that she invariably went on with her work heedless of his presence, and in everything treated him as if she had been his equal. She persisted in talking with him in a half sisterly fashion about his studies and his future career, warned him with great solicitude against some of his reprobate friends, of whose merry adventures he had told her; and if he ventured to compliment her on her beauty or her accomplishments, she would look up gravely from her sewing, or answer him in a way which seemed to banish the idea of love-making into the land of the impossible. He was constantly tormented by the suspicion that she secretly disapproved of him, and that from a mere moral interest in his welfare she was conscientiously laboring to make

him a better man. Day after day he parted from her feeling humiliated, faint-hearted, and secretly indignant both at himself and her, and day after day he returned only to renew the same experience. At last it became too intolerable, he could endure it no longer. Let it make or break, certainty, at all risks, was at least preferable to this sickening suspense. That he loved her, he could no longer doubt; let his parents foam and fret as much as they pleased; for once he was going to stand on his own legs. And in the end, he thought, they would have to yield, for they had no son but him.

Bertha was going to return to her home on the sea-coast in a week. Ralph stood in the little low-ceiled parlor, as she imagined, to bid her good-bye. They had been speaking of her father, her brothers, and the farm, and she had expressed the wish that if he ever should come to that part of the country he might pay them a visit. Her words had kindled a vague hope in his breast, but in their very frankness and friendly regard there was something which slew the hope they had begotten. He held her hand in his, and her large confiding eyes shone with an emotion which was beautiful, but was yet not love.

"If you were but a peasant born like myself," said she, in a voice which sounded almost tender, "then I should like to talk to you as I would to my own brother; but—"

"No, not brother, Bertha," cried he, with sudden vehemence; "I love you better than I ever loved any earthly being, and if you knew how firmly this love has clutched at the roots of my heart, you would perhaps—you would at least not look so reproachfully at me."

She dropped his hand, and stood for a moment silent.

"I am sorry that it should have come to this, Mr. Grim," said she, visibly struggling for calmness. "And I am perhaps more to blame than you."

"Blame," muttered he, "why are you to blame?"

"Because I do not love you; although I sometimes feared that this might come. But then again I persuaded myself that it could not be so."

He took a step toward the door, laid his hand on the knob, and gazed down before him.

"Bertha," began he, slowly, raising his head, "you have always disapproved of me, you have despised me in your heart, but you thought you would be doing a good work if you succeeded in making a man of me."

"You use strong language," answered she, hesitatingly; "but there is truth in what you say."

Again there was a long pause, in which the ticking of the old parlor clock grew louder and louder.

"Then," he broke out at last, "tell me before we part if I can do nothing to gain—I will not say your love—but only your regard? What would you yourself do if you were in my place?"

"My advice you will hardly heed, and I do not even know that it would be well if you did. But if I were a man in your position, I should break with my whole past, start out into the world where nobody knew me, and where I should be dependent only upon my own strength, and there I would conquer a place for myself, if it were only for the satisfaction of knowing that I was really a man. Here cushions are sewed under your arms, a hundred invisible threads bind you to a life of idleness and vanity, everybody is ready to carry you on his hands, the road is smoothed for you, every stone carefully moved out of your path, and you will probably go to your grave without having ever harbored one earnest thought, without having done one manly deed."

Ralph stood transfixed, gazing at her with open mouth; he felt a kind of stupid fright, as if some one had suddenly seized him by the shoulders and shaken him violently. He tried vainly to remove his eyes from Bertha. She held him as by a powerful spell. He saw that her face was lighted with an altogether new beauty; he noticed the deep glow upon her cheek, the brilliancy of her eye, the slight quiver of her lip. But he saw all this as one sees things in a half-trance, without attempting to account for them; the door between his soul and his senses was closed.

"I know that I have been bold in speaking to you in this way," she said at last, seating herself in a chair at the window. "But it was yourself who asked me. And I have felt all the time that I should have to tell you this before we parted."

"And," answered he, making a strong effort to appear calm, "if I follow your advice, will you allow me to see you once more before you go?"

"I shall remain here another week, and shall, during that time, always be ready to receive you."

"Thank you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Ralph carefully avoided all the fashionable thoroughfares; he felt degraded before

himself, and he had an idea that every man could read his humiliation in his countenance. Now he walked on quickly, striking the sidewalks with his heels; now, again, he fell into an uneasy, reckless saunter, according as the changing moods inspired defiance of his sentence, or a qualified surrender. And, as he walked on, the bitterness grew within him, and he pitilessly reviled himself for having allowed himself to be made a fool of by "that little country goose," when he was well aware that there were hundreds of women of the best families of the land who would feel honored at receiving his attentions. But this sort of reasoning he knew to be both weak and contemptible, and his own better self soon rose in loud rebellion.

"After all," he muttered, "in the main thing she was right. I am a miserable good-for-nothing, a hot-house plant, a poor stick, and if I were a woman myself, I don't think I should waste my affections on a man of that caliber."

Then he unconsciously fell to analyzing Bertha's character, wondering vaguely that a person who moved so timidly in social life, appearing so diffident, from an ever-present fear of blundering against the established forms of etiquette, could judge so quickly, and with such a merciless certainty, whenever a moral question, a question of right and wrong, was at issue. And, pursuing the same train of thought, he contrasted her with himself, who moved in the highest spheres of society as in his native element, heedless of moral scruples, and conscious of no loftier motive for his actions than the immediate pleasure of the moment.

As Ralph turned the corner of a street, he heard himself hailed from the other sidewalk by a chorus of merry voices.

"Ah, my dear Baroness," cried a young man, springing across the street and grasping Ralph's hand (all his student friends called him the Baroness), "in the name of this illustrious company, allow me to salute you. But why the deuce—what is the matter with you? If you have the *Katsenjammer*,\* soda water is the thing. Come along,—it's my treat!"

The students instantly thronged around Ralph, who stood distractedly swinging his cane and smiling idiotically.

"I am not quite well," said he; "leave me alone."

"No, to be sure, you don't look well," cried a jolly youth, against whom Bertha

\* *Katsenjammer* is the sensation a man has the morning after a carousal.

had frequently warned him; "but a glass of sherry will soon restore you. It would be highly immoral to leave you in this condition without taking care of you."

Ralph again vainly tried to remonstrate; but the end was, that he reluctantly followed.

He had always been a conspicuous figure in the student world; but that night he astonished his friends by his eloquence, his reckless humor, and his capacity for drinking. He made a speech for "Woman," which bristled with wit, cynicism, and sarcastic epigrams. One young man, named Vinter, who was engaged, undertook to protest against his sweeping condemnation, and declared that Ralph, who was a universal favorite among the ladies, ought to be the last to revile them.

"If," he went on, "the Baroness should propose to six well-known ladies here in this city whom I could mention, I would wager six Johannisbergers, and an equal amount of champagne, that every one of them would accept him."

The others loudly applauded this proposal, and Ralph accepted the wager. The letters were written on the spot, and immediately despatched. Toward morning, the merry carousal broke up, and Ralph was conducted in triumph to his home.

### III.

Two days later, Ralph again knocked on Bertha's door. He looked paler than usual, almost haggard; his immaculate linen was a little crumpled, and he carried no cane; his lips were tightly compressed, and his face wore an air of desperate resolution.

"It is done," he said, as he seated himself opposite her. "I am going."

"Going!" cried she, startled at his unusual appearance. "How, where?"

"To America. I sail to-night. I have followed your advice, you see. I have cut off the last bridge behind me."

"But, Ralph," she exclaimed, in a voice of alarm. "Something dreadful must have happened. Tell me, quick; I must know it."

"No; nothing dreadful," muttered he, smiling bitterly. "I have made a little scandal, that is all. My father told me to-day to go to the devil, if I chose, and my mother gave me five hundred dollars to help me along on the way. If you wish to know, here is the explanation."

And he pulled from his pocket six perfumed and carefully folded notes, and threw them into her lap.

"Do you wish me to read them?" she asked, with growing surprise.

"Certainly. Why not?"

She hastily opened one note after the other, and read.

"But, Ralph," she cried, springing up from her seat, while her eyes flamed with indignation, "what does this mean? What have you done?"

"I didn't think it needed any explanation," replied he, with feigned indifference. "I proposed to them all, and, you see, they all accepted me. I received all these letters to-day. I only wished to know whether the whole world regarded me as such a worthless scamp as you told me I was."

She did not answer, but sat mutely staring at him, fiercely crumpling a rose-colored note in her hand. He began to feel uncomfortable under her gaze, and threw himself about uneasily in his chair.

"Well," said he at length, rising, "I suppose there is nothing more. Good-bye."

"One moment, Mr. Grim," demanded she sternly. "Since I have already said so much, and you have obligingly revealed to me a new side of your character, I claim the right to correct the opinion I expressed of you at our last meeting."

"I am all attention."

"I did think, Mr. Grim," began she, breathing hard, and steadying herself against the table at which she stood, "that you were a very selfish man—an embodiment of selfishness, absolute and supreme, but I did not believe that you were wicked."

"And what convinced you that I was selfish, if I may ask?"

"What convinced me?" repeated she, in a tone of inexpressible contempt. "When did you ever act from any generous regard for others? What good did you ever do to anybody?"

"You might ask, with equal justice, what good I ever did to myself."

"In a certain sense, yes; because to gratify a mere momentary wish is hardly doing one's self good."

"Then I have, at all events, followed the Biblical precept, and treated my neighbor very much as I treat myself."

"I did think," continued Bertha, without heeding the remark, "that you were at bottom kind-hearted, but too hopelessly well-bred ever to commit an act of any decided complexion, either good or bad. Now I see that I have misjudged you, and that you are capable of outraging the most sacred feelings of a woman's heart in mer-



wantonness, or for the sake of satisfying a base curiosity, which never could have entered the mind of an upright and generous man."

The hard, benumbed look in Ralph's face thawed in the warmth of her presence, and her words, though stern, touched a secret spring of his heart. He made two or three vain attempts to speak, then suddenly broke down, and cried:

"Bertha, Bertha, even if you scorn me, have patience with me, and listen."

And he told her, in rapid, broken sentences, how his love for her had grown from day to day, until he could no longer master it; and how, in an unguarded moment, when his pride rose in fierce conflict against his love, he had done this reckless deed of which he was now heartily ashamed. The fervor of his words touched her, for she felt that they were sincere. Large mute tears trembled in her eyelashes as she sat gazing tenderly at him, and in the depth of her soul the wish awoke that she might have been able to return this great and strong love of his; for she felt that in this love lay the germ of a new, of a stronger and better man. She noticed, with a half-regretful pleasure, his handsome figure, his delicately shaped hands, and the noble cast of his features; an overwhelming pity for him rose within her, and she began to reproach herself for having spoken so harshly, and, as she now thought, so unjustly. Perhaps he read in her eyes the unspoken wish. He seized her hand, and his words fell with a warm and alluring cadence upon her ear.

"I shall not see you for a long time to come, Bertha," said he, "but if, at the end of five or six years your hand is still free, and I return another man—a man to whom you could safely intrust your happiness—would you then listen to what I may have to say to you? For I promise, by all that we both hold sacred—"

"No, no," interrupted she hastily. "Promise nothing. It would be unjust to yourself, and perhaps also to me; for a sacred promise is a terrible thing, Ralph. Let us both remain free; and, if you return and still love me, then come, and I shall receive you and listen to you. And even if you have outgrown your love, which is, indeed, more probable, come still to visit me wherever I may be, and we shall meet as friends and rejoice in the meeting."

"You know best," he murmured. "Let it be as you have said."

He arose, took her face between his

hands, gazed long and tenderly into her eyes, pressed a kiss upon her forehead, and hastened away.

That night Ralph boarded the steamer for Hull, and three weeks later landed in New York.

#### IV.

THE first three months of Ralph's sojourn in America were spent in vain attempts to obtain a situation. Day after day he walked down Broadway, calling at various places of business, and night after night he returned to his cheerless room with a faint heart and declining spirits. It was, after all, a more serious thing than he had imagined, to cut the cable which binds one to the land of one's birth. There a hundred subtle influences, the existence of which no one suspects until the moment they are withdrawn, unite to keep one in the straight path of rectitude, or at least of external respectability; and Ralph's life had been all in society; the opinion of his fellow-men had been the one force to which he implicitly deferred, and the conscience by which he had been wont to test his actions, had been nothing but the aggregate judgment of his friends. To such a man the isolation and the utter irresponsibility of a life among strangers was tenfold more dangerous; and Ralph found, to his horror, that his character contained innumerable latent possibilities which the easy-going life in his home probably never would have revealed to him. It often cut him to the quick, when, on entering an office in his daily search for employment, he was met by hostile or suspicious glances, or when, as it occasionally happened, the door was slammed in his face, as if he were a vagabond or an impostor. Then the wolf was often roused within him, and he felt a momentary wild desire to become what the people here evidently believed him to be. Many a night he sauntered irresolutely about the gambling places in obscure streets, and the glare of light, the rude shouts and clamors in the same moment repulsed and attracted him by a potent fascination. If he went to the devil, who would care? His father had himself pointed out the way to him; and nobody could blame him if he followed the advice. But then again a memory emerged from that chamber of his soul which still he held sacred; and Bertha's deep blue eyes gazed upon him with their earnest look of tender warning and regret.

When the summer was half gone, Ralph had gained many a hard victory over him-

self, and learned many a useful lesson; and at length he swallowed his pride, divested himself of his fine clothes, and accepted a position as assistant gardener at a villa on the Hudson. And as he stood perspiring with a spade in his hand, and a cheap broad-brimmed straw hat on his head, he often took a grim pleasure in picturing to himself how his aristocratic friends at home would receive him, if he should introduce himself to them in this new costume.

"After all, it was only my position they cared for," he reflected bitterly; "without my father's name what would I be to them?"

Then, again, there was a certain satisfaction in knowing that, for his present situation, humble as it was, he was indebted to nobody but himself; and the thought that Bertha's eyes, if they could have seen him now would have dwelt upon him with pleasure and approbation, went far to console him for his aching back, his sun-burnt face, and his swollen and blistered hands.

One day, as Ralph was raking the gravel-walks in the garden, his employer's daughter, a young lady of seventeen, came out and spoke to him. His culture and refinement of manner struck her with wonder, and she asked him to tell her his history; but then he suddenly grew very grave, and she forbore pressing him. From that time she attached a kind of romantic interest to him, and finally induced her father to obtain him a situation that would be more to his taste. And, before the winter came, Ralph saw the dawn of a new future glimmering before him. He had wrestled bravely with fate, and had once more gained a victory. He began the career in which success and distinction awaited him, as proof-reader on a newspaper in the city. He had fortunately been familiar with the English language before he left home, and by the strength of his will he conquered all difficulties. At the end of two years he became attached to the editorial staff; new ambitious hopes, hitherto foreign to his mind, awoke within him; and with joyous tumult of heart he saw life opening its wide vistas before him, and he labored on manfully to repair the losses of the past, and to prepare himself for greater usefulness in times to come. He felt in himself a stronger and fuller manhood, as if the great arteries of the vast universal world-life pulsed in his own being. The drowsy, indolent existence at home appeared like a dull remote dream from which he had awaked, and he blessed the destiny which, by its very sternness, had mercifully saved him; he blessed her, too,

who, from the very want of love for him, had, perhaps, made him worthier of love.

The years flew rapidly. Society had flung its doors open to him, and what was more, he had found some warm friends, in whose houses he could come and go at pleasure. He enjoyed keenly the privilege of daily association with high-minded and refined women; their eager activity of intellect stimulated him, their exquisite ethereal grace and their delicately chiseled beauty satisfied his aesthetic cravings, and the responsive vivacity of their nature prepared him ever new surprises. He felt a strange fascination in the presence of these women, and the conviction grew upon him that their type of womanhood was superior to any he had hitherto known. And by way of refuting his own argument, he would draw from his pocket-book the photograph of Bertha, which had a secret compartment there all to itself, and, gazing tenderly at it, would eagerly defend her against the disparaging reflections which the involuntary comparison had provoked. And still, how could he help seeing that her features, though well molded, lacked animation; that her eye, with its deep, trustful glance, was not brilliant, and that the calm earnestness of her face, when compared with the bright, intellectual beauty of his present friends, appeared pale and simple, like a violet in a bouquet of vividly colored roses? It gave him a quick pang, when, at times, he was forced to admit this; nevertheless, it was the truth.

After six years of residence in America, Ralph had gained a very high reputation as a journalist of rare culture and ability, and, in 1867 he was sent to the World's Exhibition in Paris, as correspondent of the paper on which he had during all these years been employed. What wonder, then, that he started for Europe a few weeks before his presence was needed in the imperial city, and that he steered his course directly toward the fjord valley where Bertha had her home? It was she who had bidden him God-speed when he fled from the land of his birth, and, she, too, should receive his first greeting on his return.

# V.

THE sun had fortified itself behind a citadel of flaming clouds, and the upper forest region shone with a strange ethereal glow, while the lower plains were wrapped in shadow; but the shadow itself had a strong

suffusion of color. The mountain peaks rose cold and blue in the distance.

Ralph, having inquired his way of the boatman who had landed him at the pier, walked rapidly along the beach, with a small valise in his hand, and a light summer overcoat flung over his shoulder. Many half-thoughts grazed his mind, and ere the first had taken shape, the second, and the third came and chased it away. And still they all in some fashion had reference to Bertha; for in a misty, abstract way, she filled his whole mind; but for some indefinable reason, he was afraid to give free rein to the sentiment which lurked in the remoter corners of his soul.

Onward he hastened, while his heart throbbed with the quickening tempo of mingled expectation and fear. Now and then one of those chill gusts of air which seem to be careering about aimlessly in the atmosphere during early summer, would strike into his face, and recall him to a keener self-consciousness.

Ralph concluded, from his increasing agitation, that he must be very near Bertha's home. He stopped and looked around him. He saw a large maple at the roadside, some thirty steps from where he was standing, and the girl who was sitting under it, resting her head in her hand and gazing out over the sea, he recognized in an instant to be Bertha. He sprang up on the road, not crossing, however, her line of vision, and approached her noiselessly from behind.

"Bertha," he whispered.

She gave a little joyous cry, sprang up, and made a gesture as if to throw herself into his arms; then suddenly checked herself, blushed crimson, and moved a step backward.

"You came so suddenly," she murmured.

"But, Bertha," cried he (and the full bass of his voice rang through her very soul), "have I gone into exile and waited these many years for so cold a welcome?"

"You have changed so much, Ralph," answered she, with that old grave smile which he knew so well, and stretched out both her hands toward him. "And I have thought of you so much since you went away, and blamed myself because I had judged you so harshly, and wondered that you could listen to me so patiently, and never bear me malice for what I said."

"If you had said a word less," declared Ralph, seating himself at her side on the greensward, "or if you had varnished it over with politeness, then you would proba-

bly have failed to produce any effect, and I should not have been burdened with that heavy debt of gratitude which I now owe you. I was a pretty thick-skinned animal in those days, Bertha. You said the right word at the right moment; you gave me a bold and good piece of advice, which my own ingenuity would never have suggested to me. I will not thank you, because, in so grave a case as this, spoken thanks sound like a mere mockery. Whatever I am, Bertha, and whatever I may hope to be, I owe it all to that hour."

She listened with rapture to the manly assurance of his voice; her eyes dwelt with unspeakable joy upon his strong bronzed features, his full thick blonde beard, and the vigorous proportions of his frame. Many and many a time during his absence had she wondered how he would look if he ever came back, and with that minute conscientiousness which, as it were, pervaded her whole character, she had held herself responsible before God for his fate, prayed for him, and trembled lest evil powers should gain the ascendancy over his soul.

On their way to the house they talked together of many things, but in a guarded, cautious fashion, and without the cheerful abandonment of former years. They both, as it were, groped their way carefully in each other's minds, and each vaguely felt that there was something in the other's thought which it was not well to touch unbidden. Bertha saw that all her fears for him had been groundless, and his very appearance lifted the whole weight of responsibility from her breast; and still, did she rejoice at her deliverance from her burden? Ah, no; in this moment she knew that that which she had foolishly cherished as the best and noblest part of herself, had been but a selfish need of her own heart. She feared that she had only taken that interest in him which one feels for a thing of one's own making; and now, when she saw that he had risen quite above her; that he was free and strong, and could have no more need of her, she had, instead of generous pleasure at his success, but a painful sense of emptiness, as if something very dear had been taken from her.

Ralph, too, was loath to analyze the impression his old love made upon him. His feelings were of so complex a nature, he was anxious to keep his more magnanimous impulses active, and he strove hard to convince himself that she was still the same to him as she had been before they had

ever parted. But, alas! though the heart be warm and generous, the eye is a merciless critic. And the man who had moved on the wide arena of the world, whose mind had housed the large thoughts of this century, and expanded with its invigorating breath,—was he to blame because he had unconsciously outgrown his old provincial self, and could no more judge by its standards?

Bertha's father was a peasant, but he had, by his lumber trade, acquired what in Norway was called a very handsome fortune. He received his guest with dignified reserve, and Ralph thought he detected in his eyes a lurking look of distrust. "I know your errand," that look seemed to say, "but you had better give it up at once. It will be of no use for you to try."

And after supper, as Ralph and Bertha sat talking confidingly with each other at the window, he sent his daughter a quick, sharp glance, and then, without ceremony, commanded her to go to bed. Ralph's heart gave a great thump within him; not because he feared the old man, but because his words, as well as his glances, revealed to him the sad history of these long, patient years. He doubted no longer that the love which he had once so ardently desired was his at last; and he made a silent vow that, come what might, he would remain faithful.

As he came down to breakfast the next morning, he found Bertha sitting at the window, engaged in hemming what appeared to be a rough kitchen towel. She bent eagerly over her work, and only a vivid flush upon her cheek told him that she had noticed his coming. He took a chair, seated himself opposite her, and bade her "good-morning." She raised her head, and showed him a sweet, troubled countenance, which the early sunlight illumined with a high spiritual beauty. It reminded him forcibly of those pale, sweet-faced saints of Fra Angelico, with whom the frail flesh seems ever on the point of yielding to the ardent aspirations of the spirit. And still, even in this moment he could not prevent his eyes from observing that one side of her forefinger was rough from sewing, and that the whiteness of her arm, which the loose sleeves displayed, contrasted strongly with the browned and sun-burnt complexion of her hands.

After breakfast they again walked together on the beach, and Ralph, having once formed his resolution, now talked freely of the New World—of his sphere of activity

there; of his friends and of his plans for the future; and she listened to him with a mild, perplexed look in her eyes, as if trying vainly to follow the flight of his thoughts. And he wondered, with secret dismay, whether she was still the same strong, brave-hearted girl whom he had once accounted almost bold; whether the life in this narrow valley, amid a hundred petty and depressing cares, had not cramped her spiritual growth, and narrowed the sphere of her thought. Or was she still the same, and was it only he who had changed? At last he gave utterance to his wonder, and she answered him in those grave, earnest tones which seemed in themselves to be half a refutation of his doubts.

"It was easy for me to give you a daring advice, then, Ralph," she said. "Like most school-girls, I thought that life was a great and glorious thing, and that happiness was a fruit which hung within reach of every hand. Now I have lived for six years trying single-handed to relieve the want and suffering of the needy people with whom I come in contact, and their squalor and wretchedness have sickened me, and, what is still worse, I feel that all I can do is as a drop in the ocean, and, after all, amounts to nothing. I know I am no longer the same reckless girl, who, with the very best intention, sent you wandering through the wide world; and I thank God that it proved to be for your good, although the whole now appears quite incredible to me. My thoughts have moved so long within the narrow circle of these mountains that they have lost their youthful elasticity, and can no more rise above them."

Ralph detected, in the midst of her despondency, a spark of her former fire, and grew eloquent in his endeavors to persuade her that she was unjust to herself, and that there was but a wider sphere of life needed to develop all the latent powers of her rich nature.

At the dinner-table, her father again sat eying his guest with that same cold look of distrust and suspicion. And when the meal was at an end, he rose abruptly and called his daughter into another room. Presently Ralph heard his angry voice resounding through the house, interrupted now and then by a woman's sobs, and a subdued, passionate pleading. When Bertha again entered the room, her eyes were very red, and he saw that she had been weeping. She threw a shawl over her shoulders, beckoned to him with her hand, and he arose and followed

her. She led the way silently until they reached a thick copse of birch and alder near the strand. She dropped down upon a bench between two trees, and he took his seat at her side.

"Ralph," began she, with a visible effort, "I hardly know what to say to you; but there is something which I must tell you—my father wishes you to leave us at once."

"And *you*, Bertha?"

"Well—yes—I wish it too."

She saw the painful shock which her words gave him, and she strove hard to speak. Her lips trembled, her eyes became suffused with tears, which grew and grew, but never fell; she could not utter a word.

"Well, Bertha," answered he, with a little quiver in his voice, "if you, too, wish me to go, I shall not tarry. Good-bye."

He rose quickly, and, with averted face, held out his hand to her; but as she made no motion to grasp the hand, he began distractedly to button his coat, and moved slowly away.

"Ralph."

He turned sharply, and, before he knew it, she lay sobbing upon his breast.

"Ralph," she murmured, while the tears almost choked her words, "I could not have you leave me thus. It is hard enough—it is hard enough—"

"What is hard, beloved?"

She raised her head abruptly, and turned upon him a gaze full of hope and doubt, and sweet perplexity.

"Ah, no, you do not love me," she whispered, sadly.

"Why should I come to seek you, after these many years, dearest, if I did not wish to make you my wife before God and men? Why should I——"

"Ah, yes, I know," she interrupted him with a fresh fit of weeping, "you are too good and honest to wish to throw me away, now when you have seen how my soul has hungered for the sight of you these many years, how even now I cling to you with a despairing clutch. But you cannot disguise yourself, Ralph, and I saw it from the first moment that you loved me no more."

"Do not be such an unreasonable child," he remonstrated, feebly. "I do not love you with the wild, irrational passion of former years; but I have the tenderest regard for you, and my heart warms at the sight of your sweet face, and I shall do all in my power to make you as happy as any man can make you who——"

"Who does not love me," she finished.

A sudden shudder seemed to shake her whole frame, and she drew herself more tightly up to him.

"Ah, no," she continued, after a while, sinking back upon her seat. "It is a hopeless thing to compel a reluctant heart. I will accept no sacrifice from you. You owe me nothing, for you have acted toward me honestly and uprightly, and I shall be a stronger, or—at least—a better woman for what you gave me—and—for what you could not give me, even though you would."

"But, Bertha," exclaimed he, looking mournfully at her, "it is not true when you say that I owe you nothing. Six years ago, when first I wooed you, you could not return my love, and you sent me out into the world, and even refused to accept any pledge or promise for the future."

"And you returned," she responded, "a man, such as my hope had pictured you; but, while I had almost been standing still, you had outgrown me, and outgrown your old self, and, with your old self, outgrown its love for me, for your love was not of your new self, but of the old. Alas! it is a sad tale, but it is true."

She spoke gravely now, and with a steadier voice, but her eyes hung upon his face with an eager look of expectation, as if yearning to detect there some gleam of hope, some contradiction of the dismal truth. He read that look aright, and it pierced him like a sharp sword. He made a brave effort to respond to its appeal, but his features seemed hard as stone, and he could only cry out against his destiny, and bewail his misfortune and hers.

Toward evening, Ralph was sitting in an open boat, listening to the measured oar-strokes of the boatmen who were rowing him out to the nearest stopping-place of the steamer. The mountains lifted their great placid heads up among the sun-bathed clouds, and the fjord opened its cool depths as if to make room for their vast reflections. Ralph felt as if he were floating in the midst of the blue infinite space, and, with the strength which this feeling inspired, he tried to face boldly the thought from which he had but a moment ago shrunk as from something hopelessly sad and perplexing.

And in that hour he looked fearlessly into the gulf which separates the New World from the Old. He had hoped to bridge it; but, alas! it cannot be bridged.



## NATURE'S CHILD.

I AM the Child of Nature,  
And she is my mother dear,  
And all of my wisest lessons  
I patiently glean from her.  
Heartsick of the world and its plaudits,  
Its follies wherever I turn;  
Weary of sin and its gilding,  
I sit at her feet and learn.

Her home is the depth of the forest,  
Her mirror the rivulet bright;  
Her voice is the breeze's burden,  
Her eyes are the stars of night.  
Her robes are the green of Spring-time,  
Or the Autumn's crimson and gold;  
In the Winter the spotless snow-drift—  
Like Hebe, she never is old.

Sometimes—for my spirit is wayward—  
Her lessons are hard to meet,  
And the truths that her grand lips tell me,  
Are as often bitter as sweet.  
But when I grow silent and listless,  
And my eyes from her pages stray,  
She closes the leaves of her volume  
And motions me out to play.

Then I wander forth in the sunshine,  
When Summer is Queen of the Earth,  
And study the hearts of the roses,  
Or flowers of humbler birth.  
And all through the hours of gladness,  
With a spirit that nothing can daunt,  
I beg of the sweet-lipped blossoms  
To tell me the butterfly's haunt.

I steep my lips in the dewdrops,  
And sing with the warbling bird,  
Till the heart of the woodland echoes  
The melody it has heard.  
I dabble my feet in the streamlet  
That flows where the pebbles are fair;  
And stoop like a child o'er the water,  
With the wild-flowers in my hair.

Then the water smiles as it ripples,  
And sings on its way to the sea;  
Bearing the crested ocean  
The picture it stole of me.  
Oft in the purple twilight  
I lie in the cool, sweet grass,  
Watching the shapes of the shadows  
That silently by me pass.

I have no fear when I linger—  
What is there to do me harm?—  
While I nestle deep in the grasses  
My cheek on my round, white arm.

My canopy blue above me,  
I see in the bending skies;  
And the tender stars look on me,  
As soft as a lover's eyes.

Though the night-dews fall upon me,  
They come from the eyes of Heaven;  
And I think, in my heart's deep musing,  
For sympathy they are given.  
Shall I shiver at touch of the dew-drops  
When my life has been full of tears?—  
When no loving fingers have lightened  
The weight of my spring-time years?

Why should I say I am lonely?  
My kindred are everywhere;  
The bronze-brown leaves of Autumn  
Bear the tints of my gold-flecked hair.  
My cheek has the pink of the primrose,  
My forehead the daisy's white;  
And my soul in the arms of Nature  
Is full of a calm delight.

She shows me her bright wild berries,  
And tells me my lips are as red,  
While I gather their scarlet clusters  
And wind them about my head.  
She says that the forest shadows  
Sleep soft in my hazel eyes;  
Then I pour in her kindly bosom  
My young heart's mysteries.

When I wander forth like a wood-nymph,  
In the morn or the evening air,  
The wind that I name my lover  
Plays wild with my unbound hair.  
I cannot loosen his fingers,  
Nor flee from his tightening hold;  
So he tosses my curls about me  
Like a sun-kissed shower of gold.

Asleep by the babbling brooklet,  
That mirrors my every glance,  
As it murmurs a plaintive music,  
In time to the wild-flowers' dance;  
Or nestled by mossy hillock,  
And fanned by the evening air,—  
Still Nature keeps watch beside me,  
Her presence is everywhere.

What though the great world holdeth  
No treasure for which I pine?  
What though its love be sordid?  
The heart of the wood is mine!  
So I lock up my heart yet closer,  
Lest its beating be lightly heard,  
My lovers, the wind and the brooklet—  
My playmates, flower and bird.

## AN APPENDIX TO THE "NEW SOLUTION."

It is the object of this addendum to the articles on Spiritualism, published in the January and February numbers of SCRIBNER, to respond briefly to the call for more explicit explanation on certain points, expressed by medical men and inquirers in letters so numerous as to render it impossible to answer them *seriatim*; and, also, to present some additional investigations specially sustaining the views there laid down. In what I have to say, I shall make no allusion to published criticisms, either favorable or adverse, except to explain more explicitly what is meant by nerve-aura, and to exhibit the experimental evidences upon which it rests.

By nerve-aura is to be understood the specific molecular influence of nervous tissue. Under ordinary circumstances, the excitatory property of nervous tissue expends itself in the vital and motor activities, and in the sensory phenomena observed in the general business of life. On the other hand, in all morbid processes in which, as in those of the epileptic type, there is a gradual degeneration and breaking down of the nervous tissue, the phenomenon of rapid demissions of nervous force from the center toward the circumference is presented. In epileptic degeneration of the gray axis of the spinal column, periodical convulsions present themselves as the exponents of the disorder, and the liberated force terminates in concussions communicated to the muscles, and in painfully excessive sensibility of the skin; while, on the contrary, in degeneration of the gray matter of the brain, extraordinary sensory and motor phenomena are exhibited. It is to the peculiar nervous influence that periodically radiates from individuals in whom this cerebral degeneration is going on that physiologists have given the designation of nerve-aura.

A very simple experiment is sufficient to demonstrate that the dissolution of the gray tissue of the brain is accompanied by the demission of an extraordinary volume of nervous influence. If a cat—an animal susceptible of epileptic paroxysms—be subjected to the action of an anæsthetic, and an anterior section of the skull removed, exposing the anterior portion of the brain, this statement can be verified with exceeding precision, by first connecting nervous filaments at the base of the cerebrum with an instrument employed for measuring elec-

tricity, and then applying ammonia to the uncovered cerebral surface, when the instrument will indicate the presence of an augmented volume of electricity in the filaments thus connected, consequent upon the action of the ammonia on the distant portion of the cortex. Now, it is experimentally known from tests with the electrometer, at the hands of Du Bois-Reymond and others, that the transmission of nervous influence along a filament may be indicated by that instrument—that is to say, the nerve is electrically excited. I have repeated this experiment with mice, with the same general result; but the reader must not imagine from this fact that there is any identity between nervous influence and electricity; for the latter seems to be merely the exponent of nervous action, and not its cause. This is demonstrated by the fact, that if the electrometer be immediately connected with the gray tissue, and not with the filaments proceeding from it, it exhibits no evidence of augmented electrical action, while, were electricity the actual agent engendered by the ammonia, its presence in the nerve centers, where the influence originates, would be more perceptible than in the filaments that merely transmit it. This test is experimentally conclusive as to the accuracy of Professor Ferrier's conclusions stated in a note to page 486 in SCRIBNER for February,—namely, that lesion of the cerebral centers is accompanied with a violent demission of nervous force in the direction of the peripheral nerves.

Regarding this point as settled to the satisfaction of men of science, I will remark that one of the main points that seem to puzzle correspondents, who have given some attention to nervous physiology, consists in an extension of the term *clairvoyance*, which etymologically describes an exaltation of the sensory function only, so as to cover the motor phenomena associated with Spiritualism, from simple table-tipping to so-called spirit-materialization. Properly employed, the term has no application to the motor aspects of the subject; but as it has been appropriated to designate that state of the nervous system under which sensory exaltation occurs, and as the state is identical with that under which the motor phenomena occur, I have preferred to avoid confusion by using a popularly accepted word. Scientifically considered, exaltation of the sensory

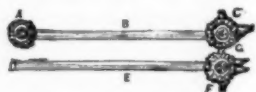
nerves is styled hyperaesthesia, while similar exaltation of the motor function is known as hypercinesia; but, as both are associated with the same nervous state, some term must be used to designate the condition from which they spring, the one predominating in persons of delicate cerebral temperament, and the other in those of strong vital temperament. It has been sufficiently demonstrated by the more extended observations, recently issued in book-form,\* that this state of nervous organism, whether it eventuates in simple somnambulism, in trance visions, in clairvoyance as generally described, or in motor phenomena, is invariably heralded by a slight nervous paroxysm, and (in a manner more or less pronounced) by all the usual prodromata of the typical epileptic fit. To test this point, I recently submitted myself to the experiments of a professional Mesmerist, and although he was on each occasion unsuccessful, so far as concerned producing unconsciousness, a fact which he attributed to the intent analytic scrutiny with which I followed the sensations and nervous phenomena of the process, I was unable to repress a singular somnolent tendency, interrupted with an occasional pleasurable nervous thrill, and finally succeeded by a shock very similar to that of a galvanic battery; after which, for a few moments, I had to exert the utmost energy of positive resistance to prevent myself from dropping to sleep, and, also, to keep my head from following the motion of the operator's hands, which attracted it to and fro with a force that taxed my resistance almost unendurably. I have no doubt whatever that consciousness would have given way at this stage of the experiments, had it not been that I was intent on taking and recording exact memoranda of the process. But the curious part of the observations was, that I distinctly detected the occurrence of a perceptible nervous shock in the person of the operator some minutes before it supervened in my own person, and that his Mesmeric influence was not at all perceptible to me until after the supervention of the slight paroxysm. This occurred at each of the six repetitions of the experiment, and appeared to be the necessary precursor of any nervous influence which he was able to exert upon me and I may add that, although the shock supervened a little more rapidly at each repetition, it was, on my part, preceded by the same series of sensations. Now, the same

fixed law runs through the practices of Mesmerism and those of professed spiritual mediums. The operator must possess a strong vital and motive temperament, and the subject operated upon must be of comparatively cerebral temperament. I have traced out the antecedents and hereditary tendencies of only five professional Mesmerists. In the ancestry of four of them, the existence of epileptic disturbances was unquestionable, and the fifth, whose hereditary tendencies were doubtful, frankly confessed that he was subject to nervous paroxysms for years before he became a traveling lecturer on Mesmeric phenomena. It is thus evident, so far as the facts bear upon the question, that, physiologically speaking, Mesmerist and spiritual medium are convertible terms. It would not be proper to say, in the absence of exact statistics, that only epileptics, or persons in whom the epileptic neurosis is present, are susceptible of Mesmeric influences; but it is experimentally certain that persons of this class are more susceptible than others, and yield more readily and rapidly to the manipulations of the operator.

The general reader, who has never actually dissected a nervous organism, and knows nothing of the beautiful simplicity that underlies its apparently complex structure, stands appalled when the discussion of a question trends upon that domain. To understand the physiology of clairvoyance and trance, it is, however, essential to be possessed of a few leading facts. The essential ingredient of the nervous organism is a peculiar animal tissue known as neurine, and consisting of two very distinct types, distinguished by their color, relative situation, and function; the one being gray, and generally designated as cineritious (ashen), always disposed in masses or layers, and composed of minute cells, proximately globular in form, and varying in diameter from one-sixth to one-sixtieth of a millimeter; the other, of the color of milk, consisting of innumerable minute tubes, filled with a milky fluid, which, however they may be gathered into bundles, invariably run as separate tubes from their origin to their termination, and, when followed from the periphery to the brain or spinal column, may invariably be traced to their respective nerve-cells. The difference between a motor and a sensory filament is purely conventional. Both invariably originate in single nerve-cells, but the former finally terminate on contracting surfaces, and the latter in nerve-cells, on sensory surfaces. In other and more comprehensive terms,

\* Ten Years with Spiritual Mediums. New York: D Appleton & Company.

a sensory nerve commences in a central cell, and ends in a peripheral one, having thus a minute brain at each extremity, while a motor nerve commences in a central cell, and finally merges into the tissue to which it is distributed, thus penetrating it with a nervous influence. In the brain and spinal column these cells are united by processes, and now and then by flattened commissures. The simplest conception of a nervous system is, therefore, that of a single gray nerve-cell, in which the nervous influence is elaborated, and a white filament by which it is transmitted. The simplest conception of reflex action is presented in the following diagram, which is innumerable repeated in the nervous system of man:



A sensory impression received in the peripheral excitor-cell A, which may be situated at the end of the finger, is transmitted by the filament B, received in the brain or spinal marrow by the cell C, communicated by way of the commissure G to the cell F, thence transmitted by the filament E to a muscular surface at D. The diagram presents cells and filaments magnified 300 diameters, and complex as seems the nervous structure of a man, it is resolvable into myriad repetitions of this fundamental conception. The difficulty that stands in the way of comprehending how, as in trances induced by sulphuric ether, the nerve-cells of the cortex of the brain may be susceptible of receiving sensory impressions, without the intervention of the ordinary process of sensation, is purely conventional. When I pass my fingers across velvet, the sensory corpuscles no more come in contact with the fabric, than the cells of the brain in which the sensation is received and recorded. The nerve-cells have no actual contact under any circumstances with the objects on which they report. Thus, when the subject is pursued to its extremity, the simplest sensation of tact presents itself as a problem of nervous influence, as inexplicable in its way as the more extraordinary phenomena of the clairvoyant state. The experimental data upon which the existence of a nervous atmosphere rests are many and conclusive. Tests detect its existence and action at small distances around living nerves and muscles, and between the ends of nerves that have been divided.

In the torpedo, the benumbing shock, which may be communicated without actual contact, is purely a nervous phenomenon, and has appropriated for its elaboration certain nervous masses known as the electric lobes, which, at 300 diameters, are observed to consist of ordinary nerve-cells, presenting no peculiarities, except, possibly, a trifling enlargement of the connective or polar processes. In like manner, if in the higher animals the pneumogastric nerves be severed, and the ends leading to the lungs and digestive organs be supplied with a galvanic current, the processes of respiration, circulation, and digestion, continue, notwithstanding the fact that the excitor agent is no longer transmitted from its appropriate nerve center, but is actually elaborated in a galvanic battery. These and other facts led M. Bécclard, the celebrated anatomist, to the conclusion that the gray tissue of the nervous system is the elaborator of an imponderable agent having some affinity with electricity and magnetism, which impregnates all the tissues of the body with a nervous influence, and to which the blood is indebted for the vital properties that distinguish it during life. It is with disorders involving the gradual breaking down of the gray tissue, and consequent rapid transformations in its molecular constitution, that the phenomenon of clairvoyance is constantly associated, and that the most palpable and decided general evidences of a nervous atmosphere acting at distances about the human body occur.

I now come to the practical question which has been so often repeated in the letters lying before me—How can a medium exert both intelligence and volition, and be unconscious that it is he who produces the phenomena? To answer this question, it is necessary to distinguish most decidedly between the excitor property of nervous tissue (which is the essential basis of motor and sensory phenomena) and consciousness. As an experimentally demonstrated fact, consciousness pertains only to the convolutions of the anterior lobes of the brain. If from a cat or dog, without other lesion of the brain, I dissect away the gray external portion of the anterior quarter of the cerebrum, performing my work carefully, the animal may live for weeks or months. It sees and hears. The cat will purr if its back is stroked gently. But, so far as having any consciousness is concerned, the animal is absolutely devoid of it. It will swallow if I put a piece of meat in its mouth; but put the same piece of meat fairly in contact with its

jaws, and it would starve to death before it would appropriate it. If you place the cat on the table's edge and push it off, it will jump and land on its feet; and if you hold it up by the four legs, back down, and let it drop, it will turn in the descent and land in the same manner, with all the agility of a cat really comprehending the situation. So, in a man, excision of the thin gray external layer of the anterior lobes of the brain would absolutely extinguish all consciousness. The centers of consciousness and conscious volition having been extirpated, the man would still see and hear, the sensory and motor organism with this exception remaining wholly unimpaired. Observe that, from the cradle to the grave, many-sided as man's nervous function is, his whole conscious thinking and volition is the work of a thin section of nervous tissue on the surface of the frontal portion of the brain. In madmen, whose movements often exhibit the most penetrating intelligence and the most abnormal cunning, the whole life appears to be unconscious; and it is here, perhaps, that the most comprehensible evidence is offered of the difference between conscious thinking, which involves the integrity of this tract, and that unconscious intelligence which springs directly from the excitatory property of the nerve-cell, and is common to all the gray tissue of the brain and spinal cord. I will point out one important fact here, and, as it has hitherto escaped observation, will ask microscopists to verify it. If the reader will carefully prepare sections of the retina of an eye, and of the thin gray lamina that form the exterior surface of one of the anterior convolutions, he will find that both consist of layers of nerve-cells, with a delicate intertexture of fibers, and are essentially identical in their structure,—an evidence of that beautiful simplicity that exhibits itself everywhere in the organic activities of life. In point of structure, the gray tissue of an anterior convolution of the human brain is a very enlarged and complex retina, the whole surface of the frontal lobes presenting a series of such; and this coincides with and explains the testimony of an eminent specialist, who tells me that in cases of congenital blindness it is not seldom that a kind of visual perception of external things accompanies the ordinary function of these lobes. Although the unassisted eye can discern no difference between the structure of an anterior and posterior convolution of the brain, yet in the shape and disposition of the cells, as well as

in the manner of their connection, the most remarkable differences exist; and although it is at present impossible to explain in detail how this occurs, physiologists are, nevertheless, perfectly aware that the form of the cells, and the manner of their arrangement into masses in any given nerve center, is indicative of the function of that center.

It is the study of the different kinds of nervous influence, elaborated in the different centers, that offers a practical explanation of the several groups of phenomena associated with Spiritualism, and leads to the inevitable conclusion that the vital centers are principally instrumental in table-tipping, rappings, levitation of bodies, materializing, and so on, while morbid function of the anterior convolutions is responsible for the apparently visual phenomena of the deeper orders of trance. That the nervous influence elaborated in the vital centers is formative, facts demonstrate beyond a doubt. If I cut off the leg of a newt, it will be regenerated under ordinary circumstances—that is to say, another leg will grow in its place. So with many of the lizard tribe. But if, after cutting off a leg, I extirpate all traces of nervous structure in the stump, that nervous structure must be regenerated before the structural influence of the vital center can exhibit itself in the production of a new limb. There are other very decisive evidences, both experimental and observational, as to the formative energy of nervous influence; and the student of the phenomena of nerve-aura must, consequently, in analyzing them, dismiss from his mind the ordinary theories of electricity and magnetism, and their ordinary laws of action, and consider himself in the presence of an agent possessing extraordinary properties. I claim, therefore, that morbid function of the gray tissue of the cerebro-spinal axis offers an ample explanation of all the phenomena associated with Spiritualism, whether psychic or dynamic, and that there is no more occasion for attributing the phenomena to the intervention of departed spirits, than there is for supposing that departed spirits cause the sun to shine.

Of all who have favored me with their views by letter, not one has dissented from the general positions taken. On the other hand, medical observers from all quarters have volunteered cases additional to those I have discussed, demonstrating the constant association of the phenomena with epileptic disturbances. After describing an important case a Western gentleman writes;



"In the light of this view of the subject, circumstances in my own personal experience and observation, hitherto mysterious and inexplicable, are clear as noonday, and to the mind lost in mazes of conjecture it is a positive relief to feel that at last it holds the clew that, if followed up, will unravel, not one set alone, but all the phenomena of Spiritualism."

But why not call nerve influences spiritual or psychic? Because it is not such, but is, on the other hand, a material or molecular phenomenon—the last link between matter and soul.

I have now, I think, responded to the really important questions elicited by the investigations as originally published. It has been my aim to avoid all argument on general issues, and to lay before inquirers the physical facts and experiments upon which my science of Spiritualism rests. In conclusion, I must be permitted to add that, of the two, it is hard to say whether they are the more absurd who persist in discrediting the facts, or they who refer them to the agency of departed spirits.

### DANGER.

WITH what a childish and short-sighted sense

Fear seeks for safety; reckons up the days

Of danger and escape, the hours and ways

Of death; it breathless flies the pestilence;

It walls itself in towers of defense;

By land, by sea, against the storm it lays

Down barriers; then, comforted, it says:

"This spot, this hour is safe." Oh, vain pretense!

Man born of man knows nothing when he goes;

The winds blow where they list, and will disclose

To no man, which brings safety, which brings risk.

The mighty are brought low by many a thing

Too small to name. Beneath the daisy's disk

Lies hid the pebble for the fatal sling!

### TOPICS OF THE TIME.

#### To "Old and New" Friends.

WHEN a man has watched during a month for the coming of a friend, and, at last, a stranger has presented himself at the door, with the statement that he has come in that friend's place and on his behalf, the welcome is not apt to be very cordial. But if the stranger bears the news of the friend's death, and brings his last messages, with mementos and legacies, the door is thrown open, and he receives a hospitable welcome.

Well, "OLD AND NEW" is dead, and SCRIBNER comes to you in its place. We do not expect you to find in the new magazine just what you have lost, but you will find the best that our friendship to you and to it has to give. "OLD AND NEW" was a good magazine. It was as pure as snow. It was strong in its discussion of vital questions, brave in its utterances, piquant in its stories, fresh in its verse, healthy and benevolent in its purposes, wise in its counsels, and elevating in its influences. It

had a flavor of its own, derived mainly from its editor, and precisely this flavor we bring to you as its legacy. Mr. Hale, whose vitalities have made it what it has been, will be a contributor to SCRIBNER. We have already arranged with him for a serial novel for the Centennial—not strictly historical, perhaps, but a story of our olden time—which will be read next year with special zest. You will meet in these pages with others of your old friends, and will find yourselves at home. You will at least be in communication with the wisest, brightest and best minds now tributary to our periodical literature, and have a magazine in your hands that has no aims beneath perfection.

#### International Copyright.

THE question of international copyright seems to be taking a rest. Those who are interested in establishing justice between England and the United States, with regard to this matter, evidently

despair of their object, for the present. The three parties who desire international copyright are the English publishers, the English authors, and the American authors, while there are two strong parties against it, viz., the American publishers and the American paper-makers. The latter have succeeded in fighting off a just decision and arrangement, and are so strong in money and influence, that they promise for a long time to carry their point. The American authors, as a class, have little money, little political influence, and no organization. They have never made themselves felt at Washington, and for a long time they are not likely to do so.

Exactly what is the reason of the American opposition? So far as the publishers are concerned, an international copyright would make it practically impossible for them to republish English books. The books would be printed and published in England, and sent here for sale, possibly and probably by English houses established for the purpose. The fear is, of course, that thus the entire trade in English copyright books would be taken out of American hands, while all the paper entering into the manufacture of the books would be made in England. Naturally, a measure which would be so much against the interests of American publishers and paper-makers would be a favorite of the corresponding classes on the other side of the water. Hence the English publisher is the most strenuous advocate of international copyright. The average English author cares far less about the matter than the publisher, because, as a rule, he sells his manuscript outright, for a round sum, and is then done with it. A novelist writes his novel and sells it, as a painter finishes his picture and disposes of it, to a dealer. The fight, then, is practically between English and American publishers.

Now, what is the result of this state of things upon American authorship? It is depressing to the last degree, in two obvious ways. The English book republished in America, and paying no copyright at all, or only an insignificant royalty, fixes the price of American books. The book of every native author comes directly into competition with books of equal interest and value, on which, the American publisher pays little or no copyright. Consequently, his copyright must be small, no matter how valuable his book may be, or how much time, money and labor it may have cost him. It is absolutely impossible for the most popular American author to obtain a copyright which shall make him independent. The one class on which America depends for building up her literature, and endowing her with those treasures that give her character and consideration among the nations of the world, is compelled to remain poor, and to work at a constant disadvantage. Again, the American author, almost never selling his book for a sum outright, is cut off from all profit on English republication. Republication is rapidly increasing. Indeed, there are few popular authors in America whose books are not republished in England, and by so slight a tenure does the English publisher of an American book hold his

right to publish, that he has only to make his venture popular, to invite the pirates among his own set to rob him of his book, and of all profits to him and the author to whom he has agreed to pay copyright. The English pirate cuts the American author off in England, and the republished English book, either stolen or bought for an inconsiderable sum, depresses him at home.

Thus, we believe, we have stated the case, and presented the whole matter in a nut-shell. How long is this state of things to last, and what is the remedy? We believe we are justified in saying that there is no immediate remedy. The same heavy interests that are arrayed against a just arrangement to-day, will continue for many years. Not until the American publisher and paper-maker find it as much for their interest as against it, will they consent to international copyright. With the growth of American culture will American books grow more valuable, and the time will come when the value of the literary product of the two countries will be more evenly balanced than it is now. When the American publisher can do the same with, and realize the same from, his copyright books in England, that the English publisher can in America, he will consent to an international copyright, and not before. The remedy lies, then, with the literary class, who have an up-hill task before them. The magazines can help them, by cutting off, so far as possible, all foreign serials, and making their issues truly American. They can thus assist in the development of a class of writers of which we have in this country, at present, few representatives. The people can assist them by ceasing to look to England for their literary food, and by believing the simple fact that literary gifts are monopolized by no nation, and that the literature which is the outgrowth of their own life, country, and institutions, is the best for them. When American literature shall become as desirable and valuable to England as English literature is to us, we shall have an international copyright. May the day be hastened!

#### The Parochial Schools.

At some future time, we presume, the public will learn the reason of the recent attempt on the part of the Catholic parochial schools in this city and elsewhere to secure a portion of the public moneys for the sustentation of those institutions. This attempt could not have been made with any expectation of success. If a man, wearing a sober and friendly face, should approach his neighbor in the street, with a polite request that that neighbor should accommodate him by committing suicide, he would hardly do it with the expectation of hearing an immediate report of a pistol in execution of his demand. The neighbor might possibly maintain a show of politeness, but he would go off wondering what the request was made for, and what was to come of it. He certainly would not suppose that the man who made it expected it to be granted. He would judge that this request was the preliminary of some other request, or of some movement, to which he intended to bring it into relation.

This is precisely the request that the parochial schools have made of the public schools. "Will you be kind enough, for our accommodation, to commit suicide?" The specific request of the Catholic authorities is not in this form, of course, but it just as distinctly involves the question as if the question were distinctly stated. The moment the public authorities recognize the right of a sect to public money, for the special purpose of holding its children together for sectarian instruction, they destroy the public schools, so far as any action of theirs can accomplish that end. One sect has no more rights in America than another, and the result of consent would be the abandonment of the public schools, and the transformation of our Board of Education into a Board of Apportionment. We have no State religion. We never ought to have, and we never shall have one. Of course, no exclusive rights can be granted to any sect, and the concession of public moneys to Catholic schools would be the practical recognition of the right of every sect to educate its own children, in its own way, at the public expense. The logical and practical results of such a concession are so plain, that it is mere waste of type and paper to argue the matter at any point. It is one of those things which cannot be done, and can only be considered for the sake of courtesy or form.

But would the Catholics be gainers, supposing their request were granted? Here we touch the motive of the whole matter. The Catholic Church as a power, and the Catholic people as a portion of the free American nationality, are not the same. Indeed, to speak the simple truth, their interests are not the same. It is no slander, because it is freely confessed, that the Church lays its controlling hand on every conscience and every life within its power. It can hardly claim that those within its fold are better citizens, finer members of society, purer patriots, or more intelligent men and women than those who belong to the different Protestant communions, and have been bred in the public schools without sectarian hands to shape their opinions. It would not be pleasant to appeal to facts, as they stand in this or other countries, and we do not appeal to them, further than to declare that in no point of advantage to pupils has it ever been shown that a Catholic parochial school is superior to the American public school. It has never made purer men and women, better and more loyal citizens, more independent thinkers, sweeter communities.

In a nation like ours, whose welfare depends in a large degree upon homogeneity of material, common sympathy where sympathy is possible, and cordial toleration where it is not possible, it is most important that all means should be used for breaking down sectarian and party prejudices among the young. To train children into bigots, to make them believe that they and only those born or gathered into the fold where they happen to stand, are the elect of God, while all outside are heretics or worse, is to make poor patriots of them and poorer Christians. It matters not whether they are Catholic or Protestant—a training like this is simply abominable. There is not a church in America acknowledging its allegi-

ance to the tenets of a sect, and interested in the maintenance and spread of those tenets, that is fit to be intrusted with the education of any portion of the American youth. We are ashamed to say it, but it is true, and just as true of the Protestant as the Catholic.

Let us, as Americans, hold one institution particularly sacred—that one in which the children and youth of all communions, all classes, all parties, all conditions, are brought together, and trained to respect for each other, sympathy with each other, and a common love of freedom and free institutions. To constitute and maintain this institution is the business of the State, and it is the duty of the State to say to all political parties and religious sects: "Hands off! You can take your children from the public schools if you will, but I will not be a party to the proceeding. You can foster a partisan spirit among them and bind them to your opinions, but not with my approval. You would train subjects for yourselves and not for me, and you shall have no money of mine for your purposes."

The Protestant, like the Catholic, is anxious for the moral well-being and the religious culture of his child. He takes care of these, at his church and in his home. The Catholic can be treated in this matter no differently from the Protestant, and, certainly, any Protestant sect which would build a wall of prejudice around its children for the sake of retaining its power, would deserve and receive the contempt of all just men. To do this is to acknowledge the fear of defeat in an open conflict of opinion upon a free field. The Catholic people are not ready for this acknowledgment, and cannot afford, for many reasons, to make it, whatever the interest of the priesthood may be.

#### About an American School of Art.

IN all art centers, in different ages, there have grown up what are historically regarded as "Schools of Art." They have been formed by a variety of coöperating influences. The political, social, and religious life of the times in which they grew, was recorded by them. The special knowledge and the peculiar ignorance, the methods and the mannerisms of the artists, and the reactions upon them of the popular taste of their times, combined to produce certain characteristics which distinguish each from the others. Rome, Venice, Florence, Bologna, have had their schools of art, each with its own characteristics. We talk to-day familiarly of the French School, the English School, the Dutch School, and, to the mind of the artist, these phrases convey certain very definite ideas of subject, quality, mode of expression. It is impossible to measure all the influences that go to the formation of "Schools;" but the fact that they exist in a form so definite that they can be apprehended, talked about, criticised and imitated, admits of no question.

An American, an Englishman, a Dutchman, an Italian, and a Frenchman, called upon to plant an umbrella, one after another, in the same spot, and paint the same scene, will produce pictures so different from each other, in handling and effect, as

to warrant their being presented and preserved in a group upon the same wall. Each man has seen the same things, and each man has told more or less truth and more or less falsehood about them; and his respective measure of truth and falsehood distinguishes his work. One man exaggerates in drawing, another in color. One drives at general effects, another renders everything literally; and over all, each man throws certain effects that come from his peculiar methods of manipulation—the results of all the influences that have entered into his education. A genuine school of art has its natural birth, its growth, and, in the subversion of the influences which produce it, its death, and so becomes historically enthroned as an entity and an influence in the world of art. It arises out of every form of civilization, and every historic period. Indeed, it may be regarded as the consummate flower of every historic period which embraces any measure of æsthetic culture. To its leading ideas every artist is loyal, consciously or unconsciously, and so he weaves his life into it.

In America, art is chaotic. There is nothing that we can talk of yet as an American School of Art. Some of our best artists go abroad and remain there, because they can live cheaper there, and make more money. There is but a faint degree of cohesion and sympathy among those who remain at home. One is characterized as painting in the French style, another as painting in the English style, and still others as adherents and imitators of certain strong individualities among themselves. Wherever there is not a strong and broad sweep of influence in a certain direction, there are, naturally, a thousand eddies. Where a School is not in process of formation, every young artist and every feeble artist becomes easily colored and influenced by the strong men with whom they come in contact. It does not matter whether the strong men are strong in a healthy way, or strong in an unhealthy way. They only need to be powerful to work a thousand mischiefs all around them. It needs only some Turner to rise among us with some Ruskin to glorify him, to give him a fearful following.

The danger to all our young artists, of course, is that of being fascinated by unique individualities, and thus led away from nature and themselves. To

see things as the demigod sees them, to represent them by his methods, to be led by him, magnetized by him, fooled by him who has the misfortune to see things exquisitely wrong, and the power to represent them outrageously beautiful, is to be artistically ruined. What nature says to him, his admirers cannot hear, save through him. What he sees in nature, they can never know, save by his interpretation. There is no safety in following anybody, in any field of art. What God and nature say to the artist, that, precisely, he is to speak, and he ought to speak it in his own language. To choose another's words, to look at nature from another's window, is a sad confession of artistic incapacity and untruthfulness. Schools of art are no more built up around a man than a house is built up around a window. Turner could never produce a school, although he might injure one very materially—possibly benefit it, in some respects. Pre-Raphaelite theories can never produce a school, although they may contribute ideas to one. What our young artists need is absolute disenthralment from the influence of strong individualities in art, and a determination to see things for themselves. They must yield themselves to the influences of their time and their home, look into the life and nature around them for themselves, and report exactly what they see in the language natural to their own individualities. They must be led away from their duty by no man's idiosyncrasies, no man's mannerisms, no man's theories.

It is only in this way that a great school of art can grow up in America. The broad culture that comes of tolerant and respectful study of all who labor in the realm of art, the discarding of partisanship, the renunciation of bondage to theories and methods—these must precede the formation of a school, if we are ever to have one which shall be worthy of the name. Nature, as she speaks in America to those who listen with their own ears, and report with their own ingenuities; life as it is embodied in our political, social, and religious institutions; life as it is lived upon our own soil, and in our own homes—these are the basis of an American school of art. Such a school must be a natural growth, or it will hold no principle of vitality, no law of development, no present or historic value.

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## THE OLD CABINET.

In literature the different grades of authorship are roughly but pretty well understood by the public. As a rule, a penny-a-liner is not called an author at all. When the celebrated publishers, Messrs. E. F. G. & Co., give one of their grand literary banquets, the authors and invited guests of other arts and professions are very easily distinguished by the people who read the reports next morning from the persons who write these same reports with such skill and ability. The names of the reporters are not even printed, and only a reflective mind recalls the fact

of their existence. This reflective mind may remember that famous authors have arisen from the reportorial ranks; but before the reporter has arisen, he is a reporter, and not an author. A good reporter, while his literary labors are confined to the proper work of his craft, himself makes no pretension to a higher rank than the one he worthily occupies.

It is in art that confusion reigns. A man with a note-book, and a man with a sketch-book, are sent to report a horse-race. The first is called a reporter;

the second is called by the same name that we call Michael Angelo. The penny-a-liners and reporters in painting are all alike called artists, received as artists, criticised as artists, and gradually become imbued with the astounding heresy that they actually are artists! Now, in a young and good-natured country like ours, nothing could be more disastrous than this last. For, on the whole, people here get to be accepted at their own appraisal of themselves. A man with a shallow trick of putting paint on canvas, so as to deceive people into thinking that it looks like this or that, not only sends out pictures which are a libel on nature, and a fraud upon confiding humanity, but after a while is elevated to the position of a social and academical oracle and becomes a stumbling-block in the way of genuine art—a stumbling-block damaging and harassing out of all proportion to his individual force of any kind.

WE deplore the absence of thought in the mass of pictures shown at our Academy exhibitions, and we scold our "artists" in the newspapers for not giving us something more substantial intellectually; but are we not a little unreasonable? How can the painters give us thought when they have none; not only have none, but don't know what it is. There is no mistake more common among painters and their public than to suppose that thought in art means allegory, literature, or what not. How few there are among the public or the painters who recognize the thought that goes to the right portrayal of a simple flower; who know the analysis, the mental mastery, the intense, refined application, the brooding imagination, the realization of character, that bring about the living presentment of some graceful, sturdy, wayside growth.

We wonder whether the too ready sense of humor, distributed through the community, in connection with the modern self-consciousness, and the modern commonplace and practical suspicion of whatever savors of enthusiasm or idealism, has not its effect upon our painters. If a man resolutely and purely

pursues the art idea, he knows he will be laughed at; and there is a certain nineteenth century taint in his blood which makes him not only ashamed to be laughed at by others, but just a little inclined to laugh at himself.

Sometimes we wish we might see among our artists something of the long-haired, crack-brained ardor of the old days. He is such a dapper and thrifty fellow, the New York artist of this year of grace, 1875.

We cannot all be Michael Angelos, one says—there are humble places in the ranks where we can fill our part no less worthily, if less conspicuously; we can make some lives for a little while more pleasant; we can bring a ray of sunshine into at least one dark corner of the world; we can—Yes, good friends, but no one repines at humble conscientious work in art, or in anything else. If the so-called art against which we protest were sincerely humble, no lover of art would object—he would, on the contrary, commend its spirit, and hope confidently for the days of more powerful accomplishment. The trouble with a large part of our American art is, that it is not only false, but aggressive; not only bad, but bumptious. Without the amusing cleverness, the spring and spontaneity of the foreign contemporary conventional painters, we have men who paint with the same showy thoughtlessness, finding in this New World neither a new spirit of man or nature, nor any place for deep and genuine living, whose artistic fruit should be individual, and full of charm and suggestion.

ONE of the great errors of the modern artist is, that he has to live. This is his excuse for all his insincere, happy-go-lucky, pot-boiling work. If he could be once convinced that the world did not owe him a living, and might be better off if his pot stopped boiling altogether, it would be much better for him, and for humanity at large. Shame upon such a thieves' plea as that!

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### How the Money was made for her Summer's Journey.

WHEN Miss Eliot went last summer from New York to Boston by sea, and from there to Prince Edward's Island, her friends said that it was evident that the lessons she had given in drawing had paid her, or she could not have afforded the trip. When they heard her glowing stories of what she had seen, and had looked over her sketches, they all wished they could take the same trip; but to travel they must have money. They were partly right about the drawing lessons, for they certainly helped her to be independent; but this trip was rather the result of discrimination in outlay than any increase

in income, as her father had given her the money for the journey. The family had always been in the habit of going away in the summer, so Miss Eliot knew most popular resorts and many pleasant farm-houses by heart, but she had never traveled. This summer, however, she was tired; she longed for a sea voyage, and for freer, more active life than she would have if she went with her mother and sister to Long Branch. So she thought about it. She had some faith in the possibility of good things, and she was experienced enough to know that the real cost of a summer campaign is more often in the preparation for it than in the campaign itself. The Eliot girls could not afford expensive clothes, but

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they would not have thought of going to Long Branch without some special preparation, and so Miss Eliot did a little rough sum for herself:

Summer silk dress, about.....	\$25.00
Black Grenadine ".....	22.00
Piqué overdress ".....	7.00
Lawn dress ".....	4.25
Hat ".....	5.00
Boots ".....	7.50

70.75

This did not include the making up of her dresses, the altering of some old ones, possibly one more new one, and all the numerous items that go to make up a toilet. Of course these expenditures would be good as an investment for the future, but on the whole she determined to go to Prince Edward's if her father was willing. When she talked to her sister about it, Margery preferred Long Branch and new clothes, but she did not object to keeping an account of what she spent in getting the clothes, and so it ended in her going to the sea-shore with \$156.72 worth of new dresses, etc., while Miss Eliot started off on her trip with a gift from her father of the same amount in her red pocket-book, and some necessary, but not new, clothing in her small trunk. Upon this trunk, and her general outfit, Miss Eliot had expended no little thought in the direction of condensation. For her traveling dress she wore her brown *de beige*, but thinking that it might get wet or soiled, she packed a last summer's linen. Her brown hat she retrimmed; her winter boots, too heavy for Long Branch, were just right for traveling; her castor gloves she bought, and so, with her umbrella fastened to her side, and a soft blanket shawl, and a gossamer waterproof in her shawl-strap, she was equipped for active service. In her hand-valise she had a few necessary articles of clothing, including a chintz wrapper to wear at night on the sea, her brown Holland toilet-case, books, etc. In her trunk she put plenty of underwear, including light flannels, a black silk dress for hotel dinners if the weather should prove cool, and a French muslin overdress to wear with the skirt if it should be warm. She had pretty laces and ribbons, and some jewelry, and a pair of Newport ties.

They went out to sea, and saw sunsets out of sight of land; they sailed up the Bay of Fundy, and saw its rough and picturesque shores in the early morning light. She spent a day up the lovely river of St. John's. She sailed and sketched on the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and coming home, she skirted the coast of Maine, and then bounced and rattled over its "smoothest road" as she spent a day in the stage-coach, going through its woods from Lubec to Machiasport. She saw Mount Desert, and brought home memories of its fine entrance, and saw a storm among the Isles of Shoals.

At the hotels she had displayed no fine clothes, but she had appeared the more lady-like, and had certainly looked pretty in her silk and soft laces; and in traveling, her own enjoyment had heightened the pleasure of her companions. When she counted up

her expenses from her little note-book, where descriptions, statistics, sketches, and figures were all pleasantly mixed together, she found she had spent \$178.33, so her scholars had helped her to \$21.61 of the money.

Margery was at home when her sister came back, and full of stories about the Madison girls and Bradley boys, and of drives and walks by the sea; but her stories grew commonplace by the side of those that the traveler had to tell. So next summer Margery and her sister intend to make a trip together, and Miss Eliot thinks they can spend less money, and have even more fun. Such expeditions, it is true, do not replenish their wardrobes if the money has to be saved out of pretty dresses, but they argue that these pleasures endure in fashion for a lifetime, and that is more than can be said for Margery's pretty gray and black silk, which cost as much as the trip as far as St. John's, and already shows that it was made last year.

#### Luncheon.

THE two most common subjects of complaint with wives and mothers of limited income in this and other large cities are, first, that they are debarred from society by the expense of the ordinary methods of hospitality; and, secondly, that the habits of city life separate them from the companionship of their children. The wife of a man in moderate circumstances tells you that she cannot afford to give balls, kettle-drums, or even dinners to her friends; that her boys and girls scurry off to school after a hurried breakfast, and dine at noon alone; for, being a woman of sense, she will not allow them to eat the heaviest meal of the day at 6 or 7 P. M., the hour when their father comes home to dinner. The family dinner at midday, and the evening tea of inland towns, at which parents and children gather about the table and learn to know one another through the interests and feelings of every day, are almost unknown in the same grade of social city life. Now we suggest that luncheon is a meal of undeveloped opportunities to the housekeeper and mother. We do not by any means refer to the elaborate state lunches given by leaders of fashion during the last two or three years, where the floral decorations alone cost a liberal annual income. But there is no reason why any housekeeper should not, with a little personal trouble, convert her children's dinner into a delicately served savory meal to which she could invite informally two or three of her lady friends. It is emphatically a woman's meal; and husbands need not hint cynically that the chief dish will be gossip. There is no better talk than that of three or four cultured, clever women, alone together; none which would be more civilizing and effective on children. How is a child to acquire good breeding if it is not brought socially into contact with well-bred people? American children in cities are crammed with all kinds of knowledge, but they are left to the companionship of servants and of one another; who can blame them if they too often betray the ideas and manners of the kitchen and the ball ground?

The dishes on the lunch-table should be light—but prettily served. A meal of cold meats, pickles, creams, fruit, thick chocolate, with dry toast, etc., can be more easily made attractive, as every experienced housekeeper knows, than the heavy courses of a dinner. It is advisable, too, for this noonday meal, to color the table warmly. The majority of economical housewives buy the plain white china for every-day use, but it has, to us, a chilly and meager air in conjunction with the ordinary snowy napery. There are equally cheap sets of both English and French china of delicate and rich colors, which, under skillful handling, convert an ordinary meal into a picture. The most beautiful and (where there is any garden room) the cheapest table decoration is, of course, flowers. A little care and trouble will provide these without expense. Morning-glory vines, Cobea, wild ivy, and *Learii* will grow each in a foot square of the back-yard, and bestow themselves skyward thereafter, and with a few boxes of *Coleus* in an attic window, will crown your board with splendor like jewels, until the snow comes. This daily lunch requires, perhaps, time and care; but our reader will find her reward at the end of the year, if she have established the custom in her house of a wholesome, unhurried, dainty meal, where she can meet her children and friends cheerfully and with little cost.

#### The School-Girls' Meals.

THE physical education of school-girls is now receiving so much attention that it seems in place to ask the attention of mothers to the bad habits in eating into which a girl who attends a daily school is very apt to be driven. A girl who is growing, who studies hard, and who has all sorts of demands made upon her time, brain, and health, certainly needs sound sleep and plenty of nourishing food. The sleep she may get, for nature is likely to have some influence in this connection, but the majority of these girls get as little comfort from their meals as is possible. They are not apt to rise early unless it is to gain time for study or practice, and they hurry through their breakfasts, nervous for fear they will be late, and perhaps anxious about their lessons. Before the rest of the family has come to the second cup of coffee, the girls have finished their meal and probably are off to school.

They carry with them a lunch that is rarely tempting, but still more seldom nourishing, and this scanty, ill-digested breakfast, supplemented by the luncheon of bread and cake, must support them through all the morning hours of constant work. If the family has dined in the middle of the day, the girl's dinner has been saved in the oven, and is put down before her on a corner of the dining-table, where it looks anything but inviting. She is probably tired or excited,—for the average school-girl alternates between these conditions,—and she is not tempted to do more than hungrily satisfy her appetite, or wearily turn from the half-dried meal. If the dinner hour comes later in the day, she possibly studies her next day's lesson while waiting for her meal, and finds it hard to fix her mind upon her book. If dinner were

ready, she fancies the lessons would not seem so complex, and as fasting rarely clears the mind of any one less saintly than a monk, she is right. After dinner, however, matters are not much mended, for then she finds herself growing sleepy, and the bed is the object of desire. That she is undergoing a slow process of starvation does not occur to the mother, who watches her with anxiety, and who prohibits parties and long walks, and late hours. The doctor orders iron to give tone and appetite, when he had better order time and tempting, nourishing food.

The boarding-school girl, in spite of the grumbling about the table, is often better off, in this respect, than the daughter at home, for eating, at school, is regarded as one of the duties of the day, and it is attended to with some degree of order and leisure. We commend this subject to mothers for attention, and it might be suggested to doctors who are asked to help the daughter to better health, that they sometimes should prescribe plenty of good food and plenty of time for eating and digesting it.

#### The Curse of Sewing-Machines.

"A MOTHER," replying to some strictures in a daily paper upon the bold, even immodest conduct of "the beautifully dressed young girls, who, out of school hours, parade Fifth Avenue, Chestnut, and Beacon streets," remarks, that "the censure probably would not be so severe if it were known how many of these beautiful dresses were cut out and made on the machine by the wearers. Innocence and ignorance are the true apologies for their unseemly behavior." She lays her finger on the main-spring of all the trouble. What but vanity and grossly vulgar subservience to fashion could induce any mother to devote her child's few leisure hours to the construction of elaborate costumes, marvels of shirring, knife-plaiting, etc., etc.? The real martyrs to fashion are, after all, the shabby-genteel, whose souls and bodies must be worn out in toiling after her whims and changes. But, leaving the moral view out of the question, there are physical reasons which should forbid the use of the sewing-machine to any but adult women. Even to them it is doubtful whether it has as yet proved more of a curse than a blessing. On an average, quite as much time is now devoted in a family to the more elaborate garments which its use has brought into fashion, as formerly was given to the needle; and the appalling increase of debility and certain diseases among women, is proved to be largely due to its use. It will be of real benefit only when garments can be made by it with steam power, of a quality and finish which will supersede its use in the family altogether. Until then, this "benignant domestic fairy," as it is poetically called, is one to be handled with caution: it has, too, its malignant errand. At least, let young girls keep clear of it; and give their leisure time to higher studies than the mysteries of stylish costumes, and they will not long remain "ignorant" of the bad taste shown in heaping shirrs and frills on their delicate young bodies, or in the "unseemly behavior" which no gaudy costumes can excuse.

## Letters from Correspondents.

**A SUGGESTION ABOUT VENTILATION.**—"It might be well to consider whether the cavity in the chimney, from which the stove-pipe is removed, cannot be utilized as a ventilator. It would be easy to devise some ornamental covering of wire; or, a picture might be so hung as to hide the hole, without obstructing the passage of the air. As an outlet for heat, and for the poisonous gases exhaled from the lungs, the open stove-pipe hole is invaluable. So, too, is an open fire-place. How these cheap ventilators sweeten the air in a room, bringing refreshing sleep to the child, or to the invalid; and that, too, without an uncomfortable draught of air."

**CURRENT JELLY.**—A correspondent sends us the following recipe, which, she says, has three advantages to commend it:

"First, it never fails, as the old plan is sure to do five times out of eight; secondly, it requires but half the usual quantity of sugar, and so retains the grateful acidity and peculiar flavor of the fruit; thirdly, it is by far less troublesome than the usual method. Weigh the currants without taking the trouble to remove the stems; do not wash them, but carefully remove leaves and whatever may adhere to them. To each pound of fruit allow half the weight of granulated, or pure loaf sugar. Put a few currants in a porcelain-lined kettle and press them with a potato-masher or anything convenient, in order to secure sufficient liquid to prevent burning; then add the remainder of the fruit and boil freely for twenty minutes, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Take out and strain carefully through a three-cornered bag of strong, close texture, putting the liquid in either earthen or wooden vessels—never in tin, as the action of the acid on tin materially affects both color and flavor. When strained, return the liquid to the kettle without the trouble of measuring, and let it boil thoroughly for a moment or so, and then add the sugar. The moment the sugar is entirely dissolved the jelly is done, and must be immediately dished, or placed in glasses. It will jelly upon the side of the cup as it is taken up, leaving no doubt as to the result. Gather the fruit early, as soon as fully ripe, since the pulp softens and the juice is less rich if allowed to remain long after ripening. In our climate, the first week in July is usually considered the time to make currant jelly. Never gather currants, or other soft or small seed fruit, immediately after a rain for preserving purposes, as they are greatly impoverished by the moisture absorbed. In preserving all fruits of this class, if they are boiled until tender or transparent in a small quantity of water, and the sugar is added afterward, the hardness of the seeds, so objectionable in small fruits, will be thus avoided. A delicious jam may be made of blackberries, currants, and raspberries, or of currants with a few raspberries to flavor, by observing the above suggestion, and adding sugar, pound for pound, and boiling about twenty minutes."

**BOILED MEATS AND SOUP.**—"In boiling, inattention to the temperature of the water, and too early application of salt, are the causes of great waste.

Since cold water extracts all the juices of the meat,—therefore, to make soup, put the meat in cold water; to obtain rich and nutritious boiled meat, it must be placed in boiling water; as soon, however, as the water commences to boil, the kettle should be pushed aside, so that it may slowly simmer. The hot water hardens the fibrine on the outside, encasing the meat and retaining the juices. If salt be added too soon, it also will extract the juice of the meat, drawing the nutrition into the water; it, therefore, should not be added until the meat is nearly done, as by the aid of the heat the salt penetrates and flavors it readily. On these principles, Professor Liebig, in a recipe for beef tea, directs that the meat be covered with cold water and salt, and left to draw out the juices before heating. Rapid boiling hardens the entire fibrine, and, unless great care be given to this, the meat will be hard, tasteless, and scarcely more nutritious than so much leather."

**BEEF-STEAK.**—"First, care should be taken that the meat be not punctured or broken, certainly not bruised or pounded, as a good, judiciously chosen steak is always tender without that. English cooks are so particular on this point, that they never allow a fork to be used, but have steak-tongs for turning. Now that we have these nice broilers of galvanized wire, that shut like the covers of a book, the steak can easily be turned, without the use of any other utensils. The steak should be placed over a clear, bright fire, not too hot, and frequently turned, in order to cook it evenly and thoroughly; but it should not be overcooked, as much is thus lost in flavor. No salt should be put upon the steak while on the fire; but the moment it is withdrawn, it should be placed upon a hot dish: then butter and salt on both sides, pressing a little with the point of the knife as you do so, and you will have a delicious, juicy steak, with little, if any waste."

**RUGS.**—Having seen the appeal for a substitute for carpets in winter kitchens, a Springfield lady makes the following suggestions:

"Use rugs. 'What kind?' Well, rag rugs, if you please. I once knew a lady who used to braid them, and warm and nice they were. The manufacture of them required time, patience, and strength, but they last for years. This is the way she did. She took old woollens, perhaps pantaloons (new, just as good), cut into strips about three-quarters of an inch in width, and made a three-strand braid. This finished, or even commenced, she sewed together flat, forming a round or an oblong mat, large or small, as the case might require. Bright dress braids work in nicely, and, if care is taken in arranging colors, it is not difficult to make a handsome rug. Of course, these can be shaken every day. A number of small mats are easily shaken, will nearly cover a floor, and, as the edges do not ruff up and turn over easily, they are not in the way. In order to make them very flat, they should be pressed with a tailor's goose or some heavy iron."

**COFFEE AGAIN.**—"B." writes us from Easton, Pennsylvania:

"The article published in your magazine for May

comes very near the root of the 'good coffee' subject. Its directions for preparing the berry and making French coffee are explicit and correct. The chief difficulty with French coffee is—from carelessness—that the water in pouring is apt to fall a few degrees below the boiling point, and does not fully extract the aroma; hence boiled coffee—if prepared properly—is richer in aroma, and is preferred by most epicures. The error in your correspondent's recipe for boiling coffee is, that it directs it to be boiled for *ten minutes*. This is just nine, or nine and a-half minutes too long,—a half minute, or one minute at furthest, is all that is desirable; more than this dissipates the aroma. Coffee roasted a little more than the commercial article, ground finely, and prepared according to your correspondent's instructions, with the abatement of the extra minutes in boiling, will be nearer perfection than 999-1000 of the article met with in daily life."

A NEW KIND OF GOSSIP.—"There is a sort of gossip which belongs to modern culture—has grown out of it, indeed, as fungus from a healthy tree—which is as lowering in its way as personal scandal. It is a kind of dialect or lingo which prevails in many of the inner circles of literary or artistic society in this country, as different from the sincere grip of their subjects and simple wording of them which characterize the masters of the order, as the scapegrace jargon of "Romany Rye" would be to pure English. Some retired scholar comes up to Boston or New York, eager to meet the journalist, poet, or essayist, whose words have long seemed to him oracles. He finds this high-priest of truth muffling and smothering his ideas in a shoppy talk of 'material,' 'backgrounds,' 'effects,' just as your carpenters might discuss their saws and adzes. Are saws and adzes, then, the building? This subordination of the real meanings and objects of art, to chatter about its tools and technicalities, is, no doubt, a species of modesty in the beginning. The

young author or artist is so sure of his divine message, that he will not degrade it by ordinary talk about it. Unfortunately he forgets it altogether sometimes in the incessant twaddle about the means of its expression, which becomes at last so dominant in his talk as to be intolerable. Especially is this true of musicians. One wonders what sort of an end surly Thomas Carlyle, whom true 'music carried to the edge of the Infinite and bade look down upon that,' would have made of this cackle of 'majestic C's,' and 'high golden registers,' and 'impertinent harmonies,' if he had but dropped into the critics' boxes at the opening night of a grand opera. Many of our painters, too, have adopted an odd modification of the same shop talk. One or two of them in a boat on a calm summer evening are quite enough to destroy all the meaning of the landscape, and to resolve it all in ten minutes into a 'nice line there' or a 'good tone here.' If there be any inscrutable message in the solemn silence of earth and sky, which day unto day hath uttered since Time began, it is soon dulled and dumb and vanished. Nothing is left but a new effect of the sail, yellow against the bank, or certain chrome or umber tints. Charity, at my elbow, insists that certain artists use this slang who have an intense appreciation of Nature as she is; who recognize and are recognized by her in her mystery, personality and holiness. We have no doubt of it. The worse their guilt, therefore, by this carelessness, to degrade her before those who do not know her into a big palette, or so much matter which they can put into a square of canvas. The technical artists look on her face precisely as a child does on the pretty colors and lines of an illuminated page which he cannot read. We do not blame them for talking according to their knowledge; but these other men who have the true seer's vision ought to consider whether vulgar gossip will not make nature, art, or authorship unclean, as well as human lives."

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

### "The Native Races of the Pacific Coast."\*

It is safe to say that there has not occurred in the literary history of the United States a more piquant surprise than when Mr. Hubert Bancroft made his appearance last autumn among the literary men of the Atlantic cities, bearing in his hand the first volume of his great work. That California was to be counted upon to yield wit and poetry was known by all; but the deliberate result of scholarly labor was just the product not reasonably to be expected

from a community thirty years old. That kind of toil seemed to belong rather to a society a little maturer, to a region of public libraries and universities. Even the older States had as yet yielded it but sparingly; and was it to be expected from San Francisco? Had Mr. Bancroft presented himself wearing a specimen of the *sequoia gigantea* for a button-hole bouquet, it would hardly have seemed more surprising.

A more careful examination of the book did not diminish the wonder. Even if the text failed to arrest the attention of any trained student, he could not evade the evidence of careful work given by the

\* The Native Races of the Pacific Coast. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. San Francisco.

foot-notes—an evidence as unmistakable as the O of Giotto. For every systematic student knows the difference between real and superficial labor of this kind, and it needs but a glance at "The Native Races of the Pacific Coast" to put it on the same grade with Gibbon and with Buckle in regard to the ample and accurate citation of authorities. Both these great writers undoubtedly deal with subjects where the mere marshaling of knowledge implies greater powers of mind than the work undertaken by Mr. Bancroft; but the principles of thorough workmanship are in each case the same. On page 501 of the second volume there is a foot-note—if that can be called foot-note which goes up to the head—occupying all the page but two lines, citing with precision seventy-one authors, in six different languages, and giving from one to seventeen references, with volume and page stated, for each author. This is the longest note we have found; but notes with forty or fifty references are not uncommon, and in a great many cases the original words of the passage are quoted. When it is remembered that the books thus cited are often rare or unique, and sometimes exist only in manuscript, the importance of this part of the work may be imagined. Nothing yet published in America has equaled it in this respect.

In the text of the book the same accurate and thorough execution prevails. The style is clear, quiet, and sober; not marked by anything peculiarly graphic or original, but free, on the other hand, from flippancy or pomposity. The writer claims that he has endeavored to "avoid speculation," and he has certainly achieved impartiality. The second volume is, however, preceded by an essay on "Savagism and Civilization," where he gives more fully than elsewhere his views upon that standing conundrum; and, though he solves the puzzle as well as most others, the chapter does not seem the most important part of the book. It is when he wields facts—or wields those who wield facts, for one man could no more prepare a book of this sort than a general could personally maneuver every part of his army—that he is strongest.

Indeed there seems to have been something akin to strategic ability at the very beginning of Mr. Bancroft's labors, in the method by which he fortified himself, as it were, with a great library for a base of operations. Fifteen years ago, it seems, he formed the plan of an extensive collection of books and manuscripts relating to the Western half of North America, including the British possessions, Central America, and Mexico. Having been himself a bookseller, he had precisely the experience necessary for forming such a collection, and he employed liberally upon it the resources of an ample fortune. "Every book, pamphlet, map, or manuscript, printed or written within the limits of this broad territory, or whose contents, if produced elsewhere, related in any way to the Pacific States, was sought out and purchased, with no reference to its importance or worthlessness, and very little to its cost." In this quest Mr. Bancroft has twice visited Europe, spending two years in all; and he has, of

course, constantly employed agents. His most important single purchase was the library of the Emperor Maximilian, the *Biblioteca Imperial de Méjico*, collected during a period of forty years by Don José Maria Andrade, of the city of Mexico. This remarkable collection consisted of three thousand volumes, was sent to Leipsic for sale, and was fortunately restored to this continent. Add to this the result of personal explorations among the old Spanish Missions and *presidios* made by Mr. Bancroft in connection with Mr. Henry L. Oak, his librarian, and we have the method by which this unique library has been brought together.

It now comprises, all told, more than sixteen thousand bound volumes, with files of five hundred newspapers, and "thousands" of maps. Besides the well-known printed collections of antiquities and travels, from De Bry to Kingsborough, the library contains many special treasures, unique or peculiar, such as books printed in Spanish on this continent a hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth; autograph letters of King Philip II., Bishop Zumárraga, and the civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the early period; the Vallejo collection of manuscript documents, in twenty volumes; the Hayes collection, in fifty; documents from the archives of old Spanish families; manuscript records of Spanish governors and generals; manuscript reminiscences of early pioneers; in short, a mass of material such as must have taxed the courage of "a lonely and athletic student"—in Emerson's phrase—to reduce to order.

All these books were collected and catalogued, and a list of the twelve hundred used for the present work is prefixed to the first volume. But this proved a small part of the apparatus necessary. The author says:

"I soon found that, like Tantalus, while up to my neck in water, I was dying of thirst. The facts which I required were so copiously diluted with trash, that to follow different subjects through this trackless sea of erudition, in the exhaustive manner I had proposed, with but one lifetime to devote to the work, was simply impracticable."

But, with the aid of an accomplished librarian, a system of thorough indexing was devised, which is described by the author as "sufficiently general to be practicable, and sufficiently particular to direct me to all my authorities on any given point." This was effected through a system of cards, by which all the main information contained in each volume was arranged under forty or fifty selected headings, each card giving its proper item, duly classified, and accurately credited to the proper volume and page. The cards were then arranged alphabetically, and "kept in shallow wooden cases standing against the wall, each case divided by wooden partitions into 250 compartments." Further information concerning the library and the index may be found in the "Overland Monthly" for March, June and December, 1874.

With this preparation, Mr. Bancroft began his composition. Retiring wholly from business in



1869, he planned for himself three volumes, which have now expanded to five, on "The Native Races of the Pacific Coast." The first volume relates to "Wild Tribes;" the second to "Civilized Nations." Of these, the one is published, the other printed. Three more are rapidly to follow, whose titles are respectively "Mythology and Languages," "Antiquities and Architectural Remains," and "Aboriginal History." This final volume will also include an exhaustive index to the whole, the separate volumes having no index.

The first volume has already received extended notice from the press. The second volume, leaving the wild tribes apart, treats of the civilized nations of the Pacific slope, including, and indeed mainly comprising, those of Mexico and Central America. These are classified as the Nahua (or Aztec) nations of the North, and the Maya nations of the South. With an affluence of detail that makes Prescott seem superficial, Mr. Bancroft displays before us the gorgeous and ghastly civilization of these races, a civilization whose "almost simultaneous discovery and disappearance"—in the condensed phrase of our author—is a source of wonder almost unique in the records of the world. Whether we agree or disagree with Dr. Draper in maintaining that the Spanish conquerors crushed on this soil a civilization superior to their own, its picturesqueness is infinitely enhanced by the fact that it was crushed, and that so easily. Picturesqueness is not, however, what Mr. Bancroft can be exactly said to give us; but as we have had something too much of the picturesque, of late, in the florid delineations of General Wallace's "Fair God," it is rather a satisfaction to turn to the careful and encyclopedic thoroughness of our San Francisco scholar. To him a fact is a fact; he dwells with equal minuteness on the delicate skill of the Nahua artist, who spent a day in choosing and adjusting a single feather for his feather-mosaic, and on the solemn fidelity with which the Nahua priest offered up for sacrifice, literally, and not metaphorically, the human heart. All these, in Mr. Bancroft's hands, become, not poetry, but the material of poetry; or, at least, the material in which the historian of the human race may find aspects of human nature else unknown.

It is understood that this noble book is but one among the great works for which Mr. Bancroft's library is to furnish the resources. No scholar in the Atlantic States can hear such an announcement without an increased sense of national self-respect, and of personal stimulus to effort. Like the labors and publications of Mr. W. T. Harris and his circle of friends at St. Louis, this book suggests the vast results that may come when culture is so far advanced in America, that there shall not be merely one or two centers of literary production, but many; and the seed, so long scattered over so wide a field, shall all at once begin to blossom for harvest. But whenever, and wherever, this possible result may come, it can hardly include a piece of literary work more careful and satisfactory, on its own prescribed plan, than this book by Mr. Bancroft. He modestly classes himself, in the preface, among the artisans,

rather than among the artists of literature. It is rarely given to one man to excel in both these functions; but certainly artisanship, conducted in such a method as his, takes rank with art.

#### Morris's "Defense of Guenevere."\*

We suppose it is not very generally known to admirers of William Morris—even to those who have walked the ways of "The Earthly Paradise" with step as unflagging as that of their long-paced guide—that the poet began by being a painter. The history of his first poetic venture in 1858, his subsequent relapse into the quiet paths of painting, and his ultimate extremely brilliant success in poetry, is suggestive of the many possible deviations of the path to fame, and calls up once more the whole bewildering question as to what are the sources of popularity in literature. Whether this reprint of "The Defense of Guenevere" will throw light on the genesis of Morris's success or not, is, we think, doubtful. These phenomena of early effort, silence following, and triumph long in coming, are too subtle for complete analysis. We must accept them as we do those rivers of Greece which, flowing underground, spout forth into the light again at last, obeying the law of their existence. Twenty-eight years before the first appearance of Mr. Morris's first volume, Tennyson made his *début* (omitting the previous publications jointly with his brother); and it is to be noticed that neither of these poets, both famous afterward, gained particular attention by his initial volume. Another thing which associates their names together in a peculiar manner is the fact that both have been attracted by the Arthurian group of legends, and that each has treated the themes derived from this source in a very distinct and characteristic way. Mr. Morris's pictures are, probably, more truthful, speaking historically; but they are truthful with a certain antiquarian accent which will make them wholly unintelligible to many readers, and will deny them any very wide and general acceptance. Even in truth of passion we think Mr. Morris will be found ahead of Tennyson on this field. The "Idyls" are cold beside this rendering of Guenevere's mood: Mr. Morris's dramatic seizure of the character and his impassioned utterance are simply wonderful. But Tennyson has in some way shaped these legends with an accurate balancing of qualities due to his happy poetic instinct, which will secure to his presentation of them lasting praise, as it has won contemporary appreciation. We think Mr. Morris's singular archaic mode may easily be traced to his studies as a painter. So far as the visible features of the scene are concerned, they are given to us in pictorial glimpses of a peculiar quality—quaint vignettes or marginal illustrations, as it were, and so full of color as to impart a singular sensation of having an illuminated text before us:

\* The Defense of Guenevere and Other Poems. By William Morris. (Reprinted, without alteration, from the edition of 1853.) London, 1875. Imported by Roberts Brothers.

"Thy wasted fingers twine  
Within the tresses of her hair  
That shineth gloriously,  
Thinly outspread in the clear air  
Against the jasper sea."

These pictures are all in a quaint, hard, medieval strain, that vibrates, undoubtedly, from the surfaces of certain old canvases and panels which the poet must have studied while yet a painter. His mind is full of the details of costume, architecture, landscape characteristic of the time of which he writes, and so bent is he upon achieving a literal resemblance in his imaginative portrayal, that he frequently impresses us with the curious dullness which he throws over his subject, and which was very likely accessory to it in the deed—though that is no good reason for infusing it into the poem. The range of subjects is very limited. Everywhere throughout the book recur the themes of fierce, dogged, knightly prowess, and the suffering of women by war, and the simplest, most primitive cases of jealousy or disappointed love. The peculiar aim of the poet, too, naturally subjects him to a certain amount of what is little more than imitation of early balladry. "The Tune of Seven Towers," "The Little Tower," and "Sir Giles' War Song," have, in themselves, no intelligible *raison d'être*; they are like scraps of antique song whose drift is only dimly discernible. At times, too, mysticism enters into the chant to a damaging extent, rendering poems like "The Wind" and "The Blue Closet" utterly vacant—at least to our perception, though we have looked the book through in a mood of active sympathy.

The truth seems to be, that Mr. Morris is not in spirit a modern man at all, but has nurtured his genius in a dim medieval atmosphere, abounding in influences many of them widely different from those most familiar to the life of the present. Tennyson, on the other hand, rests a complete spell on "the modern touches here and there," which enchants readers of to-day. He sums up medieval doings in a form convenient for our generalizing hand-book habits of mind, and we accept his results complacently. On the other hand, too, it is plain that a great source of Morris's charm in his later poetry is the curious *naïveté* which clothes him as with the dew of a nation's morning, and which has caused him to be likened to Chaucer. It is interesting, at least, to observe that he has succeeded by following the early bent of his genius. In his maturer works he has stepped farther into the arena of daily life, become less technical and more general, more human, and so, to a certain extent, has compromised. But it has been the compromise of genius, which is sincere, and therein differs greatly from the compromise of talent. He never could have succeeded by attempting to win people as Tennyson (also in his different line genial and sincere) was winning them; but he came to the front by being true to himself. The best thing in this volume is the powerful, though hard and crude closing scene of "Sir Peter Harpdon's End;" and whoever wishes to get the clew uniting Morris's earlier and later poetry must not omit that fine passage. But the whole

volume will well repay the lover and student of modern poetry in one of its most singular phases.

#### "Point Lace and Diamonds."\*

To readers of SCRIBNER Mr. George A. Baker, Jr. needs no introduction. Those readers, however closely they may have followed our advice about burning their magazines, we have no sort of hope of converting when it comes to the point of sacrificing the dainty little poems now in question. For these are of the sort which inevitably get into secret drawers of one's fancy, or in their bodily shape become crumpled but cherished inmates of the feminine work-basket, or the more reticent masculine pocket-book. So far as we know, Mr. Baker is now our only professed writer of *vers de société*, and there certainly is in many of these poems a distinct flavor, caught from the volatile elements with which their author has to deal, that no one before him has had the knack of securing in rhyme. "Les Enfants Perdus" and "Up the Aisle" are perhaps as characteristic as any in this way. It is true, one almost shudders at the irreverent reality of this lyric-dramatic sketch of Nell Latine's wedding, and wonders whether it is not a dangerous sort of teaching to thrust the unpleasant fact so unproved upon the reader. Even those who appreciate the writer's stand-point must feel a twinge at his mordant satire, his almost skeptically despondent sagacity, both here and elsewhere. But, after all, is there any other way of treating such themes so that one shall get a hearing? And then it is only necessary to turn a page or two, to come upon quite a different stratum of feeling, and to be assured that there are resting-places even amid the superficial whirl of the social phases here treated—points on which the heart may repose as sea-birds do upon the crest of the just-breaking wave; for Mr. Baker's range includes an agreeable variety of notes. The tenderness and the dainty conceit in "Thoughts on the Commandments" is completely soothing and agreeable. This and "Chivalrie" have a finish worthy of Præd and Locker. "Jack and Me," "Ten Hours a Day," and "A Romance of the Sawdust," on the other hand, attempt a sympathetic revelation of experiences in quite other quarters of "society" from those which chiefly inspire Mr. Baker. Though not altogether so successful in these, he shows his feeling to be genuine and upward bent; so that, on the whole, we are willing to confide in Mr. Baker's cynicism, and have faith in his flings at folly—more especially since he comes up on his cleverest tack in the verses which we printed in last number's "Bric-à-Brac."

#### "Transatlantic Sketches."\*

WE suppose it must be allowed that there is such a thing as a distinct genius for letter-writing, and the man or woman who possesses this genius

\* Point Lace and Diamonds. By Geo. A. Baker, Jr. New York: F. B. Patterson.

\* Transatlantic Sketches. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

rejoices in a gift by no means insignificant. If "correspondence is the burden of our modern civilization," as Guizot, we believe, has said, it is nevertheless a burden which many of us are singularly ready to seek; and any one who writes a distinctly superior epistolary style is sure of a wide hearing and an eager public. Such a person, to our thinking, is Mr. Henry James, Jr., who lavishes upon these sketches of European scenery and cities the same rich verbiage and splendidly colored style that give character to his fiction. Since the appearance of Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," probably nothing in the way of foreign travel has issued from the press with such strong marks of high literary finish upon it as the volume before us. But Mr. James must pardon our saying, in this connection, that here and there in his pages we are strongly reminded of this by other means than that of contrast. For example, when, at Exeter, he says of the "little broken-visaged effigies of saints and kings and bishops" that "you fancy that somehow they are consciously historical \* \* \* that they feel the loss of their noses, their toes, and their crowns; and that, when the long June twilight turns at last to a deeper gray, and the quiet of the close to a deeper stillness, they begin to peer sideways out of their narrow recesses, and to converse in some form of early English, as rigid, yet as candid as their features and postures, moaning like a company of ancient paupers over their aches and infirmities and losses, and the sadness of being so terribly old," we are forcibly reminded of Hawthorne's way of touching similar notes. The fancy is delicate, and the phrasing happy, however; and it is well to bear in mind that no common degree of skill and perception is requisite to the picking of a route in the footsteps of the great romantic genius of whom we speak. But Mr. James is quite himself in many other places; and, though seldom rousing himself to the work of searching interior observation and deeper analysis (in which, nevertheless, he is proficient enough at moments), he succeeds to an eminent degree in imparting the local charm of the different spots near which he loiters.

On the whole, we know of no writer who conveys so completely as Mr. James just the luxurious, leisurely, and easily refined mood of contemplation that travelers of the best culture abroad indulge. It is to be noted—and, perhaps, with some surprise, considering the author in his character of novelist—that the human interest is almost wholly left out of the scene in these letters; and, as a consequence, one grows weary now and then of accompanying a search directed so almost exclusively by a desire to detect picturesque "effects." But this and a certain tantalizing slightness in the treatment of some of the themes touched upon, as, for instance, that of the Parisian stage, may be in great measure accounted for by the fact that these sketches originally appeared for the most part in periodicals, which would, to some extent, restrict their range. Our solitary extract does not do the book justice, but we must refer readers directly to its pages, where they will find a fascination and a

legendary light that will not soon permit them to relinquish the volume.

#### A New Hymn and Tune Book.

OF the making of many hymn-books there is no end. So many and so good are the collections now in use that a new one should have a valid apology for its appearance, based upon a genuine, special want. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have just issued a new collection, prepared by Rev. W. T. Eustis, of the Memorial Church, Springfield, entitled "Service of Praise;" and, as the book is an outgrowth of a new movement in the Protestant Church, it deserves more than an ordinary notice. For the last ten years, a growing necessity has been felt among all Protestants outside of the Episcopal Church for a more active participation in public worship on the part of the lay element. To meet this necessity, in some degree, the "praise meeting" has been devised, and in many churches it has been statedly held, with the most gratifying results. It is specially to give form and practical usefulness to this new institution that Mr. Eustis, who has brought a thorough knowledge of hymnology to his work, has prepared the present volume. He gives us fifty-six groups of hymns, with tunes for congregational singing, so that for any service a subject is prepared for remark, and all the necessary conditions of unity and congruity are provided for. "The Advent of Christ," "The Death of Christ," "Adoration of Christ," "Second Coming of Christ," "Christian Joy," "Resignation," "Heaven,"—these, and all the other topics presented, not only have hymns enough grouped around them for a long service of song, but have associated with them chants and Scripture readings. The service is mapped out, the topic is furnished for what the pastor chooses to say, and the whole matter is reduced to order, by one who has had the most satisfactory personal experience in this new religious enterprise.

Beyond this special purpose of the book, it is quite competent to supply the wants of any church for a general hymn-book. For social worship it is admirable, as it directs the layman into the choice of congruous hymns, and gives unity and definite trend to meetings that are prone to be desultory and unfruitful. As a book for the conference-room, we cannot imagine its superior, and as a supplementary book for the church, or, indeed, as its principal or only hymn-book, we know of nothing preferable. Its adaptiveness to such a large circle of general and special wants, united with its modest price and its elegant typography, cannot fail to make it a great favorite in thousands of churches, all over the land.

#### "Scepters and Crowns."

WE hope those of our readers who may be supposed to know something of what real Christianity means will not think we wish it ill, when we say that we have seldom been so stirred to wrath as in

\* *Scepters and Crowns.* By the author of "The Wide, Wide World." New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

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reading a little book by the author of "The Wide, Wide World," called by the unmeaning title "Scepters and Crowns." The book is meant to help the cause of religion, and it is published by a religious house; yet we say frankly that we believe its only influence will be to make people bad, and that between the religion taught in it and the original religion of the Sandwich Islanders, we should be puzzled to choose. We have always had a certain respect for the author of "The Wide, Wide World;" we at least gave her credit for writing correct English, and for putting some life and human nature into her stories. Yet we soon tired, as we read along in "Scepters and Crowns," of marking incorrect expressions and vulgarisms; and, as for human nature, right glad we are that if there be such people as are depicted in this book, they never came into our world.

On the first page we have "the rich and straightened quarters," etc. "*Just across the square was the girls' school, only a little way off.*" "Do you know your lesson?" "I will, papa. I have time enough." "Mr. Candlish pulled a reference Bible to him, and threw the great news sheet (Qu. the newspaper?) on the floor." And "got," the incorrect use of which ought to be confined to ignorant persons, but, unhappily, isn't, flourishes here unchecked. "What book have you got there?" "He who has got fond of it can hardly give it up." "If he had got the thing, whatever it were, I could understand it." These are instances. But it is not the occasional bad grammar, nor the frequent bad English of the book, that makes our grievance. It is the travesty of Christianity, the direct (though of course unintended) inculcation of bad principles, the setting of bad examples, the holding up of a morbid conscientiousness as a thing to be admired—in a word, the unhealthy, anti-religious tone of the book, that makes us indignant with it. The characters are a Mr. and Mrs. Candlish, their three children, Esther, Maggie, and Fenton, and Mr. Candlish's brother, Eden. There is also a street Arab, Dusty Nan, a weak, impossible parody of Topsy. The father is a so-called "religious" man, and his brother is much more so; but Mrs. Candlish is a woman of the world, and only as religious as is proper. Esther is a disagreeable girl of the period—vain, selfish, and sure to turn out bad, if she were allowed to turn out at all; but the story has no end, and even Maggie, the "good little girl," the asker of troublesome questions, with a sickly conscience distracted by her father's teasing propounding of questions too deep for himself to answer, and which yet the poor victim of his pedantry and vanity feels she must answer,—this child, who always dies in every "religious" story book, does not die in this one, though once or twice the author holds out delusive hopes that she may die. Then there is a boy who, thanks to the home education he receives, becomes an accomplished scamp before he is out of his teens, and shows every disagreeable trait that is possible in a rich man's son in America,—his ruin is to be directly traced to the way in which he is brought up,—and Mr. Candlish, the religious man, who says:

"Turn to Luke viii., and read from verse 4 to 15;" "Read 1 John, iii., 10;" and "Next, see the 27th verse, Maggie;" and, "See here, turning to 2 Cor., iv., 4;" and, "Look at the words just before," etc., etc., etc., quoting chapter and verse from the book or out of his head in the most unnatural manner in season and out of season,—this gentleman sneers at his wife before her children, turns up his spiritual nose at her to the children, and considers her as little in the bringing up of his and her children as if she were one of the servants. He does all the authoress can make him do, to show that a man may quote Scripture to his purpose and yet be a man of bad manners, a bad husband, and a bad father. The mother, on the other hand, is an ignorant, undisciplined woman, who rebels against her husband's religious priggishness, but has not sense to see that she is ruining her son by her way of rebelling. Altogether, the family is such a one as we should choose to show to an honest heathen if we wanted to terrify him into holding fast to his own religion. We should say to him: "Be a Christian, and this is what you will come to." When the mother finds that she has "put her foot into it," speaking in a figure, when the father has set Maggie to asking more questions than he can ever hope to answer, no matter how many reference Bibles "he pulls to him;" when his son has revealed the aptitude for lying and cheating that even the sons of Christian merchants will reveal when they grow up unwatched, unintended; when the eldest daughter is become the helpless prey of idleness, vanity, love of dress and all selfish desires, she, too, neglected by this religious father and by this respectable mother,—then, in the very nick of time, the necessity of rushing off to the South of France to see Mrs. Candlish's dying sister—a highly probable incident—saves them from the task of bothering themselves any longer about the welfare of their children, and turns them over to the care and discipline of Mr. Candlish's brother, who does the best that a man of straw, living in an ideal Sunday-school world, can do to bring these poor, diseased children back to health again. If this book were an exponent of Christianity, we should say: We want no Christianity. But it is because the principles it inculcates have nothing to do with the principles Christ taught, and because it is wholly antagonistic to Christ's teachings, that we have thought it worth while to speak our mind about it.

#### Mrs. Field's Memorial.

THE tasteful volume presented to the public by Dr. Henry M. Field, as a memorial of his deceased wife, and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, has more than the usual significance of such books; first, in the character of the personage commemorated; and, secondly, in the nature of the materials of which the memorial is composed. Mrs. Field was not only a remarkable woman, but she was very widely known. Very few women have lived in America who have been able, in so marked a degree as she, to impress society with the simple power of

her personality. With the exception of a few personal and public tributes in the opening part of the volume, Dr. Field has wisely given us in these memorial pages a reflection of the woman's mind. "Home Sketches in France" give her a congenial field, and friends will like to remember her among themes native to her genius and her sympathies, while strangers will learn to admire her more from her own pen than from the eulogies of associates. The sketches are thoughtful, wise, catholic, clever, and exceedingly readable. They are better than marble for a monument, sweeter than flowers for a keepsake, and give us as fair a look into the writer's spirit as the frontispiece affords of her attractive face.

#### "Our New Crusade."

If things only happened in real life as naturally and satisfactorily as they happen in Mr. Edward Everett Hale's clever stories, what a very different kind of a world this would be, to be sure! But we cannot repress the misgiving that, if the ladies of an average village, like the one in which the scene of the "New Crusade" is laid, were to undertake a similar good work, they would find some unexpected obstacles to their success, and some discouragements for which the facile narrative of this delightful writer, with its uncommon verisimilitude, and its shrewd recognition of some sides of human nature, had not prepared them. To say this, however, is to make no very severe criticism; and probably the story would more than compensate for any over-confident expectations which it might encourage, by the honest and healthful inspirations which it would impart. No one can read it without being moved to wish, at least, for a "Deritend Club" in every village. And, probably, many of the suggestions offered would be found, if not immediately practical themselves, to lead to something practical on a smaller scale, and in a more humble way.

#### French and German Books.

*Les Hommes de l'Exil.* Charles Hugo; opening with *Mes Fils*, by Victor Hugo. Lemerre, Paris, 1875.—The short chapters that introduce this volume are in the best style of Victor Hugo, and cannot fail to strike those not prejudiced against him. The long exile of Hugo on the islands he has so fervently described in the "Toilers of the Sea" was in itself enough for one man, but how pathetic was the after history when, returning at last to his beloved France, he was not only witness to her disasters, but lost, one after the other, the two sons he had carefully trained to follow more humbly, but perhaps more usefully, in their father's footsteps! The vein of genius shows out well in this subdued sketch of his and his sons' life in exile, and never better than toward the last, when he treats of France, and breaks out in the prophetic style: "History will say who were our judges in 1871. At this hour they rule; they are princes, and think themselves masters; they imagine themselves to be invulnerable; they

are harnessed in with all power and nothingness; they think themselves good killers, and believe that they have succeeded. Also believe they that Metz and Strassburg shall become shadows; that the head nation shall become the serving nation; that we have no arms or hands, no brain, nor entrails, nor heart, nor spirit, nor sword by our side, nor blood in our veins, nor spittle in our mouths, that we are idiots and corrupt, and that France, who gave America to America, Italy to Italy, and Greece to Greece, shall not know the way to give back France to France. They believe that, oh thought whereat to shiver! And yet the cloud doth rise; it rises like to the mysterious pillar that led the way, black on the blue sky, red against the darkness. Slowly it fills the horizon. No chance to escape. The future is full of fatal events. Æschylus, if he were a Frenchman, and Jeremiah, were he a Teuton, would lament." *Les Hommes de l'Exil*—Courmet, Berru, Ribeyrolles, Schoelcher, Lamoricière, Girardin, are chatted about pleasantly by Charles Hugo, the son, and, to the person curious in the minute history of the early days of the Empire, instructively. The Emperor is shown up in his character of unscrupulous policeman, and the truckling policy of England, whenever she comes in contact with that great adventurer, is temperately made evident. There is much gossip about noted journalists, and a chapter on the expulsion of the exiles from British territory in 1855, which affords uncomfortable reading for lovers of constitutional monarchies.—(Christern, 77 University Place.)

*Ingo und Ingraban.* G. Freytag. Leipzig, 1874.—Gustav Freytag is an author who believes in the historical novel, and strives to put his readers in contact with the past as it really existed, while the story runs its course of war or love. "Ingo und Ingraban" is one of a series in which he proposes to "relate the fortunes of a single family. It begins with the early ancestors and will be carried on to the latest descendant, a hearty youth, who is now living and moving under the sun of Germany, without much care for the deeds or troubles of his forefathers." The present volume dips into the German woods at the time of the overthrow of the Allemanni by the Romans on the Rhine, an overthrow which is carefully, and possibly truly, attributed to the valor of Germanic tribes in the pay of the Cæsar. The daily life of the early Thuringians is sketched, and the incessant intertribal quarrels fomented by the wily Roman are cleverly managed; gradually heroism and love are worked into the canvas, and we find ourselves in a full-blown romance, with plenty of hard hits, hard drinking, trusty friendship, and savage treachery, such as well befits the scene. A good deal of heathen religion and superstition are interwoven, curious questions of archæology are boldly settled. Thus the followers of the young Vandal chief Ingo use a weapon whose existence has been denied; it has the property of the Australian boomerang; it strikes an enemy and returns to the hand of the thrower.

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self a task, but it is one in which he has acquitted himself well. Although it is plain that he is thoroughly read in everything belonging to his subject, he is never pedantic. His characters are natural, even if a little heroic, and the spirit of his work clear and pure. His style is elegant; too elegant at times, for it frequently reads like metrical composition, especially when his heroes address each other. If this be meant, we cannot but think it a mistake. A liberal reading of the old Germanic songs is apt to put one in the vein of such rhythmical conversation, but should not lead one to suppose it ever existed as common talk. Only at the most solemn festal meetings can the old Germans have used a poetical cadence in their speech, and then scarcely the rhythm in which Freytag's warriors indulge. But this is a minor point; the chief impression is pleasing, and, owing to the sustained interest, the thoroughly German character of the work and the purity of its style, "*Ingo und Ingraban*" will be very available to readers of German who have graduated from "*Undine*," especially if they have a wholesome taste for romance and adventure.—(L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay street.)

*L'Oncle Sam*. Comédie, par V. Sardou. Paris, 1875. Lévy.—The comedy, refused a license some years ago by the theatrical censor in Paris, because he feared the feelings of the American Government would be hurt, is now to be had in book form. It will be remembered how much amusement the kindly prohibition created here, and also how flat the play fell both in Paris and New York, although why it should not be popular in France it is hard to see. There is plenty of cleverness in it; plenty of good hits at certain extremes found here and there among extreme Americans. Then there is a good deal of the impossibly grotesque, for which the ignorant Parisian has a special taste, and, above all, a full measure of indelicacy. All that Sardou has seen or heard of "rapid" American girls in Europe, of politicians and revivalists, advertising dergymen and free-lovers in America, shoddy hotel inhabitants of the East and free shooters of the South-west, is heaped together into four acts, which would be much more malignant if they were less violent. The freedom of intercourse between the sexes forms a string on which he who knows his audience well cannot fail to harp successfully. Most

Frenchmen either cannot, or will not take the trouble to put themselves in sympathy with people of temperament and education other than their own, and the easiest way to solve the question of national morality is from one's own stand-point; therefore it is that Sardou makes a national trait of "flirtation," and hints darkly of the abysses of immorality beneath it. What a field for the elaborate naughtiness of the French actor!

But, in spite of its wild exaggeration, "*L'Oncle Sam*" might be put to a use. It might be, for instance, not out of place as a pleasant recreation on board each great steamer sailing in spring from the port of New York for Havre, for it would teach the fresh American girl, with a shocking frankness, what she must avoid in order not to outrage the feelings of foreigners, and, often, not to expose herself to ever-ready insult; it may also open the eyes of some father or brother of the same young lady to his own shortcomings in small matters of comity and good-breeding. But the American is a wonderfully quick pupil; perhaps the day for "*L'Oncle Sam*" as a harsh corrective is already past.—(Christern, 77 University Place.)

#### A Note from Yung Wing.

CHINESE EDUCATIONAL MISSION HEAD-QUARTERS. }  
Hartford, Conn., 28th April, 1875. }

To the Editor of *Scribner's Magazine*—SIR: An article in your last issue, entitled "*Yung Wing and His Work*," the good intent of which I do not doubt, contains a variety of errors, some of which are of sufficient importance to require correction. For example, the article gives the number of commissioners appointed over the Educational Mission by the Chinese Government as *three*, and names Mr. Chan Laisun among them, whereas the number of the commissioners is not three, but two, of whom Mr. Laisun is not one. Mr. Laisun holds the office of translator and interpreter to the Mission, but he is not a commissioner.

Again, the article speaks of a Chinese student in Springfield named Chin Lung, and of a Chinese student who is the son of a Sandwich Island merchant, seeming to imply that they are different persons, and also that they are pupils of the Mission. Now, Chin Lung—a young man of excellent promise, as the article truly states—is himself the son of a Sandwich Island merchant, and there is not, that I know of, any other son of a Chinese Sandwich Island merchant now being educated in this country—certainly not in this vicinity; but Chin Lung is not a pupil of the Mission at all. All the pupils of the Mission are from China.

Yours truly,

YUNG WING,  
Commissioner of the Chinese Educational Mission.

#### THE WORLD'S WORK.

##### Thermo-Electric Alarm.

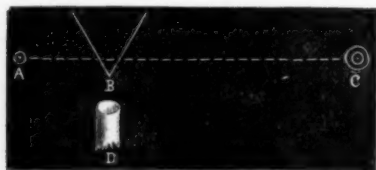
THIS apparatus was originally designed to indicate the rise of temperature in bearings for shaftings. It is equally applicable to any kind of machinery or any branch of manufacture or business where a fixed temperature is desirable. It may be adjusted to any temperature recorded on an ordinary thermometer, and may be placed in any position. It resembles a common thermometer, except that it

has a wire secured at top and bottom. The wire at the bottom passes through the bulb and touches the mercury. The other wire enters the glass at the top and extends part way down the inside. Each of these wires is connected with a small open circuit having a battery and an electric bell. When this connection is made and the battery in order, the glass may register (say) 40°. The upper wire hangs down in the glass (say) to 85°. It is easy to

see that the circuit is now broken, by the space between the top of the column of mercury and the bottom of the wire. Place the hand on the bulb and the mercury rises. The instant it touches 85° it melts the wire, and the bell indicates that the circuit is closed. Take the hand away and the column of mercury sinks, the circuit is broken and the bell stops. It is easy to see that when the thermometer is made, the upper wire may be adjusted to any figure on the scale. For refrigerators, the end of the wire might touch the freezing point; for chambers, school-rooms or other places, it could be set at 70° or thereabout; to indicate the presence of fire, it could be set at 100° or upward. In the case of hotels, a glass in every room, each with its wire circuit, might ring an alarm-bell in the office the instant the temperature rose above a fixed height. To indicate the particular room, a common electric annunciator might be attached to the system of circuits, and the clerk or watchman would be instantly informed of the exact position of the danger. By fixing the glasses at a comparatively low figure (say 90°), they would serve a double purpose, show if the room was too warm from over-heating or in danger from fire. The original design of this invention was to indicate the want of oil or other lubricant on bearings for car wheels, shafts, and the like. A hot journal would quickly raise the mercury and, by closing the circuit, start the alarm-bell, and it would continue to ring till the shaft was stopped or cooled. For this purpose a hole was drilled in the bearings, and the thermometer sunk in it till the bulb rested on the shaft. The annunciator in this case was also used to point out the particular journal that was heating for want of oil. This device could also be used to indicate any required temperature in boiling drugs, dye-stuffs, or other liquids.

#### Home-Made Photometer.

THE light given by one candle is called a unit of photometric value. Gas and other lamps are measured at so much per candle power. The following is a cheap, simple, and tolerably accurate method of testing the photometric value of any given lamp: Roll up a sheet of writing or other paper so as to make a tube an inch in diameter and about a foot long. Take a sheet of stiff white note paper folded once. Open it partly and stand it on end near the lamp to be measured. Light a common wax candle, and place lamp, paper, and candle in a line, in this way:



Here A represents the candle, B the sheet of note paper, C the gas or other lamp to be measured. When these are in line close one eye, and look

through the tube with the other at the point or projecting edge of the sheet of paper. The two parts of the sheet will appear unequally illuminated, and the projection of the paper toward the tube will be readily seen. By moving the candle to the right or left, a point will be found where both sides of the sheet will be equally lighted, and then the sense of projection will disappear, and the note paper will appear flat when examined through the tube. Next carefully measure the distance from A to B and from B to C. Divide the larger sum by the smaller, and the result will express the candle power of the lamp at C. For instance, if it is three inches from A to B, and nine inches from B to C, the lamp at C has a photometric value of three candles.

#### Mechanical Stoker.

FIRING APPARATUS, fuel feeders, or mechanical stokers have been experimented upon for some time. A new one, recently tried with success upon a battery of marine boilers, presents some features of interest. It consists of a flat hopper placed above the fire-door and before the boiler, and a mechanical device for grinding and injecting the coal. The hopper may be of any desired size. For stationary boilers, it might hold a ton, or more. For marine boilers, this would depend on the available room. The hopper ends below in an adjustable box that may be enlarged or diminished in size as the nature of the fuel demands. In this box is a feed and crushing roller that breaks up the coal into dust, or slack, and drops it below into a flat iron box holding two horizontal disks turning in opposite directions. The stream of slack or dust coal falling between these disks is shot forward through an opening into the fire-box. By the use of this stoker, a fine shower of broken coal is continually spread over the entire surface of the grate bars, and, by governing the speed of the apparatus, the supply of fuel is regulated to suit the demand for steam. To prevent the fuel from caking into a mass of clinkers on the fire, every alternate grate bar is given an up and down, and to and fro motion, that gradually breaks up the clinkers and forces them forward upon a balanced plate that may be upset by the fireman, and the waste dropped into the ash-pit. The top of each bar is notched so as to cause the clinkers to catch and travel in one direction. All parts of the apparatus are outside the fire-box, and there is no injury from heating and burning. The valuable points claimed for this machine are freedom from cold currents over the fire, as there are no doors to be opened; freedom from smoke, as the combustion is more perfect; and the use of small, inferior and slack coal—with the same steam results. Another result claimed is the increased comfort of the fire-room in point of temperature, as the fire-door is kept constantly closed. On one steamship, where this stoker was tried, the saving in cost of fuel was marked. The first voyage with hand stoking lasted fifty-three days thirteen hours under steam, with a consumption of 624 tons of coals, valued at £873 12s. The second voyage lasted fifty-two days

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eleven hours, and the consumption of fuel by the use of the mechanical stoker was 619 tons of slack and eighty-seven tons of coal, at a total expense of £578 6s. The machine is being rapidly applied to a number of ocean steamers.

#### Electric Switches.

AMONG interesting electric improvements may be noticed a system of switches, whereby any desired amount of battery power may be applied to one or more circuits by simply inserting metallic pegs in a graduated scale. Every new position in which the peg is placed changes the number of cups brought into connection with that particular line. The same apparatus is also arranged with spring catches to enable the chief operator to make a connecting loop with any line, or to join two or more lines together by inserting metallic clips connected with the loop lines into the catches. Each line has two catches, and each will hold four clips, so that eight messages may be taken from one line at once. By joining other circuits with these, a still larger number of copies may be made of any one message. This system of switches enables the chief operator to place himself in connection with any wire, and to study the work of the operator without his knowledge. The apparatus is so simple and compact that the wires for several hundred lines may be brought within easy reach of one operator.

#### Gun-Metal.

FRÉMY, a distinguished writer on chemistry and a practical investigator, has published a pamphlet giving his discovery of a gun-metal which unites the flexibility of bronze with the good qualities of steel. He says the distinction between iron-mines and steel-mines is imaginary; any good iron ore gives steel if rightly treated; the only question is how to get pure steel. The only iron of commerce which is at all pure is the Catalan, owing to the primitive manner of separation of the ore by bruising, and not melting, because, once melted, impurities cannot be removed. Equal to the Catalan, but even more expensive, is iron made by refining with wood charcoal in the open air, and the result of the further refining of either of these irons is fine steel, which is nothing but iron in the purest form. He advises the War Department to lay in a good stock of iron pigs, made exactly as in a laboratory, that is, in crucibles, because the pureness of the steel for guns is the first necessity. His gun metal lies between iron and finely tempered steel, and can be made by steelifying iron incompletely, but is better if produced synthetically by careful mixture of three parts of iron to one of fine steel in a gas furnace. It is said to be elastic, returning immediately to its exact shape, and if it bursts, tears rather than breaks in pieces.

#### Simple Fire Detector.

A DEVICE for indicating fire in any one of a series of suite of rooms has been made by drawing a long iron wire through all the rooms near the ceiling.

One end is fixed to the wall and the other is secured to a common house bell hung on a spring. In each room the wire is broken and the gap is closed by a small strip of gutta-percha. Under each piece of gutta-percha is a short, slack piece of chain, so that when it melts, the ends of the wire will still be held secure. In case of a fire in any room the gutta-percha melts (at 100 Fahr.), and the wire is drawn apart by a weight at the end where the bell is placed. This frees the spring and the bell rings. The bit of chain prevents the weight from falling, and, as each room is provided with a different length of chain, the distance the weight has fallen records the room where the wire parted. This is a very cheap and simple device, but the thermo-electric alarm described above admits of more general application, and is more certain and definite in its results.

#### Linen Sheathing for Boats.

THE boats built for the English Arctic Expedition present some features of interest to boat-builders. The planking is painted heavily with marine glue, and over this is spread stout linen cloth. When in place, it is ironed with hot flat irons, and the glue melts and soaks through the cloth, and when cold, the cloth is firmly glued down. The outside planking is then laid over all. The built-up boats, now becoming so popular among boating people and fishermen, having a smooth surface outside and in, and having no ribs, might be advantageously covered in this way, and when painted, the boat would have a smooth, elastic, and water-tight skin.

#### Compensating Cylinder.

A BESSEMER blowing engine recently erected at Pittsburg exhibits an interesting feature in a compensating cylinder designed to balance the thrust and pull of the engine. A small cylinder, standing next the steam cylinder, has its piston-rod connected with the cross-head so as to move with it. A pipe from the boiler opens into this cylinder below the piston, and as there are no valves or slides, the steam flows freely in and out as it moves up and down. The result is, that the down stroke pushes against the elastic cushion of the steam, and the up stroke is aided by its pressure, and the thrust and pull of the engine is in a measure compensated and relieved.

#### The Slag Question.

THE utilization of the slag from furnaces, after long discussion, has passed the experimental, and reached the profitable, practical stage. Its reduction to a granulated substance has opened a wide field for its use in various arts. As a vitreous sand, it is made into bricks by mixing with a suitable cement, and, mingled with lime, it makes a good mortar. The bricks are pressed and sun-dried at a cost twenty-five per cent. less than common bricks, and as they are white, they are quite popular with builders. The sand, scattered on unbaked clay bricks, gives them an enameled face when burned, and, by mixing with fire-clay, an exceedingly refractory fire-

brick is produced. By various other processes, this useful sandy product is made into cement, shingle for road-beds, brick-dust for flooring, and for bedding in which to run hot metal in making pig-iron. It has been also used for ballasting railroads, and for ships' ballast; but the demand for slag bricks is so good that it is thought these two markets will soon be denied. The most common way of treating the slag is to run it from the furnace into a powerful stream of water that falls into a tank. The velocity of the water carries the sand into the tank, and the water flowing under the molten metal is partly converted into steam that materially aids in shattering and disintegrating it. From the tank, the sand is raised by means of an elevator, and the whole apparatus only demands the attendance of two boys to keep it stirred in the tank, and power to move the elevator.

#### Hydraulic Riveting Machine.

AN English riveting machine of recent construction shows some features of mechanical interest. It consists of two iron girders, each twelve feet long, and hinged together in the center as they stand upright. One is fixed firmly, and the other moves slightly on its pivot. Built into the base of the fixed girder are two hydraulic cylinders, and by short arms their pistons are connected with the end of the other girder. The first turn of the starting-wheel applies the power of the smaller of these cylinders. It has sufficient force to move the lever into place against the rivet in the plate that is standing between the two girders at the top. The next turn brings in the power of the larger cylinder, and a squeezing pressure of sixty tons drives the rivet home. A reversal of the hand-wheel allows both cylinders to empty themselves, and the pressure is removed. The same motion also gives the water to the smaller cylinder, and its reverse motion draws the girder back into place. By the use of sliding jaws, this machine is also used in bending plates and beams, and may be worked up to a power of 120 tons. The hydraulic works, being below the floor, are safe from dust and frost, and conveniently out of the way.

#### Summer Pruning.

At the fall of the leaf in the autumn, the twig and outermost stems of all deciduous trees and shrubs are found to be lined with leaf-buds. When the growth begins in the spring, the terminal bud, and a few others in its immediate neighborhood, start into life, and each produces a new twig. The buds below these, robbed of sap, become stunted, die, or fail to grow. This is not wholly a loss, as a part eventually become fruit-buds, and the excess is nature's insurance against accident. While the tree is young and forming its head, this loss of the lower buds is an injury, as it involves a waste of room, and leaves bare spaces on the stem, and weakens it by making a long lever of it. The tendency of the sap is to the end of the twig, and there the growth is always most active. It is upon these facts that the art of pruning has been founded. By cutting off a portion of the twig, its point is placed lower down,

and as only the buds round the end grow, the distance between the natural end and the new one made by the knife is saved. The new growth is the more compact, and the shape of the tree greatly improved. In doing this, the piece of twig removed is a total loss. A small piece, indeed, but it cost the tree time and labor to produce it. It represents so much vital energy expended. A tree can produce only so many pounds or ounces of wood in a season. Every ounce cut away is a loss. This fact has led to the practice of pinching or pruning in summer during the active growth of the tree. If the point of any growing twig be bruised or pinched between the fingers, its growth is checked in that direction. At once the energy of the tree seeks outlet in new directions, and new twigs break out on all sides of the checked bud. It is easy to see that by this means the head of branching stems may be placed farther back, nearer the older wood, or in any position selected, and that there will be no waste of vital force, no loss of wood, nor useless expenditure of time. This is the theory of summer pruning, and it is claimed that, by its practice, a compact and sturdy shape may be given to the tree or shrub with no loss of time or energy, and with much less care and labor than by the usual pruning with the knife.

#### Hamburgs without a House.

SMALL span-roof sashes, two feet high in the center, three feet wide at the base, and of any desired length, are now used with success in the culture of the Black Hamburg grape. The vines are planted in the open garden, and the stem is bent down and trained on supports six inches above the ground, and usually with the end pointing toward the north. The sashes, supported on loose bricks to keep them clear of the soil, and to allow for a narrow air-space all round, are laid over the vines, usually with one sash to each vine, and with the ends closed by sashes at the southern end, and boarding at the northern end. As the stem grows, the sash may be extended, and under it will flourish and bear fruit precisely as in a cold grapery. In winter the sashes are removed, and the vines covered secure from frost and mice. Hamburg vines cultivated in this way, at little expenditure of time, money or trouble, have produced fine crops of good color and flavor. For ventilation, one sash is generally made loose, but it is commonly found that the opening round the bottom is sufficient. The site for such a plantation should be well protected from northerly and westerly winds.

#### Novel Marine Engine.

A NEW marine engine, designed to economize space, and to do away with all slides, eccentrics, link motions, and other reversing gear, has recently been tried in a small steam-yacht in England. It consists of three cylinders placed side by side and connected by a peculiar system of steam-ports that open and close by movements from the three pistons that are made to act as slides. A three-throw crank joins the pistons to the shaft and the three pistons; three connecting-rods and the crank make the working parts. The ports all meet in a three-way cock,

and by its movement the engine starts, stops, and reverses at will and instantly. The cylinders and stroke are each 7 inches, and under 90 lbs. pressure, and 380 revolutions; the engine indicated 40-horse power, and the yacht made 13 miles against a slack tide in 75 minutes. The engine is attracting much attention among engineers and boat-owners. An engine having three cylinders grouped together has also been recently patented in this country, but, from the drawings published, it seems to be more complicated than the English engine.

#### Apparitione.

A NEW product called "apparitione," and useful as a glaze or finish for papers and fabrics, and doubtless to be applied in time to many other uses, has just been brought out in France. It is made by stirring 20 parts of potato starch into 100 parts of water, and then adding 10 parts of potash, or soda lye of 25 degrees. The whole is stirred vigorously till the milky mixture becomes transparent, viscous, and stiff. Poured out and dried, it gives thin sheets of a colorless, odorless, transparent substance, resembling horn, but more pliable and tenacious. As a stiffening and surfacing material, it is said to possess many valuable properties.

#### An English Invention.

"PRIMING," or the carrying of water in the steam from the boiler into the cylinder, often causes trouble and damage to the engine. To prevent this, and obtain a dry steam, a dome is fixed to the top of the boiler from which the steam is taken. A recent English invention aids this by fixing an upright pipe next the dome, having suitable connections with it and the bottom of the boiler. In this pipe is secured a circular winged deflector, or propeller-shaped helix. The steam in passing this is given a whirling motion, and the water it holds is thrown out by the centrifugal force, and falls back into the pipe that leads to the bottom of the boiler. A stop-valve prevents its return, and the apparatus is said to be a practical success.

#### A New Idea in Telegraphy.

TELEGRAMS, by a device founded on the idea of the Jacquard loom, may now be committed to a roll of paper, punched with holes instead of letters, and despatched automatically. The punched roll delivers its message to the instrument without attendance, and the message is printed at the other end of the line at the same time. The advantage claimed for this system is a gain of time, and the liberty to send messages when the line is in the most favorable condition without the assistance of the operator.

#### Memoranda.

PLATES or bars of soft metal, when electroplated, are now rolled out into sheets, and a novel marbled, or frosted surface, is obtained by the breaking of the skin of plating into flakes and blotches. The

process is patented, and designed to be applied to domestic ware.

Manufactures of all kinds exhibit a decided improvement in the artistic decoration of the goods produced, whether they be stoves, machinery, furniture, tools, or carriages. Hereafter it may be laid down as a rule that the most highly finished and the most beautiful goods in every trade will command the best market and the highest price, and that, other things being equal, the measure of their artistic value will be the measure of their commercial value.

A wire for fencing, consisting of two wires twisted together, and armed at intervals with sharp barbs or points, is attracting some attention. The barbs keep away cattle, and the twisting of the wires acts as a spring that compensates for the contraction and expansion that sometimes prove so disastrous to the life of such fences.

The horticultural journals recommend dilute alcohol in spraying plants, as being deadly to insects, and convenient to use, as it quickly evaporates, leaving no trace on the plants, leaves, or flowers. Ordinary atomizers are now freely used for spraying house-plants, and are found to be very convenient.

A small industry for women and children has sprung up in Edinburgh in the making of "fire-lighters" from sawdust. The refuse is collected, molded together into little cakes with clay, or some resinous substance, and, packed in paper boxes, is hawked about the streets by the manufacturers.

Rifling a steam-jet to give it a spiral motion is now performed by inserting three small pipes into the closed head of a delivery-pipe. These pipes are then given half a turn each, and the ends brought together. In cleaning flues, this triple nozzle gives three jets, each having a spiral or twisting motion that causes them to strike the walls of the flue, and effectually sweep them clean.

Thin sheets of copper, secured to the inside of a locomotive boiler, and forming an internal skin next the water, have been tried with success in Austria. The engine ran 14,000 miles, and was then examined. The copper was found to be only slightly incrustated, and the iron plates under it were perfectly bright and clean. It is estimated by the builder that the life of the boiler may, by this means, be extended to more than double its usual limit.

Iron wire, tinned by a galvanic process, and having the appearance of bright silver, is being introduced. The wire is first placed in a bath of hydrochloric acid, in which a piece of zinc is suspended. It is then placed in contact with a piece of zinc in a bath of 100 parts water, 2 parts tartaric acid, 3 parts tin salt, and 3 parts soda. In about two hours it may be taken out and made bright by drawing through a polishing-iron.

Calcined granite is being used as a substitute for clay in earthen-ware and pipe-making. The natural color of the stone is very nearly reproduced, and the material is said to be very refractory when exposed to high temperatures.



## BRIC-À-BRAC.

*Southey*, in 1800, writes to a friend: "Books are now so dear that they are becoming articles of fashionable furniture more than anything else; they who buy them do not read, and they who read them do not buy them. I have seen a Wiltshire clothier who gives his bookseller no other instructions than the dimensions of his shelves; and have just heard of a Liverpool merchant who is fitting up a library, and has told his bibliophile to send him Shakespeare, Milton and Pope, and if any of those fellows should publish anything *new*, to let him have it immediately."

At the time when Byron was most calumniated, Murray's soul was comforted by the present of a Bible, a gift from the illustrious poet. "Could this man," he asked, "be a Deist, an Atheist, or worse, when he sent Bibles about to his publishers?" Turning it over in wonderment, however, some inquisitive member of his four o'clock clique found a marginal correction. "Now Barabbas was a robber," altered into "Now Barabbas was a *publisher*." A palpable hit, may be, at some publishers, but, as regards Murray, an uproarious joke to be gleefully repeated to every new-comer.

TWO TRIFLES IN VERSE: BY PROFESSOR PORSON.

MY *first*, from the thief though your house it depends,

Like a slave, or a cheat, you abuse or despise;  
My *second*, though brief, yet alas! comprehends  
All the good, all the great, all the learned, all  
the wise;

Of my *third*, I have little or nothing to say,  
Except that it marks the departure of day.

Cur-few.

MY *first* is the lot that is destined by fate  
For my *second* to meet with in every state;  
My *third* is by many philosophers reckon'd  
To bring very often my first to my second.

Wo-man.

*Fielding*, hearing that a friend of his was dejected because he was so deeply in debt, said to his informant: "Is that all? How happy I should be, if I could only get £500 deeper in debt than I am already."

A certain Dean of Chester, driving in company with the celebrated Father O'Leary, said to him, when they were getting merry over their wine: "Mr. O'Leary, how can a man of your good sense believe in that damnable doctrine of a half-way house to Heaven?" "Mr. Dane," replied O'Leary, "'twould be lucky for you to believe it also, for, between ourselves, a man might go farther and fare worse!"

The story is told that Mr. Greeley once became disgusted with the blunders of one of the "Tribune" composers, and sent a note up to the foreman,

saying that the said compositor was inefficient, and requesting him to dismiss him at once, and never again to employ him on the "Tribune." The foreman obeyed instructions, and the compositor put his coat on. Before leaving, however, he managed to get possession of Greeley's note to the foreman, and immediately went to a rival office and applied for work, showing the note as a recommendation. The foreman to whom he applied "read" the note, and said: "O, I see—'good and efficient compositor—employed a long time on the "Tribune"—Horace Greeley,'" and incidentally asked: "What made you leave the 'Tribune'?" "I've been away for some time" (meaning ten minutes). So the compositor was at once set to work in a rival office, on the strength of Greeley's certification of his inefficiency, having been "out of a job" about fifteen minutes.

On board of a steamer running between San Francisco and Panama, several passengers were discussing the probable nationality of a very tall and slim foreign lady who put on unusual airs, and who, it was said, represented herself as belonging to a titled family. "I think she is a Swede," said one. "A Russian, more likely," ventured another. "I should say," remarked another member of the group, "that she looks more like a Pole."

A country editor, rigorously accurate, thus quoted two lines of a hymn sung at a funeral:

"Ten thousand thousand (10,000,000) are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one (1)."

"I suppose they'll be wanting us to change our language as well as our habits. Our years will have to be dated A. C., in the year of cremation; and 'from creation to cremation,' will serve instead of 'from the cradle to the grave.' We may also expect some lovely elegies in the future—something in the following style, perhaps, for, of course, when grave-diggers are succeeded by pyre-lighters, the grave laments of yore will be replaced by lighter melodies:

"Above yon mantel, in the new screen's shade,  
Where smokes the coal in one dull smoldering heap,  
Each in his patent urn forever laid,  
The baked residua of our fathers sleep.

"The wheezy call of muffins in the morn,  
The milkman tottering from his rusty sled,  
The help's shrill clatter, or the fish-man's horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lofty bed.

"For them no more the blazing fire-grate burns,  
Or busy housewife fries her savory soles,  
Though children run to clasp their sires' red arms,  
And roll them in a family game of bowls.

"Perhaps in this deserted pot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with terrestrial fire,  
Hands that the red paternal may have sway'd,  
And waked to ecstasy the living liar."

From "The Bewildered Querrists."

A bright little girl sitting on her uncle's knees, stroked his hair down on his forehead in the meek-

est, sleekest way, and then looking admiringly at the effect, exclaimed: "Why, Uncle Charles, you look—look like—just like a—what is the *male* of Madonna?" Uncle Charles was thoughtful, and impressed for a moment. But he got the better of the conundrum, and answered: "Well—*Madonna*, I suppose."

*Origin of the term "Humbug."*—This expression is a corruption of the word Hamburg, and originated in the following manner: During a period when war prevailed on the Continent, so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated at Hamburg, that, at length, when any one would signify his disbelief of a statement, he would say, "You had that from Hamburg." And thus, "That is Hamburg," or *Humbug*, became a common expression of incredulity. Some authorities, however, think the word is made up of the combination in Ben Jonson's "Alchemist":

"Sir, against one o'clock prepare yourself,  
Till when you must be fasting; only take  
Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,  
Two at your mouth, and one at either ear,  
To sharpen your fine senses, and cry *hum*  
Thrice and then *bus* as often."

*Singular Specimen of Orthography in the Sixteenth Century.*—The following letter was written by the Duchess of Norfolk to Cromwell, Earl of Essex. It exhibits a curious instance of the anomalies of our orthography in the infancy of our literature, when a spelling-book was yet a precious thing:

"My Flary gode Lord.—here I sand you in tokyen hoff the new-eyer a glasse hoff Scytel set in Scller gyld. I pra you tak hit in wort. An hy wer habel bet showlde be bater. I woll hit war wort a M. crone."

Thus, translated:

"My very good Lord: Here I send you in token of the new-eyer, a glass of scytel set in silver gilt. I pray you take it in worth. An I were able it should be better. I would it were worth a thousand crowns."

*The world* deals good-naturedly with good-natured people, and I never knew a sulky misanthropist who quarreled with it, but it was he, and not it, who was in the wrong.—*Thackeray*.

*Nothing* is more common, said Voltaire, than people who advise; nothing more rare than those who assist.

*Two clerks* were boasting of the amount of business done in their respective establishments. One said their pens alone cost \$6,000. The other replied that they saved more than that in *ink* by not dotting their *i's*.

*South* preached to the merchant tailors from the text, "A remnant shall be saved."

*We beg leave* to take the following from "John Paul's Book: Moral and Instructive; Consisting of Travels, Tales, Poetry and like Fabrications; by John Paul, author of 'Liffith Lank,' 'St. Twel'mo,' and other works, too humorous to mention, with several portraits of the author, and other spirited engravings":

#### THE ABSURDITY OF IT.

It is all very well, for the poets to tell,  
By way of their song adorning,  
Of milkmaids who rouse, to manipulate cows,  
At Five o'clock in the morning.  
And of moony young mowers who bundle out-doors—  
The charms of their straw-beds scorning—  
Before break of day, to make love and hay,  
At Five o'clock in the morning!

But, between me and you, it is all untrue—  
Believe not a word they utter;  
To no milkmaid alive does the finger of Five  
Bring beauty—or even bring butter.  
The poor sleepy cows, if told to arouse,  
Would do so, perhaps, in a horn-ing;  
But the sweet country girls, would *they* show their curls,  
At Five o'clock in the morning?

It may not be wrong for the man in the song—  
Or the moon—if anxious to settle,  
To kneel in wet grass, and pop, but, alas!  
What if he popped down on a nettle?  
For how could he see what was under his knee,  
If, in spite of my friendly warning,  
He went out of bed and his house and his head,  
At Five o'clock in the morning?

It is all very well, such stories to tell,  
But if I were a maid, all forlorn-ing,  
And a lover should drop, in the clover, to pop,  
At Five o'clock in the morning;  
If I liked him, you see, I'd say, "Please call at Three;"  
If not, I'd turn on him with scorning:  
"Don't come here, you Flat, with conundrums like that,  
At Five o'clock in the morning!"

After more than a century and a-half, Bayle's Dictionary is still the same favorite with the lovers of books that it was upon its first publication. The esteem in which it was held by Johnson, Gibbon, and Disraeli, is well known. In Moore's Diary, its various merits are pleasantly set forth by Lord Holland.

"September 20, 1837: Received a note from Lord Holland announcing that his present of Bayle was on its way down by the wagon. The note was accompanied by an amusing string of rhymes, full of fun and pun, à la Swift:

'MY DEAR MOORE:

Neither poet nor scholar can fail

To be pleased with the critic I send you—'tis Bayle.

At leisure or working, in sickness or hale,  
One can ever find something to suit one in Bayle.  
Would you argue with fools, who your verses assail,  
Why, here's logic and learning supplied you by Bayle.

Indeed, as a merchant would speak of a sale,  
Of the articles asked for, I forward a Bayle.  
But should you, in your turn, have a fancy to rail,  
Let me tell you there's store of good blackguard in Bayle.

And although they for life might throw you in jail,  
Pray what would release you so quickly as Bayle?  
Your muse has a knack at an amorous tale.  
Do you want one to versify? turn to your Bayle—  
Nay, more, when at sea, in a boisterous gale,  
I'll make you acknowledge there's service in Bayle;  
For if water be filling the boat when you sail,  
I'll be bound you'll cry "bail, my lads," Bayle!  
A mere correspondent may trust to the mail,  
But your true man of letters relies on his Bayle.  
So much knowledge in wholesale, and wit in retail,  
(Tho' you've plenty already) greet kindly in Bayle."

There is a singular instance of Lord Chesterfield's political zeal. Lord R., with many good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skillful in physic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and on a particular occasion wished to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having conversed on indifferent matters, complained of headache, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood given. "I have no objection, and, as I hear your Lordship has a masterly hand, will you favor me with trying your lancet upon me?" "Apropos," said Lord Chesterfield, after the operation was over, "Do you go to the House to-day?" Lord R. answered: "I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question which is to be debated; but you have considered it, which side will you be of?" The Earl, having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment. He carried him to the House, and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterward to say that none of his friends had done so much as he, having literally bled for the good of his country.

On another occasion he was chosen to obtain the King's assent to an appointment of which His Majesty was known to disapprove. He produced the commission, and, on mentioning the name, was angrily refused. "I would rather have the devil," said the King. "With all my heart," said the Earl. "I only beg leave to put your Majesty in mind that the commission is to be addressed to our right trusty and well-beloved cousin." The King laughed, and said: "My Lord, do as you please."

Willis says that at whichever end of the horn a young man goes in, the large end rich, or the little end poor, his coming out at the other is, in this country, the greater probability.

Some persons think to make their way through the difficulties of life, as Hannibal is said to have done across the Alps, by pouring vinegar upon them.

A dancer, saying to a Spartan, "You cannot stand so long on one leg as I can," "True," answered the Spartan; "but any goose can."

It is said to be a fact that some very learned gentlemen, well known in the literary and scientific world, made a visit last year to Cape Cod to gain the opin-

ion of an old sea captain there about some peculiarity of the tides on its coasts. He had studied the subject all his life, and was considered an oracle. They found him peacefully smoking at the door of his cottage, and stated their errand. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "I have thought a deal on this cur'ous pint, and I've come to the conclusion that it's the moon, and one darned thing or another."

A Highlander was one day examining a picture by one of the old masters, in which angels were represented blowing trumpets. He inquired if the angels really ever played on trumpets, and being answered in the affirmative, made the following remark: "Hech, sirs, but they maun be easy pleased wi' music! I wonder they didna borrow a pair o' bagpipes."

At a camp-meeting last summer, a venerable sister began the hymn—

"My soul be on thy guard;  
Ten thousand foes arise."

She began in shrill quavers, but it was pitched too high: "Ten thousand—Ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped. "Start her at 5000!" cried a converted stock-broker present.

#### Serenade.

I SANG my love: "Come down, come down  
And sail the crinkled river!"  
She sent to me a sneaky frown  
That put me in a quiver.

I swirled and screeled: "Oh, pray, my love,  
Come sail the scroonchy water!"  
She flightered wildly, like a dove,  
And in my boat I caught her.

